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I Love to Go a-Gorging

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I love to go a-gorging amid great gobs of food,
And as I do my abdomen continues to protrude.

Calorie, calarah, calorie, calarah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Calorie, calarah, my body is obese.

Italian food with all its cheese and thick tomato paste,
It never seems to pass on through but hangs around my waist.

French cuisine inspires me to even greater heights.
An eight-course meal is quickly done in seven standard bites.

A German meal is all I need to make my day complete.
It's hard to keep account of all the strudel that I eat.

At hot dog stands and burger joints to make my power play,
They bring it in a wheelbarrow instead of in a tray.

Tune: The Happy Wanderer

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