

Steak Lyrics

Alex: Steak Gimme gimme steak. Gimme Gimme steak.

I've got a love I must confess **All:** Oh..

Alex: My love for meat is what I profess, Don't wanna put you in... distress but I'm hungry. I got an appetite for a lush buffet, a porterhouse cooked anyway.

And on the side of my breakfast toast I wanna a rump roast.

I've tasted veggies from coast to coast. But let me tell you what I love the most.

Steak is what I crave. There ain't no way to substitute.

No passion fruit can compare to extra rare – only steak!

No crème brulee has that cachet or can replace a fillet mignon or chateaubriand.

Steaks: Please eat us we're prime cuts. So don't freeze us. We know you want us fresh!

Marinade, tenderize, add a little zest but don't eat too fast so you can digest.

Alex: I want steak that's what I crave. There ain't no way to substitute.

No passion fruit can compare to extra rare – only streak can sa-ti ate.

No crème brulee or cherry pie can satisfy when I'm alone at night

and dream of my steak. Slurp!