

Hungry Hamed's

Spin Doctors

Graphite skies of Brooklyn calmly drape Fourth Avenue
Fifteen-year-old gangsters have a honey-dipped or two
In Arabic, some patrons shoot the breeze
Jeez, Louise

Hungry Hamed's, baby, count your change
Said the food's a little funky and the atmosphere is mange
Sam's upset at Hamed and Hamed's on his feet
Hungry Hamed's, baby, just three blocks from Bergen Street

Well, you can have a little cry, baby, you can even beg
Only reason I go back is that you can't screw up an egg
Sometimes they treat you worse when you say please
They forget the ham or cheese

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I'm beige and funky, like a rubber band
I'm a lapis-eyed devil with my pen in hand
It takes flour and chocolate for an angel cake
Say now, Hamed, whatcha do with all them donuts that you bake.

My roommates won't go with me, though it's only blocks away.
Chandler holds a grudge from about five years ago today.
Some sign about free soda was a scam.
Well, that's Chan.

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