

Tennessee Ernie Ford "Sunday Barbeque"

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There'll be plates piled high with deep fried chicken
And a mess of possum stew
There'll be tater pie that's finger lickin'
At the Sunday barbecue

The paper says the fun commences
At exactly half past two
Gonna eat so much I'll lose my senses
At the Sunday barbecue

The Sunday barbecue, the Sunday barbecue
Gonna be there when the fun commences
At the Sunday barbecue

There'll be tug-of-war and cotton candy
And a boxin' kangaroo
Watermelon pickles soaked in brandy
At the Sunday barbecue

They'll hear that old brass band a-playin'
All the way to Timbuktu
Everyone in town'll be sashayin'
To the Sunday barbecue

The Sunday barbecue, the Sunday barbecue
Everyone in town'll be sashayin'
To the Sunday barbecue

If we wanna do some bill and cooin'
We can twenty three skidoo (skidoo)
There's a lake where we can go canoein'
At the Sunday barbecue (barbecue)

We'll hide behind your red umbrella
If we want a kiss or two (kiss or two)
And they'll know that I'm your special fella
At the Sunday barbecue

The Sunday barbecue, the Sunday barbecue
Yes, they'll know that I'm your special fella
At the Sunday barbecue
Yes, they'll know that I'm your special fella

At the Sunday barbecue

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