

300 Pounds of Hongry

Tony Joe White

Three hundred pounds of hongry
Down to her house every Sunday
More temptation to butter them buns
Licking their grease right of the tongue

Three hundred pounds
Tall as she's round
Every pound of that body so fine
I can't hardly believe that it's mine

Hey, how that three hundred pounds do amaze me
When she gets down in the gravy
But God oh mother what a soulful groove
When she gets down in a barbecue

Three hundred pounds
Long as she's round
Every pound of that body so fine
I can't hardly believe that it's mine
And they are all mine

Everybody ask me why
Do you love a woman twice your size
Well, don't you know the bigger the better
That three hundred pounds
Sort of got it all together
Loving that lot
Getting that grease
Loving her more
Baby, she gives
Now let yourself go
You big old thing don't you know

I don't care if you weighs a ton
Long as I can butter them buns
Your buns my buns

Three hundred pounds
Tall as she's round
You big old thing don't you know
Oh, how I love you so much
Three hundred