

Junk Food Junkie

Words & Music:
Larry Groce

C F C
You know, I love that organic cooking; I always ask for more.
A D G
And they call me Mr. Natural on down to the health food store.
C F C
I only eat good sea salt, white sugar don't touch my lips.
C A D G C
And my friends is always begging me to take them on macrobiotic trips.
C
Yes, they are.

Am Dm Am
Oh, but at night I stake out my strongbox that I keep under lock & key.
Am D G
And I take it off to my closet where nobody else can see.
Am Dm Am
I open that door so slowly, take a peek up north and south,
C A D G C
Then I pull out a Hostess Twinkie and I pop it in my mouth.

CHORUS:

F C G C
Yeah, in the daytime, I'm Mr. Natural; just as healthy as I can be.
C Am E Am
But, at night, I'm a junk food junkie, good Lord have pity on me.

Well, at lunchtime you can always find me at the Whole Earth Vitamin Bar
Just sucking on my plain white yogurt from my hand thrown pottery jar.
And sippin' a little hand-pressed cider with a carrot stick for dessert.
And wiping my face in a natural way on the sleeve of my peasant shirt.
Oh, yeah.

Ah, but when that clock strikes midnight and I'm all by myself,
I work that combination on my secret hideaway shelf.
And I pull out some Fritos corn chips, Dr. Pepper and an Ole Moon Pie.
Then I sit back in glorious expectation of a genuine junk food high.

CHORUS:

My friends down at the commune, they think I'm pretty neat.
Oh, I don't know nothing about arts and crafts
But I give 'em all something to eat.
I'm a friend to old Euell Gibbons and I only eat homegrown spice.
I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn filled up with my brown rice
Yes, I do.

Oh, but folks, lately, I have been spotted with a Big Mac on my breath.
Stumbling into a Colonel Sanders with a face as white as death.
I'm afraid someday they'll find me just stretched out on my bed.
With a handful of Pringles Potato Chips and a Ding Dong by my head.

CHORUS: