All That For All Sandwich!

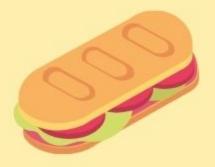


Oh! I hate placing orders at lunchtime

Goodness me, now that fills me with dread!

Once you've chosen the size of your sandwich

Six or twelve inch, then on to the bread



Now the counter displays all the options

More decisions will have to be made

Multigrain or the hearty italian

Herb and cheese, and there's more I'm afraid!



Honey/oat or italian white bread

Gluten free or a tortilla wrap

You're bombarded with rapid fire questions

And by now I'm beginning to flap!



Next, you have to decide on the filling

From the various meats, veggies too

Such a veritable feast, that I'll grant you

A cornucopia of treats just for you





"Cheese and toasted?" They ask in a heartbeat

And then into the oven it goes

You will then have a full thirty seconds

To relax and to stand in repose



But too soon you'll be back in the hot seat

And the questions resume once again

They will ask if you'd like any salad

It's too much for my poor addled brain!



Jalapenos with peppers and onions

I recite without having to think

It's the same with the liquid refreshments

I'll already have chosen my drink



"Any sauces to add to your sandwich?"

"Caesar dressing", we're on the home straight

All that faffing around at the counter

And you're not even offered a plate!

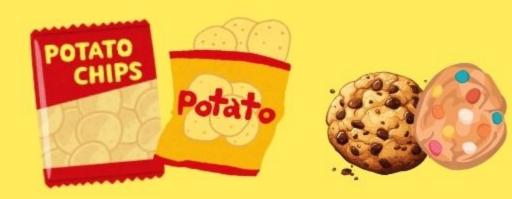


Well not quite, they'll fire one final question

"Do you want that as part of a deal?

Is it crisps or a cookie you're having?"

All that stress just to order a meal!



I'm a creature of habit by nature

My food choices, not hard to predict

Yes, I know they do pizza and nachos

But I daren't stray too far from the script!





So the next time I'm craving a sandwich

Now reflecting on all that I've said

I will stay safe at home in my kitchen

And just make a jam butty instead!



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