

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Bread

Bread

(Billy Jonas)

She's a video vixen and a mall muffin, with a teflon tongue she's a tough one.  
TVs and movies much too much, she's in tune but out of touch.  
He's a Birkenstock bubba, drinks blue sky cola, sucker of soybeans and granola.  
Plans appointments by the moon, he's in touch but out of tune.

They met at a moving picture show. She said, "Hi," he said, "lo."  
He was on foot, she offered him a ride. He thought "No," got inside.  
Sat out and they talked 'til late. He was tired, she's wide awake.  
He says, "I think it's time for bed." She said, "It's time to make some bread."

The time has come for the making of bread.  
The time has come for the making of bread.

He said, "We'll mill our own grain. It'll just take an hour."  
She said, "Give me the bleached white flour."  
He said, "Mixing is an ancient art." She pulled out the Cuisinart.  
He: "I will eat no dairy." She: "I like the military."  
He: "I am a pacifist." She: "Look I've killed the yeast."

So they made a sourdough. She kneads fast, he kneads slow.  
He said, "It needs a warm place to rise." She says, "I see it in your eyes."  
He: "Frankly you could cook a loaf of bread with just your looks."  
She: "Ha, ha, funny man, grab your stick, grease the pan."

The time has come for the baking of bread.  
The time has come for the baking of bread.

He brought out the herbal teas. She said, "Coffee, high test please."  
She offered him a cookie. He declined, because the sugar was refined.  
He said, "I follow chiropractic." She said, "I like allopathic.  
Where you cut them up and medicate." He said, "It's time to meditate."

"Watch the breath, count to ten." She said, "If you're done say 'when'."  
"When." "Now," she said, "the time has come to look inside."  
Steam rising in the air, sweet aroma everywhere.  
There's the bell, now the oven, door's open, let the love in.

The time has come for the breaking of bread.  
The time has come for the breaking of bread.  
Yum, yum, yum, yum. Yum, yum, yum, yum-yum-yum.  
Yum, yum, yum, yum. Yum, yum, yum, yum-yum-yum.

From the center to the ends we celebrate the feeding frenzy.  
As the breaking of the bread, so the breaking of the bed.  
Mix the wet with the dry, let it rise so high.  
Now the kneading, not too much. Stay in tune, keep in touch.

But the touch was out of tune. Blame the altitude, the moon.  
She said, "Hard bread feeds my soul. But I've got a date with the Super Bowl."  
He said, "Here, take half of the sourdough starter. I'll take part if you'll  
take part.  
Our residue is in them both. Our love will live in every loaf."

The time will come for the making of bread.  
The time will come for the making of bread.

This is from the tape "The Time Has Come" by The Billys

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