

Catfish and Collard Greens

Junior Brown

I got the right kind of woman
and she's the woman of my dreams
She's a special kind of woman
Cause she knows a few special things
By cooking up a batch of loving and some catfish and collard greens
She gets it going in the kitchen
Like no woman that I've ever seen
She don't wear no fancy clothes
But she knows what this country boy needs
And that's a whole lot of loving and catfish and collard greens
She's cooking catfish
She cooking collard greens
She's cooking up a mess of loving
Makes a man jump up and scream
You ought to see my baby when
She's stirring a big ole pot of beans
She knows how to get me going with her
Catfish and collard greens
She's got me eating catfish
And my guts about to bust out at the seams
Well I just can't get enough and
Every week I bust a big ole pair of jeans
I'm just crazy about her loving
And her catfish and her collard greens
She's got me fishing for them channel cats
In every muddy river, lake and stream
And when I holler for them collards
She starts boiling up a big ole pot of steam
She adds a bunch of loving to that catfish and collard greens
She's cooking catfish
She cooking collard greens
She's cooking up a mess of loving
Makes a man jump up and scream
Well, you ought to see my baby when
She's stirring a big ole pot of beans

Lyrics submitted by Donna Flournoy.

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