

## **Paul Eason**

### **"Hey Wade"**

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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?

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