

Linda Lewis

"Cordon Blues"

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I got the cordon blues
I just can't cook for my guy
I got the cordon blues
He don't taste my honey pie

He says
There's too much sugar in a tea
I pray one day
I'll find that recipe

It's true, I got the cordon blues
My oven won't stay alive all night
I got the cordon blues
Now my baby lost his appetite

I wanna slow you up
And make your steam rise high, hi-hi-high
You know I'll be your slave
But you'll never be satisfied

I need some jelly in my roll
I need some hot sauce on my chips
Won't cha dip your doughnuts in my bowl
I wanna lick your fingertips

[blues guitar solo]

I need some jelly in my roll
I need some... on my chips
I wanna dip my doughnuts in your bowl
So I can lick your fingertips

Whoa, oh, oh, the cordon blues
I just can't cook for my guy
I'm telling you, I got the cordon blues
You won't taste my honey pie

After dinner, he deserves in
For a tastier kind of dish
You know I'm too many cooks
Can given his every little wish

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