

# Bake Me a Country Ham

Cledus T. Judd

I was sitting there with my fork in hand  
Staring at my lousy ravioli can  
She walked right in and said to me  
"Is there any way that I can make your day complete?"  
I told her, "If theres anyway you can  
Could you grease up that old metal roasting pan?" And bake me a country ham  
Honey glazed with a side of yams  
Leave it in till its golden brown  
Pineapples all the way around  
Let the sweet smell fill the air  
Serve it to me in my underwear  
Im tired of eating imitation Spam  
Could you bake me a country ham? I looked at her with hungry eyes  
She asked if I needed ketchup for my curly fries  
I held my breath, I could hardly wait  
For my little slice of Heaven on that Dixie plate  
And I could feel the juices running down my chin  
As my stomach started singing once again Could you bake me a country ham?  
Honey glazed with a side of yams  
Leave it in till its golden brown  
Pineapples all the way around  
Let the sweet smell fill the air  
Serve it to me in my easy chair  
Im tired of eating imitation Spam  
Could you bake me a country ham? Could you bake me a country ham?  
Honey glazed with a side of yams  
Leave it in till its golden brown  
Pineapples all the way around  
Let the sweet smell fill the air  
Serve it to me in my underwear  
I'm tired of eating imitation Spam  
Could you bake me a country ham?

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