

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.

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...