

# Kitchen Man

## Tuba Skinny

Madam Buff's was quite deluxe  
Servants by the score  
Footmen at each door  
Butlers and maids galore But 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 man Wild about his turnip top  
Like the way he warms my chop  
I can't do without my kitchen man Anybody else can leave  
And I would only laugh  
But he means too much to me  
And you ain't heard the half Oh, his jelly roll is so nice and hot  
Never fails to touch the spot  
I can't do without my kitchen man His frankfurters are oh so sweet  
How I like his sausage meat  
I can't do without my kitchen man Oh, how that boy can open clam  
No one else is can touch my ham  
I can't do without my kitchen man When I eat his doughnuts  
All I leave is the hole  
Any time he wants to  
Why, he can use my sugar bowl Oh, his baloney's really worth a try  
Never fails to satisfy  
I can't do without my kitchen man

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