

# Diet Song

**Bobby Bare**

Breakfast black coffee one slice of dry toast no butter no jelly no jam  
Lunch just some lettuce two celery stalks no booze no potatoes no ham  
Dinner one chicken wing broiled not fried no gravy no biscuits no pie  
And this dietin' dietin' dietin' dietin' sure is a rough way to die  
So pass me a carrot stick peel me a prune a glass of skim milk and that's all  
Turn off the TV for the Big Mac commercial it's drivin' me right up the wall  
And I'm thinkin' of french fries sausage and waffles spaghetti and cookies and cake  
And each night I'm dreamin' of chocolate ice cream  
And I'm starvin' to death when I wake  
[ guitar ]  
Supper two pieces of cauliflower raw some beefsteak the size of a nail  
One sliced tomato a small dab of slaw I swear I ate better in jail  
Stop eatin' that pizza right under my nose girl that's the least you can do  
Put down that candy bar while I'm singin' I'm starvin' my pants off for you  
You're fixin' the kids all those creamed mashed potatoes  
But it's bouillon and water for me  
Hey you got a lock on the refrigerator Lord knows where you're hidin' the key  
While I'm starvin' for food late at night I'm starvin' for lovin' from you  
But you say that when I can see my own dick you'll be glad to look at it too  
So pass me a carrot stick peel me a prune a glass of skim milk and that's all  
You and Jane Fonda and old Richard Simmons are drivin' me right off the wall  
Now when I am dead with the insurance paid you'll look down at me and you'll grin  
You'll say well the boy tried and he suffered and died  
But don't he look good when he's thin oh my  
And this dietin' dietin' dietin' dietin' sure is a rough way to die

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