

# Andrew Bird, Vidalia

There was a time when I enjoyed vidalia  
there was no other fruit I dared my lips to touch  
my grandad he prescribed vidalia  
&quot;for whatever ails ya&quot; - heart disease, the grippe and such

But to yourself this medicine you'll properly expose  
the benefits of health, wealth, and respect  
Eat it like an apple of a deep-colored rose  
sweet victory will be yours to delect

But how my palate grows tired  
so sweet, so sweet, so sweet  
no thanks I'll take defeat

I remember a dark and smoky den  
Cheeks of roast beef bloody rare  
Oh, whiskey-edged faces of barrel-chested men  
And I'm feelin' small, weak and scared

I remember that nook, the way I shook  
pain hurts innocence be damned  
red with shame and red with pain  
we all sit down to eat our leg of lamb  
our leg of lamb...  
we all sit down to eat our leg of lamb