

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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