

# 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