Addicted to Spuds

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Potato skins, potato cakes
Hash browns and instant flakes
Baked or boiled or French fried
There's no kind, you haven't triedYou planned a trip to Idaho
Just to watch potatoes grow
I understand how you must feel
I can't deny, they've got appealWhoa, you like them whether
They are plain or they're stuffed
Oh, yeah, better face the facts
It seems you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have
To face it, you're addicted to spudsYour greasy hands, your salty lips
Looks like you found the chips
Your belly aches, your teeth grind
Some tator tots would blow your mindAnd you don't mind if they're not cooked
You need your fix, I guess you're hooked
And late at night you always dream
Of bacon bits and sour creamWhoa, you like them
Even if they're lumpy or tough
Oh, yeah, whee! It's pretty obvious
To me, you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have
To face it, you're addicted to spudsMight as well face it, you're addicted to spuds
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Might as well face it, you're addicted to spuds
Might as well face it, you're addicted to spuds
Oh, yeahI'm givin' up, it's just no use
Another case of spud abuse
What can I say?, What can I do?
Potato bug has got me too, wahooI used to hate them, now they're all that I eat
Oh, yeah, wee, I've often seen then whipped
But they just can't be beat, now I'm gonna have
To face it, I'm addicted to spudsMight as well face it, I'm addicted to spuds
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