

Michael Nesmith, Formosa Diner

Down at the diner
Formosa Diner
The people line up in the evening sun
They're wantin' won ton
They're wantin' egg rolls
They're wantin' plum sauce and the Peking duck

But then the diner
Formosa Diner
It weaves its magic and they can't sit still

Up on the tables
Pirouetting to the hypnotizing beat
All inhibitions gone they're leaping wildly
Seat to seat to seat

Just what it is no one can tell
Somehow the food just casts its spell
But you can bet the patrons keep it to themselves

Watch it

Down at the diner
Formosa Diner
Tiz "One-shot" Gojo, takes a booth near the wall
He waits for Tanya
The lovely Tanya
He orders dumplings in a red hot sauce

But then the diner
Formosa Diner
It weaves its magic and he can't sit still

Up on the table
Pirouetting to the hypnotizing beat
All inhibitions gone he's leaping wildly
Seat to seat to seat

Just what it is no one can tell
Somehow the food just casts its spell
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Now, watch it