**Junk Food Junkie (Larry Groce)**

**C**

C

You know I love that organic cooking,

 **F C**

I always ask for more.

 **A7**

And they call me Mr. Natural,

F

 **D7 G**

A7

On down to the health food store.

 **C**

I only eat good sea salt,

 **F C**

White sugar don't touch my lips.

 **A7**

And my friends are always begging me to take them

**D G C Am**

On macrobiotic trips, Yes, they are.

**Am**

Oh, but at night I take out my strongbox,

 **Dm Am**

That I keep under lock and key.

G

Am

And I take it off to my closet,

 **B7 E7**

Where nobody else can see.

**Am**

I open that door so slowly,

Dm

 **Dm Am**

Take a peek up north and south.

 **C A7**

Then I pull out a Hostess Twinkie,

 **D7 G C**

And I pop it in my mouth.

E7

**CHORUS:**

 **F C**

Yeah, in the daytime I'm Mr. Natural,

 **G C**

Just as healthy as I can be.

 **Am**

But at night I'm a junk food junkie,

 **E7 Am**

Good Lord have pity on me.

**C**

Well, at lunchtime you can always find me,

 **F C**

At the Whole Earth Vitamin Bar.

 **A7**

Just sucking on my plain white yogurt,

 **D7 G**

From my hand thrown pottery jar.

 **C**

And sippin' a little hand pressed cider,

 **F C**

With a carrot stick for dessert.

 **A7**

And wiping my face in a natural way,

 **D7 G C Am**

On the sleeve of my peasant shirt. Oh yeah!

**Am**

Ah, but when that clock strikes midnight

 **Dm Am**

And I'm all by myself.

 **B7 E7**

I work that combination, on my secret hideaway shelf.

 **Am**

**BARITONE**

And I pull out some Fritos co rn chips,

 **Dm Am**

C

Dr. Pepper and an ol' Moon Pie.

 **C A7**

Then I sit back in glorious expectation,

 **D7 G C**

Of a genuine junk food high.



F

**(CHORUS)**

**C**

My friends down at the commune,

 **F C**

D7

They think I'm pretty neat.

 **A7**

Oh, I don't know nothing about arts and crafts,

 **D7 G**

But I give 'em all something to eat.

 **C**

G

I'm a friend to old Euell Gibbons,

 **F C**

And I only eat homegrown spice.

 **A7**

I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn,

 **D7 G C Am**

Am

Filled up with my brown rice. Yes, I do.

**Am**

Oh, but folks, lately I have been spotted,

 **Dm Am**

With a Big Mac on my breath.

B7

Dm

Stumbling into a Colonel Sanders,

 **B7 E7**

With a face as white as death.

**Am**

I'm afraid someday they'll find me,

E7

 **Dm Am**

Just stretched out on my bed.

 **C A7**

With a handful of Pringles Potato Chips,

 **D7 G C**

And a Ding Dong by my head.

**(CHORUS) (Last line slowly)**