

## **Lonnie Russ**

# **"My Wife Can't Cook"**

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If it wasn't for the beans  
That come out the can  
Or the peas and beets  
To ripen  
The milk and bread  
At the grocery store  
I couldn't eat no more  
Let me tell my wife  
(His wife, she can't cook)

Lord, if I thought she could read  
I would buy her a book  
But all she knows how to do  
Is fuss and holler  
She don't even know  
How to boil water

Let me tell ya what we had last night  
On the dinner table  
A tomato  
The nastiest stuff you ever wanna see  
And she was tryin' to feed it to me

Let me tell ya  
I think that woman is downright  
'Cause here the sister  
With coldcuts and gravy  
Now coldcuts and gravy in a  
I thought I'd choke but I got through  
Well she said  
(Spit it out, spit it out)  
What you say? woo hoo  
Oh but I guess I'm gonna eat this slop  
Any old way

So don't you get me wrong  
I love that girl  
I guess I'm about craziest old man in the world  
But I got to love her  
'Cause I got no friends  
Aww, here she comes  
With red beans and onions again

And she say...

What you say?  
Ohh, woo hoo  
One two three four  
Five six seven eight  
Nine eight seven six  
Five four three two  
One more time, come on

Early in the mornin'  
Woah, hoo  
(His wife, she can't cook)  
Cook them beans, cook 'em clean  
Put 'em in a pot and let 'em stink, come on  
(His wife, she can't cook)  
What you say?  
Woahh, wooo

Come to the doctor  
You wonder why  
I just ate them beans  
And I'm about to die, come on

Hey baby  
(His wife, she can't cook)  
Ohhh, wooo hoo  
(His wife, she can't cook)  
Aww, just a little bit louder, come on

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