

The Ballad of Peanut Butter

Written by Garrison Keillor

1. One day a child came home from football,
Where he had fumbled, was jeered and booed,
His mother saw that his heart was breaking,
And so she made him his favourite food.

chorus 1: She did not make a garden salad,
She did not make a bowl of salad greens,
She made no rolls nor beans,
She made no whole wheat rolls nor a pile of beans,
It was a sandwich, on toasted white bread,
Of peanut butter creamy style.

2. The years went by and he was a loser,
He led a useless and wretched life,
And yet she never criticized him,
She smiled as she got out the knife.

chorus 1:

3. Then he decided on the basis,
Of a book that he read one fall,
That his problems had resulted,
From excessive cholesterol.

chorus 2: He had some bowls of garden salad,
He had some great big bowls of salad green,
He ate those rolls and beans,
He ate those whole wheat rolls and a pile of beans,
He gave up sandwiches on toasted white bread,
With peanut butter creamy style.

4. That night his dog died, he smashed his pick-up,
His sweetheart left him, he lost his hair,
His house caught fire, he went to prison,
His dear old mother came to him there.

chorus 3: She did not bring a garden salad,
She did not bring him bowls of salad green,
She brought no rolls nor beans,
She brought no whole wheat rolls nor a pile of beans,
She brought a sandwich on toasted white bread,
Of peanut butter creamy style,

coda: It was a sandwich on toasted white bread,
Of peanut butter creamy style.