

“Food, Glorious Food”

From the musical “Oliver”

Is it worth the waiting for,
If we live ‘til eighty-four,
All we ever get is gruel.

Everyday we say a prayer,
Will they change the bill of fare,
Still be get the same old gruel.

There’s not a crust,
Not a crumb can we find,
Can we beg
Can we borrow or cadge

But there’s nothing
To stop us from
Getting a thrill,
When we all
Close our eyes and
Imagine...

Food, glorious food!
Hot sausage and mustard,
While we’re in the mood,
Cold jelly and custard.

Pease pudding and saveloys,
What next?
Is the question.
Rich gentlemen
Have it boys, In-di-gest-ion!

Food
We’re anxious to try it
Three banquets a day
Our favorite diet!

Just picture a great
Big steak,

Fried, roasted or stewed.

Oh! Food,
Wonderful food,
Marvelous food,
Glorious food.

Food, glorious food,
Don’t care what it looks like,
Burned, underdone, crude,
Don’t care what the cooks like.

Just thinking
Of growing fat
Our senses go reeling,
One moment of
Knowing that
Full up feeling!

Food, glorious food
What wouldn’t
We give for
That extra bit more,
That’s all that we
Live for!

Why should we be fated
To do nothing but brood
On food, magical food,
Wonderful food,
Marvelous food,
Heavenly food,
Beautiful food,
Glor-i-ous food!

For what you are about to receive
May the Lord make you truly thankful

Amen.

Slurp, slurp, slurp!