

How Lovely Cooks The Meat

Frankie Laine

Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
When I get back home to eat
Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
I smell it far away
And I thought of it all day
She's cookin' the meat for me
What a meal it's gonna be

Oh, I cooked a lovely meal
To my man it will appeal
When he comes in through the door
He will love me even more

Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
When I get back home to eat
Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
I smell it far away
And I thought of it all day
She's cookin' the meat for me
What a meal it's gonna be

Oh, the stove is much too hot
Now the steak has big black spots
And I hope it won't be tough
'Cos my man must get enough

Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
When I get back home to eat
Oh, how lovely cooks the meat
I'm comin' through the door
I cannot wait no more
An' at the table take my seat
And put my teeth into that meat

Oh, my dear, your teeth are strong
And I hope that I'm not wrong
Though the steak is burnt and tough
I am sure you'll get enough

Oh, how lovely is my wife
Oh, how lovely is my wife
I will keep her all my life
Oh, how lovely is my wife

I'll learn to cook someday
Yes, and then she'll pay her way

But between us there's no strife
She's/I'm a lovely, lovely wife
How lovely cooks the meat