

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