One meatball Without the gravy One meatball Or nothing at all One meatball Without the gravy One meatball Or nothing at all..... Oh fairest bullet Of the bullet race How sweet thou art And what taste Oh my sweet lard I see you make haste Your fists are looking full And there's blood on your face Where's the bread? Down the hall You get no bread with one meatball We belong toghether Like bacon and ham We belong together Like fakin' and sham Ol' daddy wolf He does the cuttin' Put a weasel in the coop That devil left nuttin' Break the bread Bicker and braw Stir don't shake- your my highball I've wrung every drop From the truth that comes out of me Milked you dry on lies and dishonesty There's a stain on the shine A nail for each crime Down home delicious Honed down vicious Vultures lying in wait with the guilt By a hot wet river laden with silt There's many a slip.....Between cup and a lip Down in the pig iron With the shaven raven Dragged kichin' and screamin' told..... "You ain't worth savin'" The light of this life Is a stanley knife I've bled myself dry I'm my own parasite Where's the bread? Down the hall You get no bread with one meatball My heroine is heartbreak She made me sweat fule for my funeral pyre A foul belle she's fould mouthed Fingered on the trigger Trigger on the lip

Where's the bread?

Down the hall

You get no bread with one meatball

If you get to heaven before I do make a little hole

And pull me through