

Diane Chase

"Soiree In The Kitchen"

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Everybody knows that the best kind of parties
Wind up round a kitchen with an old wood stove
someone starts humming
and we all start singing
to the squeezebox fiddle
and the old banjo.
The potluck cover charge
is a poor boy
or a keg full of hurricane
while we laissez les bon temps roulez

[Chorus]

We're gunna wear out the floor
in the kitchen and the hallway
to the rhythm of the washing machine
Two spoons, six strings and a Cajun song is all we need
for a good ole' Creole soiree in the kitchen

Grandma's got gumbo boiling on the burning
while the horse hair's flying from her fiddlin' bow
All the little kiddies are sucking on Huck a Bucks

just one more then it's fais do-do
We'll bend the beams in the ceiling of the basement
to the rhythm of the tambourine
while we laissez les bon temps roulez

The living room ain't where the living is
The living room ain't got no soul
The party is always in the kitchen
Cause the kitchen is the heart of the home

We're gunna wear out the floor
in the kitchen and the hallway
to the rhythm of the washing machine
For a good ole Country Party,
for a good ole' Creole soiree in the kitchen

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