

Depression Day Dinner

The Dead Milkmen

Barfy was a fine pet
He fetched stick and played dead
Every day he'd get fed
And he'd bring home the paper for Dad, GOODBYE!
But all the neighbors liked Barfy
Cause he was good with the kids
But at night he'd make a racket
Knocking down trash can lids
Mother looked in the cupboard
And saw that it was bare
She went to get the food stamps
But there were no food stamps there
The family butcher keeps a secret
That he will never tell
It's about our pet dog Barfy
Which he did chop to hell!

Pass the refried beans
And pass the mashed rice cakes
And pass the buttered noodles
And don't forget the Barfy steaks

Now our problems are leviated
We'll never be short a meal
We had our dog USDA graded
It's right next to the veal
We think we'll get another dog
But this one will be your bread
And make sure all this meat
Is tender, lean, and red!

Whoa!
Barfy buffet
You tasted good
I say now Barfy buffet
Just like a good dog should!

You know the pain
That's in my heart
Just goes to show
You're not very smart!
Who needs food
When you've got a dog (2x)
You can eat like a hog!

I say now Barfy buffer
You tasted good
Hello Barfy buffet
Just like a young dog should!
Play backwards!

I say now Barfy buffer
You tasted good
Barfy buffet
Just like a young dog should!
Stew or?