Quit your bellyachin', bub
Sayin' you can't afford your grub
Sayin' a dollar ain't a dollar no more
Well tell me buddy, what's new?
You can't afford to buy bread no more
Well, this ain't a charity store
You say your kids are hungry too
Well, we've good news for you

You can eat dog food
You really ought to try it
You can fricassee it
You can deep fry it
Flip it on over
Cook it any way
Eat along with rover
Three times a day

It comes in a bag or a can
Just the meal for a workin' man
If you're down on your luck just now
It'll get you through the day
If you eat in the afternoon
You're gonna feel like bayin' at the moon
But you're complainin' too soon
This is all I gotta say

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Find yourself a little vacant lot Clean the garbage from a little spot Build a fire, let the coals get hot Ask the neighbors in You can open up a can or two Make patties like the swell folks do Have yourself a little barbecue And let the fun begin

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