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Blues at the Barbecue

Elton Glaser

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BLUES AT THE BARBECUE

I'm in a state of suspended Zulu
Ho the fat sticks under the chicken claws
Ho the cold cans she could crack
She suck the sweet joints she sing
The cornpone duet and when she sweats
The climate backs up clear to Baltimore

I'm watching the Funky Windmill and the Pigtrot
Ho the shotgun and the shotgun house
Ho magnolias glued to the spook tree
Salt pork in the greens, grits under gravy
Baby come home where the toilets flush
And the TV burns blue in the window

I'm tied up myself in a croker sack
Jump in the river like a bag of sad cats
Ho the harp blow nasty and the slow drum
Ho the easy terms the lowdown payment of love
When the moon fries up you find me
At the foot of the table at the bottom of the bed