Kitchen Man

Bessie Smith

Madam Buff's was quite deluxe
Servants by the score
Footmen at each door
Butlers and maids galoreBut one day Sam, her kitchen man
Gave in his notice, he's through
She cried, "Oh Sam, don't go
It'll grieve me if you do"I love his cabbage gravy, his hash
Crazy 'bout his succotash
I can't do without my kitchen manWild about his turnip top
Like the way he warms my chop
I can't do without my kitchen manAnybody else can leave
And I would only laugh
But he means too much to me
And you ain't heard the halfOh, his jelly roll is so nice and hot
Never fails to touch the spot
I can't do without my kitchen manHis frankfurters are oh so sweet
How I like his sausage meat
I can't do without my kitchen manOh, how that boy can open clam
No one else is can touch my ham
I can't do without my kitchen manWhen I eat his doughnuts
All I leave is the hole
Any time he wants to
Why, he can use my sugar bowlOh, his baloney's really worth a try
Never fails to satisfy
I can't do without my kitchen man

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/