1. One day a child came home from football,
   Where he had fumbled, was jeered and booed,
   His mother saw that his heart was breaking,
   And so she made him his favourite food.

   chorus 1: She did not make a garden salad,
              *She did not make a bowl of salad greens,*
              She made no rolls nor beans,
              *She made no whole wheat rolls nor a pile of beans,*
              It was a sandwich, on toasted white bread,
              Of peanut butter creamy style.

2. The years went by and he was a loser,
   He led a useless and wretched life,
   And yet she never criticized him,
   She smiled as she got out the knife.

   chorus 1:

3. Then he decided on the basis,
   Of a book that he read one fall,
   That his problems had resulted,
   From excessive cholesterol.

   chorus 2: He had some bowls of garden salad,
             *He had some great big bowls of salad green,*
             He ate those rolls and beans,
             *He ate those whole wheat rolls and a pile of beans,*
             He gave up sandwiches on toasted white bread,
             With peanut butter creamy style.

4. That night his dog died, he smashed his pick-up,
   His sweetheart left him, he lost his hair,
   His house caught fire, he went to prison,
   His dear old mother came to him there.

   chorus 3: She did not bring a garden salad,
              *She did not bring him bowls of salad green,*
              She brought no rolls nor beans,
              *She brought no whole wheat rolls nor a pile of beans,*
              She brought a sandwich on toasted white bread,
              Of peanut butter creamy style,

   coda: It was a sandwich on toasted white bread,
         Of peanut butter creamy style.