

Blackeyed Peas

Ray Wylie Hubbard

If you ever get down south
You can find some good things to put in your mouth
If you got you a woman cooking for you all the time
And I know you can be satisfied
Everything she's got for you is southern fried
Will make your mouth water
Will make you fall down upon your knees
I love to have my own blackeyed peas
I love to have my own blackened peas

She can cook up mustard greens
Corn on the cob and lima beans
Pumpkin pie she can boil a possum if it were dead
She can cook up chicken pot steak
And peach cobbler and devil food cake
She knows how the blackeyed peas go to my head
I love to have my own blackeyed peas
I love to have my own blackened peas

Now my woman don't do no bitchin'
'Cause she spends so much time in the kitchen
Only one other room in the house she better in
That's because of her sweet love
It's even better than her grub
Love grub with my southern fried blackeyed peas
I love to have my own blackeyed peas
I love to have my own blackened peas

With a black-eyed woman whose a black-eyed tease