

Hot Grease And Zydeco

[George Strait](#)

I hear the music big daddy's place
Smell that gumbo coming through that ole screen door
Fans a blowing, fly's a buzzing,
People jitter bugging on that hardwood floor
Worked my fingers down to the bone
Make the money and spend it on Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
It's Friday night let the good times roll
Hot grease and zydeco My baby's loving is deep fried
Golden brown legs and that long black hair
We start cooking when we kiss, no time at all Lord she takes me there
Head on the bayou they stirring it up, tastes so good I can't get enough Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
It's Friday night let the good times roll
Hot grease
Hot grease and zydeco Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
It's Friday night let the good times roll
Hot grease and zydeco
Feed my belly, feed my hungry soul
Turn it up, burn it up, say so Hot grease
Hot grease and zydeco Hot grease and zydeco

Songwriters

GORDON BRADBERRY, TONY RAMEY Published by

Lyrics © MUY BUENO MUSIC GROUP Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>