Hungry Hamed's

Spin Doctors

Graphite skies of Brooklyn calmly drape Fourth Avenue Fifteen-year-old gangsters have a honey-dipped or two In Arabic, some patrons shoot the breeze Jeez, Louise

Hungry Hamed's, baby, count your change Said the food's a little funky and the atmosphere is mange Sam's upset at Hamed and Hamed's on his feet Hungry Hamed's, baby, just three blocks from Bergen Street

Well, you can have a little cry, baby, you can even beg Only reason I go back is that you can't screw up an egg Sometimes they treat you worse when you say please They forget the ham or cheese

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I'm beige and funky, like a rubber band
I'm a lapis-eyed devil with my pen in hand
It takes flour and chocolate for an angel cake
Say now, Hamed, whatcha do with all them donuts that you bake.

My roommates won't go with me, though it's only blocks away. Chandler holds a grudge from about five years ago today. Some sign about free soda was a scam. Well, that's Chan.

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