

Dans: The Gravy
Artist: Diffie Joe
Song: Good Brown Gravy

I can't get rich; I can't make a living,
But I sure do something for the neighborhood women.
I wake up every morning with a knocking at my door;
You can't keep 'em waiting when they're yelling for more.

"Back! Back!" I hollered to my hound,
"You're supposed to keep 'em from coming around."
I used to think they was after me
Oh, but they're just after my recipe, for that
Good brown gravy, good brown gravy, yeah that
Good brown gravy, Mmm, good brown gravy

Well, you can eat it from a biscuit, you can sop it from a pan,
You can lick it off your fingers when it's running down your hand.
If I could get a notion I'd start a big promotion
I'd put it in a bottle, call it "Biscuit Lotion."

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Well, my grandma told my momma 'bout the power that it had;
Good Brown Gravy is the way she got my dad.
They tried to get me in the Army, get me in the Navy,
Just to get the secret of my good brown gravy

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