

# Dear Abby

## Dead Kennedys

Dear Abby, Got a problem. I'm a decent, underpaid, hardworking county coroner. It's important that my family eat meat at least three times a week. But we just can't afford to with the prices the way they are. So I bring home some choice cuts from my autopsy subjects. Just mix in the Tuna Helper...and ta-da! The whole family thinks my new meals are delicious. They ask me what's my secret. Abby, I think they're getting suspicious. My smart-ass 8-year-old keeps asking, "Where's all the meat? The red dye #2 kind that's kept in the fridge." If they find out the truth I don't think they'll understand. Abby, what do I tell my family?

DEAR REAGANOMICS VICTIM: Consult your clergyman. Make sure the body's blessed and everything should be just fine.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>