

All That Meat And No Potatoes

Louis Armstrong

A man works hard then comes on home,
Expects to find stew with that fine ham bone.
He opens the door, then start to lookin',
Says, Woman, what's this stuff you're cookin'? All that meat and no potatoes
Just ain't right, like green tomatoes.
Here I'm waiting, palpitatin',
For all that meat and no potatoes. All that meat and no potatoes
All that food to the alligators, yes.
Hold me steady. I am ready
For all that meat and no potatoes. I don't think that peas are bad.
With meat most anything goes.
I look into the pot. I'm fit to fight
'Cause, woman, you know that mess ain't right. All that meat and no potatoes
Just ain't right, like green tomatoes.
Woman, I'm steamin'. I'm really screamin'
All that meat and no potatoes. Where is my fry and ham bone? Where is it?

Songwriters

Kirkeby, Ed / Waller, Fats

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