

Jimmy Buffett, Peanut Butter Conspiracy

Lookin' back at my hard luck days
I really do have to laugh
Workin' in a dive for twenty-six dollars
Spendin' it all on draft
We were hungry hard luck heroes
Tryin' just to stay alive
So we'd go down to the corner grocery
This is how we'd survive.

[Chorus:]
Who's gonna steal the peanut butter
I'll get a can of sardines
Runnin' up and down the aisles of the Mini-Mart
Stickin' food in our jeans
We never took more than we could eat
There was plenty left on the racks
We all swore if we ever got rich
We would pay the Mini-Mart back
Yes Sir, yes Sir
We would pay the Mini-Mart back.

It was a two man operation
Had it all down on a note
Ricky would watch the big round mirror
And I'd fill up my coat
Then we'd head for the check-out aisle
With a lemon and a bottle of beer
Into the car got to make it on home
'Cause supper time is gettin' near.

[Chorus]
I guess every good picker has had some hard times
I have had my share
It's really kinda funny to laugh at it now
But I don't wanna go back there
So every now and then when I'm in a grocery
I'll take a little but not much
'Cause you never know when the hard times will hit ya
And I don't want to lose my touch.

[Chorus]