

flames burning, steam rising, my appetite grows hot. and she know i'm itching' to see what's inside those pots. we come around 'bout a quarter to three, can't keep a good man from his after noon feed. best bring your manners or you won't get served. "what's cooking?" it's up to her! hotplate-served with a smile. hotplate, she likes it all the while. soup's on, there's no denial in the oven of my desire. what's on the table is what i need, but it's still on the fire. we come around 'bout a quarter to five, we've come to satisfy our appetites. best bring your manners or you won't get served. "what about desert?" it's up to her! when you need a hotplate, here's where we go, twenty four hours she's never closed. chinese, japanese, mexican, taiwanese; she found the way to bring me down to my knees, mexican, italian, mexican, cajun; better say thank you, and always say please. hotplate-served with a smile. hotplate, she likes it all the while. hotplate-served with a smile. hotplate, down home style. they say the pretty girls can't make no eats- well look at mine, she can't be beat. everybody tries to tear us apart 'cause she knows a man's stomach is the way to his heart. don't come around 'bout a quarter to nine, 'cause when the food's all gone, the girl's still mine. don't come around a quarter to ten, cause when the party's over, the fun begins!