

Barbeque King

Jorma Kaukonen

Barbecue King

That Barbecue king heâ€™s comin' to town.
With his shiny pants, well, he looks just like a clown,
And he'll cook your barbecue anyway you please.
He'll be filling up your kettle, baby
With every pound of meat a man can squeeze.

The Barbecue King heâ€™s having fun.
He's putting his taste on your barbecue bun.
And he'll cook your barbecue anyway you please.
He'll be filling up your kettle, baby
With every pound of meat the man can squeeze.

That Barbecue king heâ€™s got it made.
With diamond stick pins and garlic pomade
And he'll cook your barbecue anyway you please.
He'll be filling up your kettle, baby
With every pound of meat a man can squeeze.

That Barbecue king heâ€™s comin' to town.
With his shiny pants, well, he looks like a clown,
And he'll cook your barbecue anyway you please.
He'll be filling up your kettle, baby
With every pound of meat a man can squeeze

Lyrics Submitted by gianni Florence

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