

Lyrics Porridge or sausage:

Food, glorious food
We're anxious to try it
Three banquets a day, our favorite diet
Just picture a mammoth steak, fried, roasted or stewed
Oh, food, wonderful food, marvelous food, glorious food
Food, glorious food
Poached possum served flambé
Broth made from a sloth
Or a saber-tooth souffle
Why should we be fated to
Do nothing but brood on?
Food, magical food, wonderful food, marvelous food
Food, glorious food
Flesh picked off the dead ones
Rank, rotten, or chewed
Soon we'll be the fed ones
Just thinking of putrid meat
For food, glorious food, marvelous food, fabulous food, beautiful food