

George Strait "Hot Grease And Zydeco"

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I hear the music, big daddy's place
Smell that gumbo coming through that old screen door
Fans are blowing, flies are buzzing
People jitterbugging on that hardwood floor

Work my fingers down to the bone
Make the money and spend it on

Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
It's Friday night, let the good times roll
Hot grease and zydeco

My baby's loving, it's deep fried
Golden brown legs and then long black hair
We start cooking when we kiss
No time at all, Lord, she takes me there

[Incomprehensible] on the bayou and they're stirring it
up
Tastes so good I can't get enough

Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
It's Friday night, let the good times roll
Hot grease, hot grease and zydeco

Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
It's Friday night, let the good times roll
Hot grease and zydeco

Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
Turn it up, burn it up, say sure
Hot grease, hot grease and zydeco

Yeah, now, big daddy's place
Hot grease and zydeco

Hot grease and zydeco, yeah, baby

