

Bad Indigestion

The Lost Dogs

<https://youtu.be/zMjUqH4xN8k>

Twinkies were a defense for a murder binge
The killer had a high sugar count, but now he's on the mend
He sold his soul to the hostess, she turned his brain to mush
The lawyer said, "Sure, he killed 'em, judge! It was just a sugar rush!"

Fat on the bacon, wool on the lamb
Flies in the ointment, murder in the ham
Hardened hearts and arteries, salt blocks in the Spam
Lord, save us all from this bad indigestion

Well, would we do the things we do if without poison in our blood?
Would we hurt our fellow man while consuming all this crud?
Break our vows, go to war, put mankind to shame
If a chemical imbalance weren't coursing through our veins?

Fat on the bacon, wool on the lamb
Butter on the biscuits, grease in the pan
Dyes in the candy, tubas in the band
Lord, save us all from this bad indigestion

The god of our benefits is the great horn o' plenty
Moves its great vegetable hand
(Puts a little fruit here in all of our baskets)
Helps us function better in the can
(Yodel-yodel-yodel-yodeladay)

The god of our benefits is the great cornucopia
Moves its great vegetable hand
(Puts a little fruit here in all of our baskets)
Helps us function better in the can

Montezuma's revenge has got us on the run
Double meat, Velveeta cheese between two hot cross buns
Take seltzer and a prune, Peptobismal and a Tum
And look into the crap we eat, you'll find a smoking gun

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