

# The Rolling Stones, Cook, cook blues

Cook, cook, cook every mornin'  
Cook, cook, cook through all the night  
Work work work in the evening boy  
And dance, and it will work out alright  
Work on me, baby come- a- close  
You cook, cook, cook all night  
Bad, bad, bad loving baby  
And I lay out my love alright  
And I ain't have spoiled sod  
And I ani't must to imagine  
And I'll give it up alright  
Love, love, love and a cook cook for us every night  
Cook, cook, cook till the mornin'  
Cook, cook, cook till the night  
Work, work, work in the kitchen  
And it will make 'em all come out alright  
Well I don't want to live like a poor man  
And work, work, work every night  
Oh, na, oh no, no, no  
Work, work, work every mornin'  
And the same thing every night  
I just long for the morning  
When I'm cooked cooked cooked every night