

**The All Go-Hungry Hash House**  
*Traditional*

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1. **I'm a boarder and I dwell in that second-rate hotel,  
If I stay here long, I think I'll go insane,  
For I lay here on my bunk and I cannot reach my trunk,  
And the rent I owe would break a millionaire.**

*chorus 1:* **Oh they feed on chicken pie, if you eat it you will die,  
The meat you cannot cut it with a sword,  
There's undertakers hangin' 'round, for there's good work to be found,  
In that all-go-hungry hash house where I board.**

2. **Oh, they carried me upstairs one night, I had neither gun nor knife,  
It was something they had never done before,  
Oh, the fleas all held me down while the cheesecake scraped around,  
In that all-go-hungry hash house where I board.**

*chorus 2:* **Oh, the beefsteak it was rare and the butter had red hair,  
And the baby had its feet both in the stew,  
Oh, the eggs you dared not touch, if you kicked one it would hatch,  
In that all-go-hungry hash house where I go.**

3. **Well, she promised she would meet me when the clock struck seventeen,  
At the stock-yards just five miles outside of town,  
Where there's pig's feet and pig's ears, and tough old Texas steers,  
Sell for sirloin steak at nineteen cents a pound.**

*chorus 3:* **She's my darling, she's my daisy, she's hump-backed and she's crazy,  
She's knock-kneed, bow-legged and she's lame,  
Though they say her breath is sweet, I would rather smell her feet,  
She' my freckle-faced consumptive Mary Jane.**