

Good Eats

Rare Americans

When I was a kid, I grew up around food
Chicken and dumplings, goulash stew
My grandma came from Hungary
And she loved to cook, I got a bit chunky
She passed flavours on to my dad
Who had a rule, everything from scratch
Testin palette's at Sunday meals
Slow cooked short ribs and breaded veal
We travelled man, the world afar
The market, each city, my favourite part
Fresh fish, Kota Kinabalu
And pasta man, mmm
Do as the Romans do!

Said eh oh, got to let go
En-joy the finer things in life, yo
Tacos, paella, steak frites
Good cookin, good lovin', good eats!
Good cookin

We got a duck confit for the table over there!
Fried chicken, coming right up!
Sea bass, get ya sea bass right here!
Okra?! Who eats okra?! I don't even know what okra is!
Get the borscht!

I love grub, no I ain't picky
I break bread with Brittle Bones Nicky's
Creator, boy can that boy cook!
Does it off the head, don't need the book
Drop the kid anywhere on God's green earth
Cook up a storm, like Bourdains rebirth
"Allez cuisine", its arborio rice
Chanterelles, parmesan, thyme nice
The kids saffron, if he was a spice
Details baby, cooks his French fries twice
Skilled with the knife, bluefin tuna on the mic
Medium rare
Americans, you're fat...

Said eh oh, got to let go
Enjoy the finer things in life, yo
Pizza, shawarma, sweets treats
Good cookin, good lovin', good eats!

Said eh oh, got to let go
Enjoy the finer things in life, yo
Carnitas, falafel, roast beef!
Good cookin, good lovin', good eats!

We got some poutine for the canadians! (Good cooking! Good eats!)
A little gumball, I like your little gumball! (Good cooking!)
How about a little jambalaya comin' right up? (Good cooking! Good eats!)
And a little macha ball! (Good cooking!)
Bon appetit!