

Hot Grease and Zydeco

George Strait

I hear the music, big daddy's place
Smell that gumbo coming through that old screen door
Fans are blowing, flies are buzzing
People jitterbugging on that hardwood floor
Work 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, it's deep fried
Golden brown legs and then long black hair
We start cooking when we kiss
No time at all, Lord, she takes me there
[Incomprehensible] on the bayou and they're 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 sure
Hot grease, hot grease and zydeco
Yeah, now, big daddy's place
Hot grease and zydeco
Hot grease and zydeco, yeah, baby

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