

Louis Bertignac

"Ration Blues"

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Baby baby baby, what's wrong with Uncle Sam?
He's cut down on my sugar, now he's messin' with my
ham
I got the ration blues, blue as I can be
Oh me, I've got those ration blues
I got to live on fourty ounces, of any kind of meat
Those fourty little ounces gotta last me all the week
I got to cut down on my jelly
It takes sugar to make it sweet
I'm gonna steal all your jelly baby
And rob you of your meat
I got the ration blues, blue as I can be
Oh me, I've got those ration blues
I like to wake up in the morning with my jelly by my side
Since rationing started baby, you just take your stuff
and hide
They reduced my meat and sugar
And rubber's disappearing fast
You can't ride no more with poppa
'Cause Uncle Sam wants my gas
I got the ration blues, blue as I can be
Oh me, I've got those ration blues

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