

# Diane Chase, Soiree In The Kitchen

Everybody knows that the best kind of parties  
Wind up round a kitchen with an old wood stove  
someone starts humming  
and we all start singing  
to the squeezebox fiddle  
and the old banjo.

The potluck cover charge  
is a poor boy  
or a keg full of hurricane  
while we laissez les bon temps roulez

(Chorus)

We're gunna wear out the floor  
in the kitchen and the hallway  
to the rhythm of the washing machine  
Two spoons, six strings and a Cajun song is all we need  
for a good ole' Creole soiree in the kitchen

Grandma's got gumbo boiling on the burning  
while the horse hair's flying from her fiddlin' bow  
All the little kiddies are sucking on Huck a Bucks  
just one more then it's fais do-do  
We'll bend the beams in the ceiling of the basement  
to the rhythm of the tambourine  
while we laissez les bon temps roulez

The living room ain't where the living is  
The living room ain't got no soul  
The party is always in the kitchen  
Cause the kitchen is the heart of the home

We're gunna wear out the floor  
in the kitchen and the hallway  
to the rhythm of the washing machine  
For a good ole Country Party,  
for a good ole' Creole soiree in the kitchen