

**The Ministry Of Bag**  
**Jack Bruce**

*Intro:* D7 C7 G7 Dm7

*verse 1*

It s all blues and no dinner at the Ministry of Bag  
The steaks are getting thinner, the office is a drag  
It s all hills and no mountain in the cupboard of the Few  
The soda has no fountain the coal gets in the dew

*verse 2*

It s all chief and no father down the avenue of lane  
The soap has lost its lather the loves gone down the drain  
It s all time and no future at the Department of Breath  
The clothes aint made to suit you the peas are boiled to death

*verse 3*

It s hang the girls and young men on the ropes of tweedy mind  
The speedy sneaky tonguemen have left them all behind  
It s all tripe and no liver at the cafe of the Neat  
The cooks jumped in the river, the menu smells of feet

*verse 4*

It s all swamp and no mosquitoes along the stripes of pin  
The boots have all the vetoes and the bags to put them in  
It s all blues and no dinner at the Ministry of Bag  
The steaks are getting thinner the office is a drag

*Outro:* G7 G7 G7 G7