

Breakfast

Newsboys

Hold the milk, put back the sugar
They are powerless to console
We've gathered here to sprinkle ashes
From our late friend's cereal bowl

Breakfast Clubbers, say the motto
That he taught us to repeat
You will lose it in your gym class
If you wait 'til noon to eat

Back when the Chess Club
Said our eggs were soft
Every Monday he'd say grace
And hold our juice aloft

Oh, none of us knew
His checkout time would come so soon
But before his brain stopped waving
He composed this tune

When the toast is burned
And all the milk has turned
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell

When the big one finds you
May this song remind you
That they don't serve breakfast in Hell

Breakfast Clubbers, drop the hankies
Though to some our friend was odd
That day he bought those pine pajamas
His check was good with God

Those here without the Lord
How do you cope?
For this morning we don't mourn
Like those who have no hope

Oh, rise up, Fruit Loop lovers
Sing out sweet and low
With spoons held high
We bid our brother, Cheerio

When the toast is burned
And all the milk has turned
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell

When the big one finds you
May this song remind you
That they don't serve breakfast in Hell

When the toast is burned
And all the milk has turned
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell

When the big one finds you
May this song remind you

That they don't serve breakfast in Hell

When the toast is burned
And all the milk has turned
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell

When the big one finds you
May this song remind you
That they don't serve breakfast in Hell

When the toast is burned
And all the milk has turned
And Captain Crunch is waving farewell

When the big one finds you
May this song remind you
That they don't serve breakfast in Hell