

Lunchlady Land

Adam Sandler

This is a song.
This is a new song.
This is through the eyes of one of the greatest people alive I feel.
The Lunchlady. Woke up in the Mornin', put on my new plastic glove.
Serve some reheated salisbury steak, with a little slice of love.
Got no clue what the chicken pot pie is made of.
I just know everything is doin' fine down here in... Lunchlady Land. Well I wear this net on my
head, 'cause my red hair is fallin' out.
I wear these brown orthopedic shoes, 'cause i got a bad case of the Gout.
I know you want seconds on the corndogs, but theres no reason to shout.
Everybody gets enough food down here in... Lunchlady Land. Well. yesterdays meatloaf is
todays sloppy joes.
And my breath wreaks of tuna and there is lots of black hairs comin' out of my nose.
In Lunchlady Land your dreams come true, clouds made of carrots and peas.
Mountains built of shepperds pie, and rivers of maccaroni and cheese.
But dont forget to return your trays and try to ignore my gum disease.
No student can escape the magic of... Lunchlady Land.
Hoagies and Grinders.
Hoagies and Grinders.
Hoagies and Grinders.
Navy Beans.
Navy Beans.
Navy Beans.
Hoagies and Grinders.
Hoagies and Grinders.
Navy Beans.
Navy Beans.
Meatloaf Sandwich.
Sloppy Joe. Slop-Sloppy Joe.
Sloppy Joe. Slop-Sloppy Joe.
Sloppy Joe. Slop-Sloppy Joe.
Sloppy Joe. Slop-Pppp
I dreamt one mornin that i woke up to see all The Pepperoni Pizza was lookin at me.
It screamed why do ya burn me and serve me up cold?
I said I got the spatula just do what your told.
Then the Liver and Onions started joining the fight.
and the Chocolate Pudding pushed me with all its might.
And the Chop Suey slapped me and it kicked me in the head.
its called revenge Lunchlady said the Garlic Bread.
I said what did I do to make you all so mad?
They said you got flabby arms and your breath is bad.
Then the Green Bean said you better run and hide.

But then my friend Sloppy Joe came and joined my side.
He said if it wasnt for the Lunchlady the kids wouldnt eatcha
You should be shakin her hand and sayin please to meet ya.
She gives you a purpose and she gives you a goal.
You should be kissin her feet and kissin her mole.
Now all the angry foods just leave me alone.
And we all live together in a happy home.

Thanks to

Sloppy Joe.Slop-Sloppy Joe.

Sloppy Joe.Slop-Sloppy Joe.

Sloppy Joe.Slop-Sloppy Joe.

Sloppy Joe.Slop-Sloppy Joe.Well me and Sloppy Joe got married,

We got six kids and were doin just fine,

Down in Lunchlady Land.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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