

Complicated Potatoes

The Bears

A fat man like me
Can never bother with tea or brie
I must go right to the main source
And wolf it down like a rhinoceros
But a woman like her
Can tease me with a warm hors d'oeuvre
She slices and dices nicely
Which has a way of enticing me
Armed with an apron and spatula
She is a post-modern goddess of love
So why does she feed me pate`
When she knows what I'm gonna say

Complicated potatoes again?
Complicated potatoes

She spices her icings precisely
Arousing me aromatically
I had a recent rhinoscopy
So I could smell every recipe
Still she leaves me on pre-heat
When she knows that I love to eat

Complicated potatoes again
Complicated potatoes