Home Cookin'

Eric Burdon & War

You hear that sound
Thats the sound of little feet
Running away from home
Little feet are always running away from home
To find bigger feet
And they usually end up getting kicked in the headI joined the navy at the age of seventeen
There were lots of places I had not been
I had a dream in my head about a little Japanese girl
And it wasn't till I sailed halfway 'round the world
You know, you know
I miss good lookin' women in my home town
You know I miss warm cookin' mama, that you lay downI found myself
On the 'frisco Bay
Getting high off the wind
A different chick every day
It wasn't till I found
Myself down Mexico way
With tears in my eyes
I was hurt to ?
You know, Lord I said...
I miss good lookin' women in my home town
You know I miss the home cookin' mama, that you lay downSo here I am
A million miles away from home
But I really do believe someday my time will come
Then I'll return the prodigal son
Spend the rest of my days loving every single last one
Yes, I miss good lookin' women in my home town
Yeah, you know I miss good lookin' women, that you lay down
You know I miss the good cookin' mama, that you used to lay down
You know I miss good lookin' women
Women, women, women, here women there women everywhere
Old MacDonald had a farm on the farm he had some women here,
Women there women everywhere
Now, women, women
I miss good lookin' women in my hometown
I miss good lookin' women that I lay down....

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