

John Mayall

"Grits Ain't Groceries"

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If I don't love you baby,
grits ain't groceries,
eggs ain't poultry,
and Mona Lisa was a man.

All around the world
I'd rather be a fly
and light on my baby's head,
I'll stay with that
woman 'til I die.
A toothpick in my hand,
I dig a 10-foot ditch
and ride through the jungle
fightin' lions with a switch,
because ya' know I love ya' baby,
well, you know I love you baby,
and if I don't love you baby,
grits ain't groceries,
eggs ain't poultry,
and Mona Lisa was a man.

Well, it's all around the world and I got
blisters on my feet
a-tryin' to find my baby,
a-bring her back to me.
If you see my baby,
I know she'll be convinced.
If it don't send her back to me,
it just
don't make no sense,
because ya' know I love ya' baby,
well, you know I love you baby.
If I don't love you baby,
grits ain't groceries and eggs ain't poultry,
and Mona Lisa was a man.
Well,
all around the world
I never will forget
I lost all my money, my woman and my pet,
but I got to have you baby,
I got to settle for nothin' less,
give up all my good time for the sake of happiness,

because ya' know I love ya' baby,
you know,
you know I love you baby.
If I don't love you baby,
grits ain't groceries,
eggs ain't poultry,
and Mona Lisa was a man.

I said, if I don't love you baby,
grits ain't groceries,
eggs ain't poultry,
and Mona Lisa must-a
Mona Lisa was a man.

Well,
if I don't love ya' baby,
if
I don't love you baby,
if I don't love you baby,
grits ain't groceries,
and eggs ain't poultry,
and Mona Lisa was a man.

Mona Lisa was a man.

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