

Chris Moyles, I Predict A Diet

Ohhhh... I hear a rumble in my tummy,
My cravings are really not funny,
I check to see if I have money,
Kebab and some sauce that is runny,
Don?t think I can carry on further,
I?m needing a coke and a burger,
For fries I?ve become a goat herder,
Gerdy Gerdy ah...

La-ah-ah, la la lalala la,
Ah-ah-ah, ah ah, la la lalala la,

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Ohhh... My clothes that look longer do fit me,
Because I?m becoming a fatty,
I tell my wide waist to line burgins,
I?m looking like Christopher Biggins,
Need to get me some exercise,
Stop dreaming lots about large fries,
Get in the gym and start running,
To burn some more calories...

La-ah-ah, la la lalala la,
Ah-ah-ah, ah ah, la la lalala la,

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And if you really can?t see your feet,
Then you?ve got to stop munching on
meeeeeeeeeeeeat-tah!!!

Ohhh.. don?t think I can carry on further,
I?m needing a coke and a burger,
For fries I become a goat herder,
Gerdy Gerdy ah...

(Bloated)

La-ah-ah, la la lalala la,
La-la-la, ah ah, lalala

laaaaaaaaaaaa-aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

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I like burgers and I like fries,
But they have to be supersize!

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