

The Catering Blues

Midnight Spaghetti & The Chocolate G-Strings

(Seth Casana; Mikael Glago) fifty-seven pounds of food get thrown away every minute
garbage can full of spinach because the patron didn't finish
what he put on his plate, even all that cheesecake
but we can't reuse it because we did not refrigerate microorganisms creep onto the surface
and what is their purpose? to make this food worthless?
funk that! I'll eat anything you can dish out
nothing you can feed me could ever really freak me out chicken from off the floor? you know I want more
two-day-old crab cake? give me a damn break
your milk has been sitting for more than two hours?
dump out the cooler let it all go sour rip open the trash bag and pass me the plate
with all the fatty oils in there, you know I could rejuvenate
the entire nation, our refuse nation
you know it all starts at our beverage station and I said oh!
the catering blues
another lame session of the catering blues I'm waiting for fast food to be the new drug
smuggled some Big Macs in my pickup truck
crossed the border with a kilo of french fries
get the onion rings if you decide to supersize standing on the corner with some bread in my hand
just pushing the junkie into chicken nugget land
cleaning out the grease trap, counting my cash
I had a secret fridge installed so I don't have to eat my stash 'cause you know the dealer don't indulge
banging on burritos makes you bulge
my supplier I will not divulge
my crispy chicken put you into convulsions swallowed a condom full of chocolate Frosty
burst inside of me and I caught the brain freeze
underground hospitals hook me up to IVs
chili flowing through my veins while I chew on Krispy Kremes too many pop stars OD on Pop Tarts
it's all the same story, they hitting the pop charts
want to get big only making a pop start
pop life, pop love, breaking your pop heart I did the research and that's how I know
learned my info from pop-up video
VH1 educating the masses
serving up a diet of corn syrup and molasses and I said oh!
the catering blues
a double glazed session of the catering blues

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