

Robert Earl Keen, Barbeque

Oooh when I was a little boy
Only one or two
The first thing I did enjoy
Was a plate of Barbeque

CHORUS:

Barbeque sliced beef and bread
Ribs and sausage and a cold Big Red
Barbeque makes old ones feel young
Barbeque makes everybody someone
If you're feelin' puny and you don't know what to do
Treat yourself to some meat eat some barbeque

Now there was a girl I knew
She treated me so mean
I offered her my Barbeque
She licked my platter clean

CHORUS

Don't give me no broccoli
Or any Swiss fondue
Baby if you want to rock me
Give me good ole barbeque

CHORUS

Don't send me to heaven
It ain't where I should go
Cause the Devil's got a charcoal pit
And a good fire down below

CHORUS

Let your feet hit the street
Find a good place to eat
Get some Barbeque