

Leslie Carter

"Blue Bread Mold"

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Find a few survivors! A doctor's come to town.
Tell me all your symptoms, please, and haul your
trousers down.
Half your troubles, please; these don't need to be told,
And I can cure the other half with blue bread mold.

Chorus:

Blue bread mold, the story must be told.
Nothin' keeps ya livin' like the blue bread mold.
Blue bread mold, the story must be told.
Nothin' keeps ya livin' like the blue bread mold.

I notice that you're bleeding, and it isn't monthly flow.
How ya got yourself cut up, I don't need to know.
But wash your wounds with alcohol before they're dry
and cold,
And finish it with a dusting of the blue bread mold.

Now you, you've left this cut too long. It's stinking, and
it's blue,
But don't consider suicide, I've just the thing for you.
Come here, you guys, and hold 'im down, if you would
be so bold,
We'll clean this out with bleach and then with blue
bread mold.

And you, you've got a nasty cough, a fever, and the
shakes.
So swallow this stuff twice a day, a spoonful's all it
takes.
That'll cure it proper, if it ain't the common cold.
For ten days gargle garlic juice with blue bread mold.

Now you look strong and healthy. So what's the
problem, please?
Say there's just no flavor in your local sheepmilk
cheese?
Well, dust this powder in the curds, stir and roll and
fold.
You can change your cheese to roquefort with the blue
bread mold.

So listen to your travelin' doc before I have to go.
To keep your wounds and water clean, you already
know.
But listen, you survivors, if you plan on growing old,
Then keep a generous breeding stock of blue bread
mold.

Blue bread mold, a treasure more than gold.
You can call it penicillin, but it's blue bread mold

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