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I Can Cook Too

Reference number PT0123

Oh, I can cook too, on top of the rest,
My seafood's the best in the town.
Yes, I can cook, too,
My fish can't be beat,
My sugar's the sweetest around.
I'm a man's ideal of a perfect meal,
Right down to the demitasse.
I'm a pot of joy for a hungry boy,
Baby, I'm cookin' with gas.

Oh, I'm a gumdrop,
A sweet lollipop,
A brook-trout right out of the brook.
And what's more, baby, I can cook!

Some girls make magazine covers,
Some girls keep house on a dime,
Some girls make wonderful lovers,
But what a lucky find I'm.
I'd make a magazine cover,
I do keep house on a dime,
I'd make a wonderful lover,
I should be paid overtime,

'Cause I can bake, too, on top of the lot,
My oven's the hottest you'll find.
Yes, I can roast, too, my chickens just ooze,
My gravy will lose you your mind.

I'm a brand new note on a table d'hôte,
But just try me a la carte.
With a single course you could choke a horse,
Baby, you won't know where to start.

Oh, I'm a hors d'oeuvre,
A jelly preserve,
Not in the recipe book,
And what's more, baby, I can cook!

Some girls make wonderful jivers,
Some girls can hit a high C,
Some girls make good taxi drivers,
But what a genius is me.
I'd make a wonderful jiver,
I even hit a high C,
I'd make the best taxi driver,
I rate a big Navy "E,"

'Cause I can fry, too, on top of the heap,
My Crisco's as deep as a pool.
Yes, I can broil, too, my ribs win applause,
My lamb chops will cause you to drool.

For a candied sweet, or a pickled beet,
Step up to my smorgasbord.
Walk around until you'll get your fill,
Baby, you'll never be bored.
Oh, I'm a paté,
A marron glacé,
A dish you will wish you had took,
And what's more, baby, I can cook!