

Ladies Please Bring Lunch

Juanita Wilkins 2008

The township gets together when a barn burns down

Or someone's Grampa dies

A wedding or a funeral, a baby born Too many cloudless skies

A wake a shower or a dance, a buck'n'doe, you'll get your chance

To help your neighbour out, just you wait

The basement of a local church with wooden chairs

All lined up in a row

Is where you might just hold a wake Or Auntie Ida's African slide show

The community centre's fine for dances that serve beer and rye

Or anytime you need to celebrate

Now there's a couple rules here

That you need to understand before you go

Nothing that is written down just stuff that everybody seems to know

Like: men must all stand at the back

And yak and yak and yak and yak

But here's the rule that makes it all work great

Ladies please bring lunch You know it helps out a bunch

When there's heaps and piles and mounds of food

And everyone gets in the mood

Especially when somebody spikes the punch

Ladies please bring lunch

There's buns and meat and cheddar cheese
Sandwiches with no crusts, please
Pickled beets and candied yams
Mince meat pie and two smoked hams
Kosher dills and radish roses
How do they make those, one supposes
Angel food and devilled eggs
Sweet and sour chicken legs
Three bean salad, veggies, dips
Cheesies, nachos, all dressed chips
A bucket of Kentucky Fried
From a new and helpless brand-new bride...

There's cabbage rolls, banana pie Brownies you've just got to try
14 kinds of luncheon meat Marshmallow rice crispie treats
Cookies made from chow mien noodles
Look like they were left by poodles
Taco salad, butter tarts Baked beans that'll make you fart...

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