

The Town Pants "Hells Kitchen"

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Well Mary was a lass
From the lower class
She was an Irish emigree
When she arrived in New York
In a kitchen she found work
Cooking meals in the Bowery

In that kitchen Mary baked
And never took a break
And the people wolfed it down
But bellies growled
More than they should
From eating all they could
'Til they were buried in the ground

Oh Mary, Typhoid Mary
Your kitchen wasn't clean
The dead are dead I reckon
Because they asked for seconds
Your kitchen wasn't clean

The city was scared
And began to despair
Where could this plague
Come from so crude?
And the cops began to wonder
Why all those gone asunder
Had eaten Mary Mallon's food

So like a crook she was sought
And Mary was caught
The charge she did not understand
Her stools were tested
And Mary was arrested
If only she'd washed her hands

Oh Mary, Typhoid Mary
Your kitchen wasn't clean
The dead are dead I reckon
Because they asked for seconds
Your kitchen wasn't clean

In the hands of the state
She died in thirty eight
The advice her survivors left -
If a meal makes you faint
Then make a complaint
And ask to see the chef

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