

# Casey's Awful Grub - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

CASEY'S AWFUL GRUB.

Oh! I used to stop at Harlem, at a sailor's boarding place,  
I never had enough to eat, my form was a disgrace;  
oh! my clothes they wouldn't fit me, I'm skeletonium mug,  
I never eat, I starved to death on Casey's awful grub.

Chorus.

There were old rheumatic sausages and acrobatic cheese.  
Tender hearted butter and dislocated fleas;  
The house was crowded every night with mosquitoes and bedbugs,  
The only ones that ever got fat on Casey's awful grub.

Oh! the landlady was a bachelor with very ancient teeth.  
She served the soup out in a sponge, had green corns on her feet:  
Oh! the tea was absent-minded, and so weak it couldn't slug.  
The boarders fell senseless on Casey's awful grub.

Chorus.

There was sand enough in the sugar for a straight jig right up hero.  
The coffee had consumption, and was too weak to appear;  
The batter got disgusted, threw a flip flap in the tub,  
And the law took the heart disease from Casey's awful grub.