

Food Wrap

Single file wait in line
Breakfast, lunch and dinner time
Three times a day I take my seat
Look down at what I'm gonna eat
Wonder what I'll get today
Upon my colour-coded tray
I'm hoping that it's something new
But probably not - I've got a clue

Chorus

Potatoes, pasta, rice and bread
All these calories I'm fed
Potatoes, pasta, rice and bread
Oh my golly, what a spread

We don't get a spoon or fork
We get a special plastic spork
Meant to do the job of three
Certainly doesn't work for me.
60% whole wheat bread
- That's what the package said
There's one thing that I want to know
Where'd the other 40 go?

Chorus

BRIDGE

A little dressing on the side
So I don't end up four feet wide
All the oranges we've seen
They're not orange – they are green!

I lie awake in bed and dream
Of eating fresh and eating lean
One day I'll leave and then I'll vow
No more bread – no way, no how.

Chorus to end

*Written collectively by participants in the EFry Singing My Way Home
songwriting workshops at NBCC*