

## Unknown

# "Dunderbeck"

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DUNDERBECK

G - D7 G / G - A7 D/ C G Am D7 / G - D7 G

There was a man named Dunderbeck, invented a machine,  
For grinding things to sausage meat and it was run by steam.  
Now kitchen cats and long-tailed rats will never more be seen,  
They'll all be ground to sausage meat in Dunderbeck's machine.

Oh Dunderbeck, oh Dunderbeck, how could you be so mean  
To ever have invented the sausage meat machine?  
Now long tailed rats and pussy cats will never more be seen,  
They'll all be ground to sausage meat in Dunderbeck's machine.

One day a little fat boy came walking in the store.  
He bought a pound of sausage and laid them on the floor.  
Then he began to whistle, he whistled up a tune,  
The sausages, they jumped, they barked, they danced 'round the room.

CHORUS

On day the thing got busted, the darn thing wouldn't go,  
And Dunderbeck, he crawled inside to see what made it so.  
His wife, she had a nightmare, she was walking in her sleep  
She gave a yank and turned the crank and Dunderbeck was meat.

CHORUS

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This version is a combination of the versions from "Folk Songs for Fun" and "101 plus 5 Folk Songs for Camp".

From 101: "Recently the newspapers uncovered a story about some major meat packing concerns who were packing their ground meat with horse meat and kangaroo meat. Evidently, this practice isn't new and here's a song about Dunderbeck and his meat machine. It reminds me of a sign I saw in a meat packing plant in Rutland, Vermont, "USE MEAT CUTTING KNIVES CAREFULLY -- DON'T PUT YOURSELF INTO YOUR WORK'."

@animal @work  
filename[ DUNDER  
play.exe SONGAMB  
DC  
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