

## SPILLING MEAT SLOPPILY (ON HIS THONG)

(Tune: Killing Me Softly With His Song)

*Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman*

I heard he was good looking, and that his bod was great,  
and so I said yes when he asked me for a date.  
And there he was, this young man, at a fancy restaurant:

Stuffing his face with his fingers,  
wiping his hands on his shirt.  
Killing me with his bad manners,  
filling me strongly with disgust,  
turning me right off, with each burp.  
Spilling meat sloppily, on his thong.

I felt a little foolish, embarrassed by the crowd.  
I felt like cringing as he chewed his food out loud.  
I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on

Stuffing his face with his fingers,  
gulping food down with a slurp.  
Killing me with his bad manners,  
filling me strongly with disgust,  
turning me right off, with each burp.  
Spilling meat sloppily, on his thong.

He ate worse than a caveman, the way he'd snort and cough.  
No need for napkins, he just licked his fingers off!  
He wiped his face with his sleeve, then greedily grinned and grunted:

Stuffing his face with his fingers,  
wiping his hands on his shirt.  
Killing me with his bad manners,  
filling me strongly with disgust,  
turning me right off, with each burp.  
Spilling meat sloppily on his thong.

He was sealing his fate, talking about his first wife . . .