

PICK UP!

C  
Kenny takes his spatula and beats the silver bell  
F  
Like a big old cockroach he's desperate to kill  
C F  
If Bridget doesn't pick up soon he's gonna give her hell  
G  
That old place on Morton Street was like a mental ward  
F G C  
His ladle was a magic wand, his tongue a mighty sword

C  
No special orders, pick something you might like  
F  
Indomalekian Sunrise Stew with pickled Northern Pike  
C F  
If you can't make up your mind you'd better take a hike  
G  
Nine hundred menu items, more up on the board  
F G C  
His ladle was a magic wand, his tongue a mighty sword

F  
You could love Abigail's Chow Fun  
C  
And never know who Abigail was  
F  
If you asked, Kenny might not tell you  
G  
Just because

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C  
No parties of five or more, turn off your mobile phone  
F  
Don't order more than you can eat, just leave the bones  
C F  
Coffee pot's right over there, get up and pour your own  
G  
Masking tape on your booth was part of the decor  
F G C  
His ladle was a magic wand, his tongue a mighty sword

C  
Let Madonna eat in peace, if you as much as glance  
F  
Out the fucking door you go without a second chance  
C F  
Health Inspector disappeared, they only found his pants  
G  
Mac & Cheese Pancakes struck the perfect chord  
F G C  
His ladle was a magic wand, his tongue a mighty sword

F  
Critics go eat somewhere else  
C  
He don't need reviews  
F  
Don't need any more customers  
G  
To refuse

C  
I was sweating bullets before I took a bite  
F  
The Bombay Bisque had a kick that kicked my ass that night  
C F  
A one was plenty spicy, I said make it a five  
G  
Kenny did it his way, that was his reward  
F G C  
His ladle was a magic wand, his tongue a mighty sword