

Dead Kennedys

"Dear Abby"

Visit "[Dear Abby](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dear Abby, Got a problem

I'm a decent, underpaid, hardworking county coroner
It's important that my family eat meat at least three
times a week
But we just can't afford to with the prices the way they
are
So I bring home some choice cuts from my autopsy
subjects
Just mix in the tuna helper and ta-da

Dear Abby, Got a problem

The whole family thinks my new meals are delicious
They ask me what's your secret?
Abby, I think they're getting suspicious
My smart-ass eight year old keeps asking, where's all
the meat?
The red dye number two kind that's kept in the fridge

If they find out the truth I don't think they'll understand
Abby, what do I tell my family?

Dear Reaganomics Victim, Consult your clergyman
Make sure the body's blessed and everything should
be just fine
Just fine

Visit [Dead Kennedys](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.