

Weird Al Yankovic, Addicted To Spuds

Potato skins, potato cakes
Hash browns and instant flakes
Baked or boiled or french fried
There's no kind you haven't tried
You planned a trip to Idaho
Just to watch potatoes grow
I understand how you must feel
I can't deny they've got a peel
Wo, you like 'em whether they're plain or they're stuffed, oh yeah
Better face the facts, it seems you can't get enough
You know, you're gonna have to face it, you're addicted to spuds
Your greasy hands, your salty lips
Looks like you found the chips
Your belly aches, your teeth grind
Some tater tots would blow your mind
And you don't mind if they're not cooked
You need your fix, I guess you're hooked
And late at night you always dream
Of bacon bits and sour cream
Wo, you like 'em even if they're lumpy or tough, oh yeah
It's pretty obvious to me you can't get enough
You know you're gonna have to face it, you're addicted to spuds
Might as well face it, you're addicted to spuds (x5)
I'm giving up, it's just no use
Another case of spud abuse
What can I say, what can I do
Potato bug has got me, too
Wo, I used to hate 'em, now they're all that I eat, oh yeah
I've often seen 'em whipped, but they just can't be beat
Now I'm gonna have to face it, I'm addicted to spuds
Might as well face it, you're addicted to spuds (x5)