

The Soup Song

By: Maurice Sugar

I'm spending my nights at the flophouse;
I'm spending my days on the street;
I'm looking for work, but I find none;
I wish I had something to eat.

Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup;
Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup.

I spent twenty years in the fact'ry;
I did ev'rything I was told;
They said I was loyal and faithful,
But even before I get old....

Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup;
Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup.

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker
To buy me a car and a yacht;
I went down to draw out my fortune,
But this is the answer I got:

Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup;
Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup.

I fought in the war for my country;
I went out to bleed and to die;
I thought that my country would help me,
But this was my country's reply:

Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup;
Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup.

I went on my knees to my Maker;
I prayed ev'ry night to the Lord;
I vowed I'd be meek and submissive,
And now I've received my reward:

Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup;
Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup.