

Lunchlady Land

Adam Sandler

"This is a song..."

"This is uhh, This is a new song..."

"It's through the eyes of one of the greatest people alive, I feel..."

"The Lunchlady"

Woke up in the morning
Put on my new plastic glove
Served some reheated salisbury steak
With a little slice of love
Got no clue what the chicken pot pie is made of
Just know everything's doing 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 there's no reason to shout
Everybody gets enough food
Down here in Lunchlady Land

Well yesterday's meatloaf is today's sloppy joes
And my breath reeks of tuna
And there's lots of black hairs
coming out of my nose
In Lunchlady Land your dreams come true
Clouds made of carrots and peas
Mountains built of shepherds pie
And rivers made of macaroni and cheese
But don't forget to return your trays
And try to ignore my gum disease
No student can escape the magic of Lunchlady Land

Hoagies & grinders, hoagies & grinders
Hoagies & grinders, hoagies & grinders
Navy beans, navy beans, navy beans
Hoagies & grinders, hoagies & 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, sloppy joe

Well I dreamt one morning
That I woke up to see
All the pepperoni pizza
Was a-looking at me
It screamed, why do you burn me
And serve me up cold
I said I got the spatula
Just do what you're told
Then the liver & 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
It's 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 beans said
You better run and hide
But then my friend sloppy joe came
And joined my side
He said if it wasn't for the Lunchlady
The kids wouldn't 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 & sloppy joe got married
We got six kids and we're doing' just fine
Down in Lunchlady Land