

# Cookin'

Pete Townshend

I didn't find out I was a coward till I ran away  
Didn't think I was a hypocrite till I tried to pray  
Didn't realize I was lost till I started lookin'  
I didn't know how much I love you till I tasted your cookin'

I didn't know I was a cheat till I fixed the deck  
Didn't felt like a petty larcenist till I forged a check  
Didn't think I could hardly read till I stated bookin'  
I didn't know how much I love you till I tasted your cookin'

For your garlic flavored steak I'd suffer nightmares  
For your mashed potatoes, I'd even dig the dirt  
For your roast beef, I'd even get a haircut  
And to keep the larder full, I'd even work

Didn't know I was a good liar till I wrote this song  
But sometimes I like to get stoved more than you  
Despite the fact there's no cook quite as good lookin'  
Didn't know how much I loved you till I tasted your cookin'

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