

Home Cookin'

Slim Dusty

Just can't wait to get home again,
To that ole home cookin',
There she is in the kitchen door,
"Hey, Hey good lookin'",
She says it's all just cupboard luck,
But she knows it isn't right,
Part of my heart, my home girl,
I just gotta get home tonight.

Trucker's tucker food to go,
Twenty four hours a day,
Grab the burger, get some chips,
That's the only way,
Tea or coffee in a cup,
Made of plastic foam,
Steak and eggs will fill you up
But they never tastes like home.

Just can't wait to get home again,
To that ole home cookin',
There she is in the kitchen door,
She's so good lookin',
Baking bread and beef steak,
Makes a man feels the world alright,
Part of my heart, my home girl,
I just gotta get home tonight.

Tank and tummy filled with tucker,
Everywhere that you look,
Neon signs that tell the tale,
Everything's home cooked,
But there's a difference they can't help,
Woo, it comes from up above,
And you can even tell when things are seasoned,
With your woman's love.

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