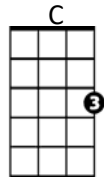
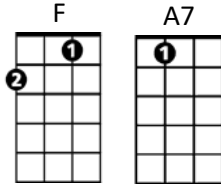


Junk Food Junkie (Larry Groce)

C
You know I love that organic cooking,
F C
I always ask for more.

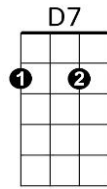


A7
And they call me Mr. Natural,
D7 G
On down to the health food store.



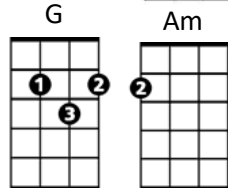
C
I only eat good sea salt,
F C
White sugar don't touch my lips.

A7
And my friends are always begging me to take them
D G C Am
On macrobiotic trips, Yes, they are.



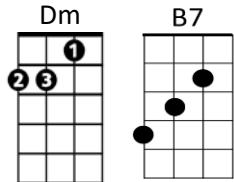
Am
Oh, but at night I take out my strongbox,
Dm Am
That I keep under lock and key.

And I take it off to my closet,
B7 E7
Where nobody else can see.



Am
I open that door so slowly,

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.

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!

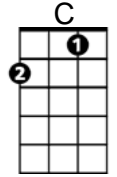
Am
Ah, but when that clock strikes midnight
Dm Am
And I'm all by myself.

B7 E7
I work that combination, on my secret hideaway shelf.

Am
And I pull out some Fritos corn chips,

BARITONE

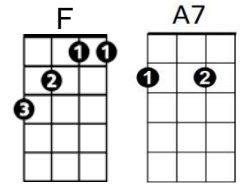
Dm Am
Dr. Pepper and an ol' Moon Pie.



C A7
Then I sit back in glorious expectation,
D7 G C
Of a genuine junk food high.

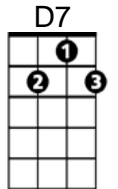
(CHORUS)

C
My friends down at the commune,
F C
They think I'm pretty neat.



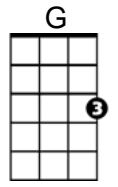
A7
Oh, I don't know nothing about arts and crafts,

D7 G
But I give 'em all something to eat.



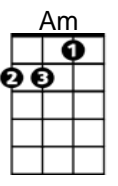
C
I'm a friend to old Euell Gibbons,

F C
And I only eat homegrown spice.



A7
I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn,

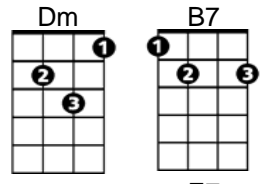
D7 G C Am
Filled up with my brown rice. Yes, I do.



Am
Oh, but folks, lately I have been spotted,

Dm Am
With a Big Mac on my breath.

Dm B7 E7
Stumbling into a Colonel Sanders,
B7 E7
With a face as white as death.

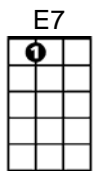


Am
I'm afraid someday they'll find me,

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)