

Sputter Supper

Pungent Stench

I come home late at night
I ask my wife what she'll cookSputter supper
Sputter supperShe smiles to me and answers short
"I got our neighbour in my pan"Oh, he tastes good, feels fine for me
I want more food, I'm starving you see"Darling,"she says,"you get a sweet"
"I caught that child from the third floor"Now I'm so full what a delicious dish
You're the best wife, I have no more to wish
You're feeding me great from day to day
And all our neighbours go awayMy loved man it makes me happy
When you say good things about my cookingTomorrow I'll do a good dinner too
I'll try to catch our now janitor for...

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