

# Texas Cookin'

George Strait

I'm going down to Austin, Texas  
Ease on down to San Antone  
Get that bar-b-que and chili  
Eat my fill then come back home  
I'm gonna take my baby with me  
We gonna have a high ol' time  
We gonna eat till we got silly  
Sho' do make a beer taste fine

Oh my, momma ain't that Texas cookin' something  
Oh my, momma stop yo' belly and backbone bumpin'  
Oh my, momma ain't that Texas cookin' good  
Oh my, momma eat it everyday if I could

Well, I know a man that cooks armadillo  
Tastes so sweet he calls it pie  
I know a woman that makes pan dulce  
Tastes so good it gets you high

Get them enchiladas greasy  
Get them steaks chicken fried  
Sho' do make a man feel happy  
See white gravy on the side

Oh my, momma ain't that Texas cookin' something  
Oh my, momma stop yo' belly and backbone bumpin'  
Oh my, momma ain't that Texas cookin' good  
Oh my, momma eat it everyday if I could

Well, I know a place that's got fried okra  
Beat anything I ever saw  
I know a man that cooks cabrito  
It must be against the law

We gonna get a big ol' sausage  
Big ol' plate of ranch-style beans  
I could eat the heart of Texas  
We gonna need some brand new jean

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Oh my, momma ain't that Texas cookin' good  
Oh my, momma eat it everyday if I could