

Fastball, Breakfast

Hold the milk, put back the sugar
They are powerless to console
We've gathered here to sprinkle ashes
from our late friend's cereal bowl.
Breakfast Clubbers, say the motto
that he taught us to repeat:
"You will lose it in your gym class
if you wait 'til noon to eat."
Back when the Chess Club said our eggs were soft
every Monday he'd say grace and hold our juice aloft
Oh, none of us knew his checkout time would come so soon
But before his brain stopped waving, he composed this tune:

Chorus

WHEN THE TOAST IS BURNED
AND ALL THE MILK HAS TURNED AND CAPTAIN CRUNCH IS WAVING FAREWELL
WHEN THE BIG ONE FINDS YOU
MAY THIS SONG REMIND YOU
THAT THEY DON'T SERVE BREAKFAST IN HELL

Breakfast clubbers, drop the hankies.

Though to some our friend was odd,
that day he bought those pine pajamas
his check was good with God.

Those here without the Lord,
how do you cope?

For this morning we don't mourn
like those who have no hope

Oh, rise up, Fruit Loop lovers -
sing out sweet & low

With spoons held high
we bid our brother, "Cheerio!"

Chorus