

# Jimmy Dean, Please Pass The Biscuits

(singers)

Just picture a lad, between Mom and Dad  
It's Sunday the tables all set  
There's uncles, there's aunts, and cousins galore  
There's plenty of food to be et

The blessing is said, they reach for the bread  
It's a feast a king could afford  
There's clatter, there's chatter, but something's the matter  
There's someone who's being ignored

(spoken)

Uh, would you please pass the biscuits?  
Uh, would you pass the biscuits please?  
Same thing ever Sunday since I can't remember when  
Kinfolks all around the table and the biscuits at tuther end

I got a plate of chicken and taters, and a lot of stuff like that  
All, all I need is a biscuit, but I wish you'd look where they're at  
I guess I could reach across the table,  
But that's ill-mannered, Mom always said  
I wish I had a biscuit, I just can't eat without bread

Uh, would you pass the biscuits  
Uh, excuse me, would you please pass the biscuits  
All I want is a biscuit, nobody seems to care  
If they wouldn't talk so dog-gone loud  
They might be able to hear

Hot doggies, they're half-finished eatin' and I ain't even begun  
I wish you'd look at them biscuits disappear, I'll be luck if I get a one  
Same thing ever Sunday, always company to be fed  
They're talkin' like they're wound up  
Boy, I wish I had a piece of bread

HEY!!!! Would, would, would you please pass the biscuits  
It looks like somebody would notice that I ain't started eatin' yet  
Sure be glad when they get their fill, and go into the parlor and set  
Then, by golly, I won't have to use my manners  
I'll just get a biscuit myself

Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle, there ain't a biscuit left  
The only day of the week we get Sunday-fed  
And they've et up all the biscuits  
And, uh, I just can't eat without bread

(singers)

There's something the matter, no bread on the platter  
And he just can't eat without bread