

Lunchlady Land
Adam Sandler

I watched the Saturday night live version and this was my first tab so here you go.
I dont know what to call the two chords exactly so if you know exactly what they are contact me.

D-xx0230
A-x02200
E-022100

A
Woke up in the morning
D
Put on my new plastic glove
A
Served some reheated salisbury steak
D
With a little slice of love
A **D**
Got no clue what the chicken pot pie is made of
A
Just know everything s doing fine
D **A**
Down here in Lunchlady Land
A
Well I wear this net on my head
D
Cause my red hair is fallin out
A
I wear these brown orthopedic shoes
D
Cause I got a bad case of the gout
A
I know you want seconds on the corndogs
D
But there s not reason to shout
E
Everybody gets enough food
D **A**
Down here in Lunchlady Land
D **A**
Well yesterday s meatloaf is today s sloppy joes
D
And my breath reeks of tuna
E
And there s lots of black hairs coming out of my nose
A
Hoagies and grinders, hoagies and grinders

D

Hoagies and grinders, hoagies and grinders

D

Navy beans, navy beans, navy beans

A

Hoagies and grinder, hoagies and grinders

D

Navy beans, navy beans

D

Meatloaf sandwich

A

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

D

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

A

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

D

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

A

Well I dreamt one morning that I woke up to see

D

All the pepperoni pizza was a-looking at me

A

It screamed, why do you burn me and serve me up cold

D

I said I got the spatula just do what you re told

A

Then the liver and onions started joining the fight

D

And the chocolate pudding pushed me with all its might

A

And the chop suey slapped me and it kicked me in the head
etc...

It s called revenge Lunchlady said the garlic bread

I said what did I do to make you all so mad

They said you got flabby arms and your breath is bad

Then the green beans said you better run and hide

But then my friend sloppy joe came and joined my side

He said if it wasn t for the Lunchlady the kids wouldn t eatcha

You should be shakin her hand and sayin please to meet ya

She gives you a purpose and she gives you a goal

You should be kissin her feet and kissin her mole

Now all the angry foods just leave me alone

And we all live together in a happy home

Thanks to

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

E

Well me and sloppy joe got married

D

We got six kids and we re doin just fine

A

Down in Lunchlady Land

If you find any problems contact me at barisaxjr@sbcglobal.com