

Salome

Little Feat

I know this Jasper girl whose name is Salome
Bear east on Sixty-Three south of Aquacay
You're still in Texas, but just a stone's throw away
'Cross the river lies Louisian-i-ay

Whoa-oh whorehouse moan
Love that fat-back boiled in bone
Salty gravy seasoned with tears
Keep me happy for a hundred years

She got corn on the cob, black-eyed peas and ham
Served with salty gravy for the kind of man I am
She got roast potato, pheasant under glass
Moonshine in a Dixie cup, knock you back on your ass

Salty, salty gravy
Fat-back boiled in bone
Salty, salty gravy
Texas whorehouse moan

If you got an appetite she can't satisfy
Ain't her fault you couldn't, not 'cause she didn't try
No dance of seven veils to feast your eyes upon
Get down and lose yourself, come on baby come on

Whoa-oh whorehouse moan
Give me fat-back boiled in bone
Salty gravy seasoned with tears
Keep me happy for a hundred years

Last whorehouse in Texas, damn near on the State line
I can't tell you how I wish Salome was mine
I'd marry that lady today, move down to New Orleans
Spite of what people say how she's too good for the likes of me

Whoa-oh whorehouse moan
Give me fat-back boiled in bone
Salty gravy seasoned with tears
Keep me happy for a hundred years

Each year on her birthday I send a big bouquet
Of red, red, red roses and a jug of fine tokay
Salty, salty gravy, maybe crepe suzette
Forty second of July, a date I don't forget

Salty, salty gravy
Fat-back boiled in bone
Salty, salty gravy
Texas whorehouse moan