

Paul Di'Anno

"Hey Wade"

Visit "[Hey Wade](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
A quarter inch plate of blackened steel, that son of a
gun must be for real
I'd love to have a taste of what's inside, there's lots of
room for lots of meat to hide

Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
A tandem-axle grillin' machine, stolen form a fat kid's
dream
Smokestack must be ten feet tall, smoker's paradise,
entice us all

Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Brisket that don't take a knife, oh my those beans are
very nice
I think I'm gonna need some cold ice tea, and another
bowl of chili if you please

Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Takes a mighty big truck to pull that thing, but the taste
is worth the gasoline
If the devil's really into stealin' souls he oughta box this
up and offer it to go

Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?
Hey Wade, ain't that a fine barbecue cooker?

Visit [Paul Di'Anno](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.