

Dunderbeck

G
Oh Dunderbeck, oh Dunderbeck
D7 **G**
How could you be so mean,
To ever have invented
A7 **D**
The sausage meat machine ?
C **G**
Now long-tailed rats and pussy-cats
Am **D7**
Will never more be seen,
G
They'll all be ground to sausage meat
D7 **G**
In Dunderbeck's machine.

One day a little fat boy came
Walking in the store,
He bought a pound of sausages
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. Bang!

One day the thing got busted,
The darn thing wouldn't go,
And Dunderbeck he crawled inside
To see what made it so.
His wife came walking in just then,
From shopping in the street,
She brushed against the starting rod
And Dunderbeck was meat! Bang!