Supermarket Nightmare

Victims Family

When I go to the super store
People look so tired and bored and their backs are sore.
As I walk up and down the aisles
The people they don't smile they look so vile.
They shop around and blanky stare.
They seem so unware. I look inside of their
S-h-o-p-p-i-n-g c-a-r-t, what do you think I see?
White bread blues
White sugar cubes
Black tar and nicotine
Red meat schemes
Dad, he had a heart attack,
Mom's got a bending back and a choking hack.
Little sister's got a lumpy chest
Cancer of the breast, all the rest.
And Bobby Joe just can't sit still
He's got to take a pill or else he gets ill.
And oh we're such a healthy family,
We take our vitamin C, wash it down with Pepsi.
White bread blues
White sugar cubes
Black tar and nicotine
Red meat schemes
Fruits are gassed and waxed and nuked,
Till it is not a fruit, it makes me wanna puke.
Bred for looks and not for taste,
For dollars and for haste, it's such a waste.
And I feel sorry for the lambs,
The turkeys and the hams caught in the scam.
I know "we are not what we eat, we are what we don't shit*"
And that is it.
White bread blues
White sugar cubes
Black tar and nicotine
Red meat schemes
(* Hugh Romney)

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