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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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, wahool 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

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