

# Barbeque

Ray Stevens

There was a fellow named Attila the Hun  
A bad news dude, he was strictly no fun  
Yeah, he burned down every town from Rome to Kathmandu  
Till someone finally said "Hey man, what's wrong with you?"

He said, "There's somethin' that I'm lookin' for,  
Somethin' I just can't get enough of anymore"

I want some barbecue, some barbecue  
And when I want it nothin' else will do  
Woke up this mornin' at a quarter to two  
Just had to have some barbecue

I'm gonna pillage gonna plunder gonna throw myself a fit  
Till I get a lil' somethin' for my hickory pit  
Bring me some coleslaw, French fries, a pickle or two  
And a big ol' mess of barbecue (barbecue!)  
I want a big ol' mess of barbecue!

Lord, have mercy!

Well now if you come from Kansas City (Kansas City!)  
Alabama or that Georgia state  
Tennessee or Carolina, honey, I don't ever mind  
Just as long as you pile them high on my plate

I need some barbecue, barbecue  
And when I want it nothin' else will do  
Woke up in a cold sweat at a quarter to two  
Rolled over, said "Honey, I gotta have some barbecue!"

Now you can slice it, you can chop it, you can gnaw it off the rib  
At a time like this, Lord have mercy, put 'em in gear  
For some coleslaw, French fries, a pickle or two  
And a big ol' mess of barbecue (barbecue!)  
I want a big ol' mess of barbecue!

I want some barbecue, barbecue  
Oh and when I want it, ain't nothin' else gonna do  
I woke up this mornin' at a quarter to two  
And I, I rolled over, and I said:  
Baby, honey, if you love me  
You slip on that old chenille house coat  
And them fluffy slippers  
And slide on down to shorty's all-night hog heaven  
And bring me back about five bags of inside lean  
Yeah, I want that sauce dribblin' off your elbow  
Oh honey, I gotta have it!  
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-barbecue!  
I need it! I'm goin' into a coma here!  
I'm faintin' fast!  
Ooowwww honey, oww...!