

FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD

Is it worth the waiting for? If we live till eighty four, all we'll ever get is gruel.
Ev'ry day we say a prayer. Will they change the bill of fare? Still we 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 - dye - ges - tion!

Food glorious food! We're anxious to try it.
Three banquets a day. Our favourite diet!
Just picture a great big steak - Fried, roasted or stewed.
Oh, Food, wonderful food, marvellous food, Glorious Food.

Food, glorious Food! What is there more handsome?
Gulped, swallowed or chewed. Still worth a King's ransom.
What is it we dream about? What brings on a sigh?
Piled peaches and cream about Six Feet High.

Food, glorious food! Eat right through the menu.
Just loosen your belt. Two inches and then you
Work up a new appetite, In this interlude
Then food, once again food , fabulous food, Glorious Food!

Food, glorious food! Don't care what it looks like.
Burned, underdone, crude, Don't care what the Cook's 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,
Marvellous food,
Fabulous food,
Beautiful food,
Glo - ri - ous Food.