

Bake Me A Country Ham

Cledus T. Judd

I was sitting there, with my fork in hand
Staring at my lousy ravioli can
As she walked right in and said to me
Is there any way that I can make your day complete
I told her if there's anyway you can
Could you grease up that old metal roasting pan

And bake me a country ham
Honey glazed with a side of yams
Leave it in till it's golden brown
Pineapples all the way around
Let the sweet smell fill the air
Serve it to me in my underwear
I'm tired of eating imitation Spam
Could you bake me a country ham

I looked at her, with hungry eyes
She asked if I needed ketchup for my curly fries
I held my breath I could hardly wait
For my little slice of heaven on that Dixie plate
I could feel the juices running down my chin
As my stomach started singing once again

Could you bake me a country ham
Honey glazed with a side of yams
Leave it in till it's golden brown
Pineapples all the way around
Let the sweet smell fill the air
Serve it to me in my easy chair
I'm tired of eating imitation Spam
Could you bake me a country ham

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