

Pete Townshend, Cookin'

I didn't find out I was a coward till I ran away.
Didn't think I was a hypocrite till I tried to pray.
Didn't realize I was lost till I started lookin'.
I didn't know how much I love you till I tasted your cookin'.

I didn't know I was a cheat till I fixed the deck.
Didn't felt like a petty larcenist till I forged a check.
Didn't think I could hardly read till I stated bookin'
I didn't know how much I love you till I tasted your cookin'.

For your garlic flavored steak I'd suffer nightmares.
For your mashed potatoes, I'd even dig the dirt.

For your roast beef, I'd even get a haircut
And to keep the larder full, I'd even work.

Didn't know I was a good liar till I wrote this song.
But sometimes I like to get stoved more than you.
Despite the fact there's no cook quite as good lookin'.
Didn't know how much I loved you till I tasted your cookin'
Didn't know how much I loved you till I tasted your cookin'.

I didn't know how much I love you till I tasted your cookin'.