

## ONE MEAT BALL (HY ZARET, 1944)

Am Am/G F7 E7

(The tempo is slow and sad)

Am

E7

Am

A little man walked up and down, and found an eating place in town,

Am

Dm

E7

He read the menu through and through, to see what fifteen cents could do.

Am

F7 E7

Am

F7 E7

One meatball, one meatball,

Am

F7 E7

Am

F7 E7

He could afford but one meatball.

He told the waiter near at hand, the simple dinner he had planned.

The guests were startled one and all, to hear that waiter loudly call.

One meatball, one meatball,

He could afford but one meatball.

Little man felt so ill at ease,

He said: "Some bread Sir, if you please."

The waiter hollered down the hall:

You get no bread with your one meat ball.

One meatball, one meatball,

He could afford but one meatball.

Little man felt so very bad,

One meat ball was all he had.

And in his dreams he can still hear that call

You get no bread with your one meat ball.

One meatball, one meatball,

He could afford but one meatball.