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Bologna

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Two Irishmen and a Hebrew once went out for recreation.
They took enough provisions along to spend a week's vacation.
But they got lost out in the woods. The nights grew dark and lonely
'Till last of all of their food ran out, except a piece of bologna.

Now one of them said as he picked up a knife,
``There's no use in us carvin' for there's not enough nutrition in here,
To keep us all from starvin'. so I suggest we go to bed,
And tomorrow," said Mahoney, ``Whoever has the nicest dream,
Will win the piece of bologna."

The following morning when they awoke, a quarter after seven,
The first one said, ``I had a dream, I died and went to Heaven.
Saint Peter met me at the gate, he said `Hello, Mahoney,'
I don't think you can beat that dream. I win the bologna."

The next one said, ``I had a dream too, and mine was a world-beater.
I also died and went to heaven, welcomed by Saint Peter.
He rushed to me, held out his hand, he said `Hello, Maloney,'
I don't think you can beat that dream, I win the bologna."

The Hebrew said, ``I'm dreamin' too, a dream that couldn't be sweeter.
I saw you both go up to Heaven, welcomed by Saint Peter.
I waited and waited and waited some more, and oh, I got so lonely,
I thought you was not coming back, so I got up and ate the bologna!"

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