

# Rick Moranis, Wheaties Box

I can kick up my heels.  
I can raise a glass,  
To a good set o' wheels.  
I can ride a pony.  
And I can settle a score, between  
A couple of friends, no more.  
And if I need to,  
I can walk the walk.  
And if you ask me,  
I can talk the talk.  
And if I have to,  
I'll stand tall in these here socks,  
But I'll never be on a Wheaties box.  
I can make a pie.  
I can help pick out an outfit,  
To match the color of your eye.  
And I can tie a roast.  
I can make four different lunches,  
And not burn the toast.  
If I need to,  
I can be a rock.  
And if you ask me nice,  
Well I would say, just knock.  
And if give me the keys,  
I can unlock all of your locks,  
But I'll never be on a Wheaties box.  
I may not be an Adonis  
I might not sink my putts like Tiger Woods  
I may not have those washboard abs but I sure can do the wash.  
And my ironing is pretty good.  
I can prune the plants,  
I can stencil a whole floor,  
And not ruin my pants.  
I can glaze a room,  
I can weave a wicked tablecloth,  
On my antique loom.  
And if you're cue is slipping,  
Here, take my chalk.  
And if you want a kung pao.  
Well lemme grease my wok.  
And if you really gotta have those Calloways,  
I'll sell some stocks,  
But I'll never  
No I'll never  
Ti amo il mio caro ma il ill non e mai su una scatola dei Wheaties