

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Cholesterol

Cholesterol

I've been taking advice on the right things to eat  
Since shortly before I was born  
From the National dried milk and the cod liver oil  
To powdered rhinoceros horn  
In these days they tell us to lay off the starches  
The sugar, potatoes and bread  
Now they've done a U-turn, tell us bread and potatoes  
Will give us the fibre we need

So I've made up my mind that the menu's designed  
By the experts just only for me  
No trained dietitian or general practitioner  
Dictates what I'll have for my tea  
Brown bread with the low fat please thinly spread on  
May be healthier than a meat pie  
But who wants to grow old eating St. Ivel Gold  
I'd would rather taste butter and die

Cholesterol, Cholesterol  
My chance of surviving are small  
But I'll not get a dose of Anorexia Nervosa  
Cause I love my cholesterol

Now the thing that has brought this affair to a head  
Is a good hearted Hatfield campaign  
I just said 'What's that?' and the doc had his needle  
Sucking blood out of my handiest vein  
Two weeks later they measured my height and my weight  
And took my blood pressure and all  
The computer said 'Mate, to survive at your weight  
You would need to be seven feet tall'  
But I'm not going to take the suggestions they're make  
About changing the food that I eat  
Cutting out cheese and no chips if you please  
No chocolate, no ice cream, no meat  
Oh they tell you to give up these goodies below  
And they promise you pie in the sky  
Well semi - skimmed milk might diminish my bulk  
But I'll take double cream till I die

cho: Cholesterol, Cholesterol  
My chance of surviving is small

The cream I consume that could lead to my doom  
But I love my cholesterol

Now it's all right for you that smoke 40 a day  
Or spend every night in a bar  
You can tell the health visitor you'll cut it down  
She'll say 'What a fine fellow you are'  
But when I tell her I'd never smoked in my life  
And I was teetotal to boot  
She said 'Go away there is nothing to do  
You've no vices that you can cut out  
Now I don't mind them probing in my haemoglobin  
If it's just for a case history  
But it puts the health visitor into a tizzy  
It's her duty to try and save me  
She says 'Fresh fruit and yoghurt's a lovely dessert  
Why don't you give it a try  
But I don't give a hoot for a yoghurt and fruit  
I'll have Black Forest gateaux and die

Cholesterol, Cholesterol  
My chance of surviving is small  
The way that I dine 'em is cause for angina  
But I love my cholesterol

XX  
APR99