

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Bring Home the Bacon, Baby

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Bring home the Bacon, Baby  
And then get out the pan.  
Just bring in the Roast Beef, Pal  
And you can be my handy man.  
Fetch down the skillet, Hon  
And open up the Spam.  
Bring home the Bacon, Babe  
Or I'm off to Alabam.

You just round up Pork Chops, Honey  
And see that they get tanned.  
And you'd better bag some Meatballs, Darlin'  
It's supply side and demand.  
You'd best procure Fried Chicken, Sugar  
I eat all that I can.  
You bring home that Bacon, Babe  
Or I'm movin' to Spokane.

Rustle up some Chitterlins, Sweetheart  
And not from any Can.  
Snag a raft of Slim Jims, Angel  
They's some out in the van.  
Microwave some Corn Dogs, Sweetcakes  
No mealy-mouthed off brand.  
You bring home the Bacon, Babe  
Or I'm off to Pakistan.

They's a big sale down to Meat Town,  
Precious, fill up your sedan.  
Twenty pounds of Beef, Beloved  
Fills my attention span.  
Check the deli counter, Cherished  
Procure a Leg-O-Lamb.  
You bring home the Bacon, Babe  
Or it's back to Birmingham.

Recitation:

There ain't no ham like Birmingham:  
Think about it, Darlin'

(Fast guitar run, and out)

BG

apr96