

THE DAY I ASK FOR SPAM

Jackson had his acorns,
And Grant his precious rye,
Teddy had his poison beef,
More you couldn't buy.
The doughboy had his hardtack
Without this Army's jam,
All armies on their stomachs move,
And this one moves on Spam.

For breakfast they will fry it,
For supper it is baked,
For dinner what a lovely dish,
They have it pat-a-caked;
Next morning it's with flapjacks
Or maybe powdered eggs.
Where the hell they get it all?
They must order it by kegs.

Surely for the ev'ning meal
They'll cook up something new,
But those cooks seem uncanny;
For now it's in the stew.
And thus this tireless cycle goes,
It never seems to cease.
Spam in the stew, Spam in the pie,
And Spam in the boiling grease.

We've had it with the salad,
With cabbage for corned beef.
We've had it for an entree,
And for our aperitif,
We've had it with spaghetti,
With chili and with rice;
I remember such a happy day,
We only had it twice.

Back home there is an angel
Whose name I'm going to change,
I'll buy that gal a lovely home
With the finest range;
But marital bliss is sure to cease
The day I ask for HAM,
And find my eggs are looking up
From a slice of ARMY SPAM.