

Hot Grease and Zydeco

George Strait

I hear the music big daddy's place
Smell that gumbo coming through that ole screen door
Fans a blowing, flys a buzzing, people jitter bugging on that hardwood floor
Worked my fingers down to the bone
make the money and spend it on

Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly feed my hungry soul it's friday night let the good times roll
Hot grease and zydeco

My babys loving is deep fried
Golden brown legs and that long black hair
We start cooking when we kiss, no time at all lord she takes me there
head on the bayou they stirring it up, tastes so good I cant get enough

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Feed my belly feed my hungry soul it's friday night let the good times roll
Hot grease
Hot grease and zydeco

Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly feed my hungry soul it's friday night let the good times roll
Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly feed my hungry soul Turn it up burn it up say sho

Hot grease
Hot grease and zydeco