

## One meatball - 1/2

**Interprété par Pig.**

One meatball  
Without the gravy  
One meatball  
Or nothing at all  
One meatball  
Without the gravy  
One meatball  
Or nothing at all

Oh fairest bullet  
Of the bullet race  
How sweet thou art  
And what a taste  
Oh my sweet lard  
I see you make haste  
Your fists are looking full  
And there's blood on your face

Where's the bread  
Down the hall  
You get no bread with one meatball

We belong together  
Like bacon and ham  
We belong together  
Like faking and sham  
Old daddy wolf  
He does the cutting  
Put a weasel in the coop  
That devil left nothing

Break the bread  
Bicker and brawl  
Stir don't shake your highball

I've wrung every drop  
From the truth that comes out of me  
Milked you dry on lies and dishonesty  
There's a stain on the shrine  
A nail for each crime  
Down home delicious  
Honed down vicious

Vultures lying in wait with the guilt  
By a hot wet river laden with silt  
There's many a slip  
Between cup and lip

## One meatball - 2/2

Down in the pig iron  
With the shaven raven  
Dragged kicking and screaming told  
You ain't worth saving  
The light of this life  
Is a stanley knife  
I've bled myself dry  
I'm my own parasite

Where's the bread  
Down the hall  
You get no bread with one meatball

My heroine is heartbreak  
A two-timing liar  
She made me sweat fuel for my funeral pyre  
A foul belle she's foul mouthed  
Fingered on the trigger  
Trigger on the lip

Where's the bread  
Down the hall  
You get no bread with one meatball

If you get to heaven before I do  
Make a little hole  
And pull me through