

Rad Gumbo

Little Feat

If you walk right in off the street
You can take the load right off your feet
Mamma bring the menu to your seat
But the bill of fare be short and sweet
Won't find no etouffe'
Mamma never ever could cook that way
She's all ancien' regime
No nouvell cuisine

She cook gumbo
A mighty Rad Gumbo
It's the only way she can go
Down at the Club Rad Gumbo

Now the heads and shells stay in the stock
She stirs her roux and really rocks
One gallon shellfish stock or water
Man this gumbo is made to order
Two toes of garlic finely chopped
Man this party just can't be stopped
Mamma's pots are boiling, the band starts to blow
Piano keys flying like Fats Domino

She cook gumbo
A mighty Rad Gumbo
It's the only way she can go
Down at the Club Rad Gumbo

Oh no, no escargot, no cordon bleu
This ain't the place to go lookin' for beef stew
But if you like tender shrimp and rice
If ya think ya can stand the spice

She cook gumbo
A mighty Rad Gumbo

Now people come from miles around
Dig what Mamma's puttin' down
Everybody knows her name
She in the seafood hall of fame
I gotta get that recipe
If it means the death of me
Get my spyboy to sneak a look
Into Mamma's book

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