

GRUEL (#1/11)

When your stomach's aching and the cupboard's empty,
All you want is something that'll fill ya.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner is the same old torture,
Food that looks like it is gonna kill ya.

You take your plate up to the table,
Watch the server lift the ladle,
Stand and stare and watch them pour,
And one thing is for sure

It's gonna be, it's gonna be green and gloopy gruel.
Not even hot, gotta eat the lot, green and gloopy gruel.

Plates of lovely grub and things you've never tasted,
In this workhouse no one cares about you.
You have been forgotten and you've got no parents,
Stranded in this place where dreams don't come true.

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Watch the server lift the ladle,
Stand and stare and watch them pour,
And one thing is for sure

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Not even hot, gotta eat the lot, green and gloopy gruel.

Sausages and mustard,
Apple pie and custard,
Roast beef, lamb shank, any kind of food thanks.
Jellied eels with gravy, give me something tasty,
Short-rib, hot pot, we would eat the whole lot!

It's gonna be, it's gonna be green and gloopy gruel.
Not even hot, gotta eat the lot, green and gloopy,
Icky, soupy, lumpy, chunky gruel.