

The Vegetable with Feet

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 1989

Some of you may know and some may not
That I've been vegetarian for years
Any time a friend servers up a pot
Talk turns to our hobbies and careers
Yet, every time that I assume my seat
Someone asks me what it is I eat

I like asparagus and broccoli for sure
Cabbage, corn, and celery, they call me back for more
I don't eat hot dogs, or any kind of meat
I eat chicken, the vegetable with feet
He eats chicken, the vegetable with feet

Chickens don't have any brains
Like food grown in the ground
You can cut their heads right off
And they still run around

Daikon radish and eggplant parmesan
Fresh fruit, ginger root, the list goes on and on
I don't eat quadrupeds that groan or grunt or bleat
I eat chicken, the vegetable with feet
He eats chicken, the vegetable with feet

You can sense the savoir faire
Of foul from what they utter
Chickens have the intellect
Of Skippy Peanut Butter

You can get your protein from beans as well as beef
Vitamins abound in both alfalfa sprouts and yeast
Sautéed or pureed, the taste just can't be beat
I eat chicken, the vegetable with feet
He eats chicken, the vegetable with feet