

# Jimmy Buffett, Peanut Butter Conspiracy

Lookin' back at my hard luck days  
I really do have to laugh  
Workin' in a dive for twenty-six dollars  
Spendin' it all on draft  
We were hungry hard luck heroes  
Tryin' just to stay alive  
So we'd go down to the corner grocery  
This is how we'd survive.

[Chorus:]  
Who's gonna steal the peanut butter  
I'll get a can of sardines  
Runnin' up and down the aisles of the Mini-Mart  
Stickin' food in our jeans  
We never took more than we could eat  
There was plenty left on the racks  
We all swore if we ever got rich  
We would pay the Mini-Mart back  
Yes Sir, yes Sir  
We would pay the Mini-Mart back.

It was a two man operation  
Had it all down on a note  
Ricky would watch the big round mirror  
And I'd fill up my coat  
Then we'd head for the check-out aisle  
With a lemon and a bottle of beer  
Into the car got to make it on home  
'Cause supper time is gettin' near.

[Chorus]  
I guess every good picker has had some hard times  
I have had my share  
It's really kinda funny to laugh at it now  
But I don't wanna go back there  
So every now and then when I'm in a grocery  
I'll take a little but not much  
'Cause you never know when the hard times will hit ya  
And I don't want to lose my touch.

[Chorus]