

PIG, One Meatball

One meatball
Without the gravy
One meatball
Or nothing at all
One meatball
Without the gravy
One meatball
Or nothing at all

Oh fairest bullet
Of the bullet race
How sweet thou art
And what a taste
Oh my sweet lard
I see you make haste
Your fists are looking full
And there's blood on your face

Where's the bread
Down the hall
You get no bread with one meatball

We belong together
Like bacon and ham
We belong together
Like faking and sham
Old daddy wolf
He does the cutting
Put a weasel in the coop
That devil left nothing

Break the bread
Bicker and brawl
Stir don't shake your highball

I've wrung every drop
From the truth that comes out of me
Milked you dry on lies and dishonesty
There's a stain on the shrine
A nail for each crime
Down home delicious
Honed down vicious

Vultures lying in wait with the guilt
By a hot wet river laden with silt
There's many a slip
Between cup and lip

Down in the pig iron
With the shaven raven
Dragged kicking and screaming told
You ain't worth saving
The light of this life
Is a stanley knife
I've bled myself dry
I'm my own parasite

Where's the bread
Down the hall
You get no bread with one meatball

My heroine is heartbreak
A two-timing liar
She made me sweat fuel for my funeral pyre

A foul belle she's foul mouthed
Fingered on the trigger
Trigger on the lip

Where's the bread
Down the hall
You get no bread with one meatball

If you get to heaven before I do
Make a little hole
And pull me through