

American Snack

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a historical parody to the tune of American Pie by Don McLean—November 18th, 2012

[I am aware that this piece isn't either about SCA or Medieval or Renaissance times, but I have nowhere else currently to share it, and I know too many SCA friends who would at least get a kick out of it given their fondness of the sweet treat.]

A long long time ago
I can still remember how
That sponge cake used to make me smile...
And I knew if I had a stove
That I could make them by the droves
And maybe I'd be happy for a while.
But my oven made them burn
With every batch I did churn
Bad news from the stove hatch
I couldn't make one more batch
I can't remember if I bellowed
When I read about greedy C E O's
But somehow my stomach went hollow
The day the twinkies died....
So

[Chorus]
Hi, Hi, Mr. Moon Pie
All my Wonder is asunder now the shelf's full of rye.
All the Ding-dongs are gone, and the fruit filled pies,
singing 'It's the day twinkies died!
it's the day twinkies died....

Did you write those recipes
And have faith in empty calories,
If your friend tells you so?
Do you believe in Ding and Dong?
Can cream filling cure all wrong?
And did you try to eat them real slow?
Well, I know that you're in love with them,
Cause you work them off now in the gym.
We all tore off the sacks,
To dig in those golden snacks!
I was addicted to that food of junk,
Foll'wing those boxes in a hostess truck,
But I knew I was out of luck
The day the twinkies died
I started singin'

[Chorus]
Now for years we ate them on their own,
And the fat grew on our bag of bones,
But, that's not how it used to be....
They became basis for desserts so keen
From recipes borrowed from Paula Dean
and a dish that came from you and me.
Oh and while exec's were looking down
on insurance that had come to town,
the workers were adjourned,
No raises were returned!
And while they took in their last cash,
The people made for their last dash,
to collect their private stash,

The day the twinkies died.
We were singin'

[Chorus]

Oh no Ho-Ho's caught up in the throws
of union strikes and fat CEO's
Boths sides called for a court room dance.
The execs cried out here are the facts,
While union workers bid new contracts
With bankruptcy giving them a sno balls chance.
Now last time their minds were so lax
of coming up with healthy snacks
To save their company
Oh, but we never got to see.
Cause executives stuck to their guns
of the sanctity of honey buns.
Would you have tried a healthy one,
The day the twinkies died.
We started singin'

[Chorus]

Oh, and once they were all in one place
Row upon row all takin' space
With no time left to stock again...
So come on, Jack be nimble, goodness sake,
Go grab all those Hostess cakes,
Cause cream's now choc'late or plain.
And as we gorged on cakes of gold
Till our stomachs could no longer hold
We all began to flush
upon that sugar rush!
And as the drool upon our mouths dried
A new idea we then spied
We began to try them all deep fried,
The day the twinkies died
We were singin'

[Chorus]

A cashier who looked so sweet,
I asked her for some golden treats,
But she just smiled and her eyes fell.
I went down to the Hostess store
Where I'd bought snack cakes years before
But the man there said the twinkies wouldn't sell...
And in the streets the people dreamed
Of golden cakes all filled with cream,
But not one crumb was eaten,
No batter was now beaten..
And the snacks that I truly felt
Were the increase of my bloated pelt
they rode their last on conveyer belts
The day, the twinkies died...
And they were singing

Chorus 2x the last time ending slowly on the second to last line.