

I Can Cook Too

Patti Austin

Oh, I can cook, too, on top of the rest,
My seafood's the best in the town.
And I can cook, too.
My fish can't be beat,
My sugar's the sweetest around.
I'm a man's ideal of a perfect meal
Right down to the demi-tasse.
I'm a pot of joy for a hungry boy,
Baby, I'm cookin' with gas.
Oh, I'm a gumdrop,
A sweet lollipop,
A brook trout right out of the brook,
And what's more, baby, I can cook!

Some girls make magazine covers,
Some girls keep house on a dime,
Some girls make wonderful lovers,
But what a lucky find I'm.
I'd make a magazine cover,
I do keep house on a dime,
I make a wonderful lover,
I should be paid overtime!

'Cause I can bake, too, on top of the lot,
My oven's the hottest you'll find.
Yes, I can roast too,
My chickens just ooze,
My gravy will lose you your mind.
I'm a brand new note
On a table d'hôte,
But just try me à la carte.
With a single course
You can choke a horse.
Baby, you won't know where to start!
Oh, I'm an hors d'oeuvre,
A jelly preserve,
Not in the recipe book,
And what's more, baby, I can cook!

Baby, I'm cookin' with gas.
Oh, I'm a gumdrop,
A sweet lollipop,
A brook trout right out of the brook,
And what's more, baby, I can cook!

Some girls make wonderful jivers,
Some girls can hit a high "C",
Some girls make good taxi drivers,
But what a genius is me.
I'd make a wonderful jiver,
I even hit a high "C",
I make the best taxi driver,
I rate a big Navy "E"!

'Cause I can fry, too, on top of the heap,
My Crisco's as deep as a pool.
Yes, I can broil, too,

My ribs get applause,
My lamb chops will cause you to drool.
For a candied sweet
Or a pickled beet,
Step up to my smorgasbord.
Walk around until
You get your fill.
Baby, you won't ever be bored!
Oh, I'm a paté,
A marron glacé,
A dish you will wish you had took.
And what's more, baby, I can cook!!