

# Radio Free Roscoe, Luz (ang.)

Every lunch hour the hungry elite,  
Sit at their favorite spot and eat.  
And as they wolf down burgers and fries,  
I look with disgust at my tuna surprise,  
And wonder if I'll ever be able,  
To sit at the cool table.  
I bet the macaroni's more cheesy,  
The burgers are less greasy,  
There's more wonder in the bread.  
The meat is never gritty,  
And the goulash never fatal,  
When I'm sitting,  
Nice and pretty,  
At the cool table.