

## Wong's Chinese Buffet

### The Arrogant Worms

I'm feeling hungry, empty tummy, and I want to make it full  
So I spend the day at Wong's buffet and I eat till I explode

There's sixty types of Oriental delights, I gotta have them all  
Chicken wings and onion rings, and sweet and sour balls

At Wong's, come and sail with me  
At Wong's, on the sea of gluttony  
At Wong's, eat until it hurts  
But don't forget there's pudding for dessert

The chicken's tough, the noodles are rough  
And the chow mein's three days old  
But it's quantity not quality that has got my soul

So fill that plate, no mistake, there's no holding back  
I won't stop until I got a packed digestive tract

A Wong's, no meal is a loss  
At Wong's covered in red sauce  
At Wong's, everything is battered  
And what's inside doesn't even matter

Stop! Oh. Second plate! Huh! Third plate! Oh.  
Fourth plate. Oh. Dessert. Ug.  
Fortune cookie. I ate the fortune.

I try to leave, I want to heave, my whole body hurts  
Can barely stand, I tell you man, I got my money's worth

If I get the time I'm going to go to China  
And eat at their ancient buffets  
But I'm wonderin', how they stay so thin  
Eating like this every day

At Wong's, give chopsticks a try  
At Wong's, to pick up your french fry  
At Wong's, you know I'm coming back  
Eating here's worth the heart attack  
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