

# The Disappointing Pancake

Lisa Loeb

It's always breakfast Thursday nights for dinnertime,  
Orange juice, oatmeal, eggs, and waffles served at five.  
But once there was something I didn't recognize.

It was harder than the table, so I thought it was my plate.  
I hit it with a hammer, but it wouldn't even break.  
It slipped upon some syrup and the butter ricocheted.  
Then it rolled and it rolled and it rolled and it rolled,  
A disappointing pancake.  
It rolled and it rolled and it rolled and it rolled,  
A disappointing pancake.

Rolling toward the baseball field just down the road,  
The pitcher on the mound was winding up to throw.  
The crowd yelled, "Batter, batter!" he felt so at home.  
He rolled right up to the catcher who had somehow lost his mitt,  
Who put the pancake on his hand and like a glove it fit.  
And then he caught the final ball he surely would have missed.  
And they cheered and they cheered and they cheered and they cheered  
For the disappointing pancake.  
They cheered and they cheered and they cheered and they cheered,  
The disappointing pancake.

The catcher tossed his pancake mitt into the sky.  
The wind picked up, the pancake soared four miles high.  
And when it finally landed, it was just in time...  
For a bike rider who hit a bump, his tire needed air.  
The pancake rolled right in and made a temporary spare.  
He pedaled to the bike shop where they'd get a quick repair.  
And they rode and they rode and they rode and they rode on a disappoint-  
ing pancake.  
They rode and they rode and they rode and they rode on a disappointin-  
g pancake.

It was a manhole cover in Manhattan, a lily pad in Padua, a sombrero  
in some little town in Spain;  
A satellite in Saddle River, a knee patch in Saskatchewan, a coaster  
on the chilly coast of Maine.  
The pancake made its way around the world, jumping in and helping whe-  
re he could.  
Then I looked outside and saw a glow.  
Maybe it's the moon or just a U.F.O.?

The pancake fell down from the heavens to my bed  
And landed like a pillow underneath my head  
Where I dreamt sweet pancake dreams, as I slept.  
The pancake disappointed me at breakfast, yes, it's true.  
But there are many other things that this pancake can do.  
I'd like to think that pancakes are a bit like me and you.  
We roll and we roll and we roll and we roll like a disappointing panc-  
ake.  
We roll and we roll and we roll and we roll like a disappointing panc

ake.

We roll and we roll and we roll and we roll, not so disappointing pan  
cake.