

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