

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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