

SPAM
(Richard and Maureen Hall)

F B F B
First thing in the morning, I smell it sizzling in the pan.
F B F Gm
I ain't talking about no eggs Benedict, I'm frying me up some Spam.
F B - D - B - F
'Cause I like Spam.

(chorus)
F B C B
It's more than just a food to me, it's a part of my spiritual life
F B C B
One of God's perfect creations, meat you can cut with a butter knife.
F B C B
You can take your fancy vegetables, I don't want no leg of lamb.
F B C B F B -C-B - F
Leave that Pheasant underneath its glass, I want Spam, I like Spam.

At exactly high noon, rumbling from my head to my feet.
I get a hankerin' for my favorite food, a homogenous cubicle of meat.
Well dinner time it rolls around, I guess you can guess what I'm going to eat.
Maybe a nice Spam casserole, or maybe Spam quiche. I like Spam.

(chorus)
You might think this song is over, you might wish it would never come back.
But just when you think you've had enough, there's always the midnight snack.
I choose Spam.

(chorus)
Culinary sensation, exquisite presentation.
Fits so neatly in the can, slides into your hand.
You can always eat more, you can bounce it on the floor.
You can take it to school, you can use for fuel.
Chicken or the egg, well Spam came first.
It's a single vibrating atom at the center of the universe.

I like Spam. I like Spam. I like Spam. I like Spam. I like Spam.