

I Hate Vegetables

Hanson

There's no getting around it
They make me want to spew
No matter their preparation
Their flavor just won't chew
My momma said they're made with love
And filled with Vitamin A
No play for you go straight to bed
If you don't clean your plate

Underneath my name
(Oh man)
You can carve this on my grave
I hate vegetables

I hate those vegetables, yeah
Saute, marinade, barbecue, stick 'em in a stew
I hate vegetables

I hate those vegetables, yeah
I've tried new recipes there's nothing left to do
I hate vegetables

Smother them, cover them, chide me, bribe me
Til your lips go numb
If vitamins taste like broccoli than I'd rather die young
My papa said you won't grow strong if you don't masticate
You won't be in my good graces if you don't clean your plate

Underneath my name
(Zucchini au gratin)
You can carve it on my grave
(Oh fork)
I hate vegetables

I hate those vegetables, yeah
Fry them, pickle them, flambe, cook 'em in a shoe
I hate vegetables
I hate those vegetables, yeah
I've tried ever recipe there's nothing left to do
I hate vegetables
I hate those vegetables yeah

Saute, marinade, barbecue, stick 'em in a stew
I hate vegetables
I hate those vegetables, yeah
I've tried ever recipe nothing there left to do
I hate vegetables