

Chocolate Cake

Crowded House

Not everyone in New York would pay to see Andrew Lloyd Webber
May his trousers fall down as he bows to the queen and the crown

I don't know what tune that the orchestra played
But it went by me sickly and sentimental

Can I have another piece of chocolate cake?
Tammy Baker's got a lot on her plate
Can I buy another cheap Picasso fake?
Andy Warhol must be laughing in his grave

The band of the night take you to ethereal heights over dinner
And you wander the streets never reaching the heights that you seek

And the sugar that dripped from the violins' bow
Made the children go crazy, put a hole in the tooth of a hag

Can I have another piece of chocolate cake?
Tammy Baker must be losing her faith, yeah
Can I buy another cheap Picasso fake?
Andy Warhol must be laughing in his grave

And the dogs are on the road, we're all tempting fate
Cars shooting by with no number plates
And hear comes Mrs. Hairy Legs

I saw Elvis Presley walk out of a Seven Eleven
And a woman gave birth to a baby and then bowled 257
The excess of fat on your American bones
Will cushion the impact as you sink like a stone

Can I have another piece of chocolate cake?
Tammy Baker, Tammy Baker
Can I buy another cheap Picasso fake?
Cheap Picasso, cheap Picasso fake
Can I have another piece of chocolate cake?
Kathy Straker, boy, could she lose some weight
Can I buy another slice of real estate?
Liberace must be laughing in his grave

Can I have another piece of chocolate cake?
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