

The War in Snider's Grocery Store

Hancock, McDonald, Carroll

C E7 F C
Hans Gustav Snider, a local provider of groceries, canned goods, and such
G7 C D7 G7
Had a real war 'til himself and the store were both what is known as in dutch
C E7 F C
His brains he'd been feeding on so much war reading, he woke up one night in a fright
G7 C D7// G7// C
He rushed down the stairs, fell over two chairs, and turned up the grocery light

D7 D7 G7 G7
There were egg shells bursting near and far above the Russian caviar
C C7 F C#// C//
A Bismark herring by itself was pushing all the French peas off the shelf
D7 D7 G7 G7
An Irish potato started to cry when a Spanish onion hit its eye
Em// Cdim// Ddim// D// G C
Frankfurters fighting all over the floor, howling and growling were the dogs of war
F7 F7 Bb Bb
There was Sunny Jim upon a horse, swooping down with all his force
D7 D7 Gm Gm
Paprika growing weaker shouted out, "Won't you open that door?"
Bdim Bdim F D7
And a couple of tough Vienna rolls shot a poor Swiss cheese all full of holes
G7 C7 F F
In the terrible war at Snider's Grocery Store

C E7 F C
Dutch pumpernickel had joined a dill pickle, attacking the fresh navy beans
G7 C D7 G7
A Limburger cheese greatly strengthened the breeze and anchovies, prunes and sardines
C E7 F C
Were fighting an army of dago salami, and that's only half what he saw
G7 C D7// G7// C
He jumped into bed, put ice on his head, and went on the wagon once more

<Chorus>

