

Hot Apple Pie

To look at me now, so healthy and slim, one could never imagine my youth
When I'd an addiction, not to beer or drugs, but just as real - I tell you the truth
I loved food, enjoyed eating my fill, but the dish that caused my heart to fly
Was a large bowl of vanilla icecream with a ho..ho..ho..hot apple pie

When I was a lad just beginning my teens, my secret one day came to light
I became known to all as *Evans the Gorge* because of my great appetite
When others had finished the meal set before them, I'd utter this plea with a sigh
"Please give me some vanilla icecream with a ho..ho..ho..hot apple pie."

In this addiction I am not alone for others I know feel the same
Like the Welsh rugby team, who when they win, will celebrate after the game
Not like their opponents drowning sorrow with beer, each Welshman's victory cry
Is "Please give me some vanilla icecream and a ho..ho..ho..hot apple pie."

President Bush claimed that Saddam Hussain had the dream of making Iraq
A nation of evil where weapons of war the terrorists never would lack
But when Saddam was captured after months on the run, he said with a tear in his eye
"Please give me some vanilla icecream with a ho..ho..ho..hot apple pie."

I enjoy a good life and I travel a lot, sampling many foods far from home
Escargot in Paris, bratwurst in Bonn and pasta and pizza in Rome
Fish and chips in the UK and tacos in Mexico – something you really should try
But my favourite is vanilla icecream with a ho..ho..ho..hot apple pie

I've eaten Welsh faggots and African cuscus, black caviar piled upon toast
I've tried gourmet meals prepared by the best and of culinary skills I can boast
But when I'm too old to look after myself and approaching the time I must die
"Please give me some vanilla icecream with a ho..ho..ho..hot apple pie."