

Dear Abby

Dead Kennedys

Dear Abby, Got a problem I'm a decent, underpaid, hardworking county coroner
It's important that my family eat meat at least three times a week
But we just can't afford to with the prices the way they are
So I bring home some choice cuts from my autopsy subjects
Just mix in the tuna helper and ta-da Dear Abby, Got a problem The whole family thinks my new meals are
delicious
They ask me what's your secret?
Abby, I think they're getting suspicious
My smart-ass eight year old keeps asking, where's all the meat?
The red dye number two kind that's kept in the fridge If they find out the truth I don't think they'll understand
Abby, what do I tell my family? Dear Reaganomics Victim, Consult your clergyman
Make sure the body's blessed and everything should be just fine
Just fine

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