

Taco, After Eight

After eight, a rendezvous with Kate
She works late, I've had a hard day watching color TV
After nine, I plan a tease, then dine
Tonight I'll tell her the words she longs to hear
Tonight I'll make it clear

Kate works each day nine-to-five, serving with true dedication
She serves you sodas, and ice creams, and pizzas, and chilis, and burgers - all kinds! - and tacos!

Kate works each day nine-to-five, serving with true dedication
She serves you sodas, and ice creams, and pizzas, and chilis, and burgers - all kinds! - and tacos!

After ten, after dessert, my plan
Is to dance the latest steps they do at the local palais
After twelve, the atmosphere's just swell
Kate pulls a credit card and I grab her coat
Tomorrow's another busy day

Kate works each day nine-to-five, serving with true dedication

She serves you sodas, and ice creams, and pizzas, and chilis, and burgers, and tacos, and French
(Eat and feel fine)
(My favorite hangout serves extra grow time) ???
(So c'mon Kate, don't stay 'til eight)
('Cause you're my date)
(Now tell me whattaya got to eat for me, oh Kate)
(Don't make me wait)
(Not after nine, I says)
(You are my appetite, oh K - A - T - E)
(You do to me, why girl)
(You stuff me and I can't take no more)
(Man, five cheeseburgers are too much)
(What more, I can't dance)
(Katie baby, why don't we make love instead of food)
(I'm ten pounds overweight already and I'm growin' a new roll each day)
(Kate)