

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Hungry Hash House

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I'm a boarder and I dwell in that second-rate hotel  
If I stay here long, I think I'll go insane;  
For I lay here on my bunk and I cannot reach my trunk  
And the board I would break a millionaire.

Oh they feed on chicken pie, if you eat it you will die  
The meat you cannot cut it with a sword;  
Oh, there's undertakers hangin' 'round, for there's good work to be found  
In that all-go-hungry hash house where I board.

Oh, they carried me upstairs one night, you would need a fork and knife  
It was something they had never done before;  
Oh, the fleas all held me down while the cheesecake scarrped around  
In that all-go-hungry hash house where I board.

Oh, the beefsteak it was rare and the butter had red hair  
And the baby had its feet both in the stew;  
Oh, the eggs you dared not touch, if you kicked one it would hatch  
In that all-go-hungry hash house where I go.

Well, she promised she would meet me when the clock struck seventeen  
At the stock-yards just five miles outside of town;  
Where there's pig's feet and pig's ears, and tough old Texas steers  
Sell for sirloin steak at nineteen cents a pound.

She's my darling, she's my daisy. She's hump-backed and she's crazy,  
She's knock-kneed, she's bow-legged and she's lame;  
And though they say her breath is sweet, I would rather smell her feet  
She' my freckle-faced consumptive Mary Jane.

Recorded by Charlie Poole, New Lost City Ramblers  
Also see Little Old Sod Shanty on My Claim