

# Country Cookin'

Ronnie Milsap

Folks all love that country cookin'  
From California to Maine to Tennessee  
Folks all love that country cookin'  
Country cookin's the only kind for me

Now way back in the country where I was raised up  
Mama used to take the herbs and things and mix 'em up  
Always cook up somethin' good  
Well down here in Music City  
Pickers and singers been cookin' up their own recipe for a long time  
And since me and the boys and a few  
girls are in here cuttin' this record today  
We thought we'd explain it to you

Now ya gotta have a big iron pot  
And you take three tablespoons of flat back honkin' down home guitars

Aha  
Alright

Yeah  
Now we're gonna add one and three fourths cups of slappin' bass  
Go on slap it, Joe

Now to this we add two pounds of fatback drums  
Alright now I got this big ol' stick over here  
I'm gonna stir it make sure it's comin' along alright y'all don't mind  
(Go ahead on)

Now we're gonna add two slabs of

salted down smokehouse piano right here

Yeah

Mercy

Mercy

It's gettin' good

It still don't taste quite right we gotta add somethin' else

I think we need a dash of hot boilin' steel

And right here I'm gonna add a handful of five-string banjo  
Right here

Wait a minute I've got somethin' else

We're gonna add a hunk of choice lean voices to it right here

Alright and how about an acre of fiddles

Hey

Alright

Now I'm gonna take all of this and put it over a hot hickory fire

And we're gonna let it cook

Burn

I mean burn

Cook

Folks all love that country cookin'  
From California to Maine to Tennessee  
Folks all love that country cookin'

Country cookin's the only kind for me  
Everybody  
Folks all love that country cookin'  
From California to Maine to Tennessee  
Folks all love that country cookin'  
Country cookin's the only kind for me  
Lord have mercy