

Alien Conspiracy, or, the Cheese Song

Andrew Peterson

There is a reason you see
That I'm thicker in the middle
I could blame it on a bad knee
Maybe just a little

I could blame it on my blue jeans
Or that my wife is such a fine chef
My metabolism 's changing
But I haven't told you yet

It's a magical, mysterious
Hispanically ambiguously glaze

What is that white stuff on my nachos
It's too thin for melted cheese
It's too thick to be just milk
So won't somebody tell me please

What is that white stuff I'm consuming
'Cause it's so consuming me

We'll you know they'll never tell you
'Cause then they'd have to kill you
There's a mother load of cheese-juice
That they found in Matchu Pichu

In the temple of the Incas
There's a fountain flowing cheese dip
And then they smuggle it to Texas
And then they trick us with the free chips

It's mind control in a salsa bowl
I'm not even sure I remember how I got here

Well give me some of that white stuff on my nachos
It's too thin for melted cheese
It's too thick to be just milk
In its sublime consistency

What is that white stuff I'm consuming
'Cause it's so consuming me

So this is sort of a love song
It's a kind of confession
As for me ya see I'm long gone
So consider this a lesson

They wanna make us into zombies
Lurch into La Hacienda
To gobble up the Chimmy Chongas
That isn't how you wanna end up

But Mexico remembers the Alamo
And the ghost of Montezuma 's on the move

He's taken over with the white stuff on my nachos
It's too thin for melted cheese

It's too thick to be just milk
So won't somebody tell me please

What is that white stuff I'm consuming
'Cause it's so consuming me

What is that white stuff won't somebody please
What is that white stuff won't somebody please
What is that white stuff
I don't care, just pass the cheese