

Country Cookin'

Ronnie Milsap

Folks all love that country cookin'
From California to Maine to Tennessee
Folks all love that country cookin'
Country cookin's the only kind for me

Now way back in the country where I was raised up
Mama used to take the herbs and things and mix 'em up
Always cook up somethin' good
Well down here in Music City
Pickers and singers been cookin' up their own recipe for a long time
And since me and the boys and a few
girls are in here cuttin' this record today
We thought we'd explain it to you

Now ya gotta have a big iron pot
And you take three tablespoons of flat back honkin' down home guitars

Aha
Alright

Yeah
Now we're gonna add one and three fourths cups of slappin' bass
Go on slap it, Joe

Now to this we add two pounds of fatback drums
Alright now I got this big ol' stick over here
I'm gonna stir it make sure it's comin' along alright y'all don't mind
(Go ahead on)

Now we're gonna add two slabs of

salted down smokehouse piano right here
Yeah
Mercy
Mercy
It's gettin' good
It still don't taste quite right we gotta add somethin' else
I think we need a dash of hot boilin' steel

And right here I'm gonna add a handful of five-string banjo
Right here

Wait a minute I've got somethin' else
We're gonna add a hunk of choice lean voices to it right here

Alright and how about an acre of fiddles
Hey
Alright
Now I'm gonna take all of this and put it over a hot hickory fire
And we're gonna let it cook
Burn
I mean burn
Cook

Folks all love that country cookin'
From California to Maine to Tennessee
Folks all love that country cookin'

Country cookin's the only kind for me
Everybody
Folks all love that country cookin'
From California to Maine to Tennessee
Folks all love that country cookin'
Country cookin's the only kind for me
Lord have mercy