

Four Bitchin' Babes "My Kinda Man"

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Hes the one for me,
Hes not your average guy
Doesn't't come on too strong,
But you wouldn't call him shy
Hes good at his job and he's real good lookin
But the best part of all,
Is he really likes cookin
Yeah, give him a pot, or toss him a pan
Caviar and quail or green eggs and ham
He can whip up a meal, Julia Childs is a fan
He likes cookin dinner,
And he's my kinda man
I knew from my first bite of his chicken croquette
And his smoked salmon, goat cheese omelet
Hed be my honey pie, I'd be his crepe suzette
And wed saute together into the sunset
Yeah, give him a pot, or toss him a pan
Caviar and quail or green eggs and ham
His gaspachos got macho,

Hes got flair with a flan
He likes cookin dinner,
And he's my kinda man
I knew our romance was gastronomically fated
His culinary skills are five-star rated
Im a Capricorn, he is a Pisces
I do the shopping; he chops and disces
His key lime pie unlocked the door to my heart
Itold him, Honey, you're my Cuisinart
His pesto has zesto, there's soul in his souffle
He even did the catering on our wedding day
Yeah, give him a pot, or toss him a pan
Caviar and quail or green eggs and ham
He does it Szechuan, he does it Hunan
He does it tofu, he does it with bran
Hes my very own personal food plan
He likes cookin dinner,
And he's my kinda man

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