

**LYRICS FOR SAUCE BOSS "LIVE AT THE GREEN PARROT"
(2012 BURNING DISK BD 008) ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

1. Killer Tone

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

I got busted knuckles
I got broken bones
I got wore out muscles
I got trouble at home
I got bad credit
Got an overdrawn loan
But I don't care cuz I got
Killer tone

Got myself busted
And I got myself robbed
Wrecked my El Camino
And I lost my job
Got no employment
My money's all blown
But I don't care cuz I got
Killer tone

This aint no fable
My story's true
It happened to me
It could happen to you
I done lost most
Everything I own
But I don't care cuz I got
Killer tone

2. Smuggler's Cove

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

I'm goin down, goin down to smuggler's cove
I'm goin down, goin down to smuggler's cove
I might walk I might fly, I got a heavy load

A nickel is a nickel and a dime is a dime
A nickel is a nickel and a dime is a dime
Goin down to the cove, gonna get mine this time

I moved down to the county, I got a temporary pole
I moved down to the county, I got a temporary pole
It ain't that I like digging but I sure hate to sell my soul

They threw me in the jailhouse, slammed the jailhouse door
They threw me in the jailhouse, slammed the jailhouse door
Now honey, I cain't smuggle, I cain't smuggle no more

Take me back down to the Gulf Stream
I want to hear the gulf breeze blow
Take me back down to the Gulf Stream
I want to hear the gulf breeze blow
It's the sweetest song, the sweetest song I know

3. Gumbo Recipe

Words and music by Bill Wharton

The first thing you do
You got to make yourself a roux
It's the first thing that you do
And if you take care of the roux
The roux will take care of you

(Spoken)

That's the roux clue, you do this one thing right and everything else is cool. All it is, is a big old gravy, like a ninety-weight gravy. It's a big ugly mess. Oil and flour, put it in a frying pan and turn it all the way up. Stir it until it looks like that. All right, let's see what we got to throw in the pot. Onions, green peppers, chicken broth, one more time, a little bit of water while we're at it. I gotta stir it up, y'all. Whoa! Look out!

Y'all want some more? You know I'm just messing with y'all. Gentlemen, take a tip from the Sauce Boss. How bout you girls, you girls want more? See what I'm sayin? We don't need this anymore. Y'all give it up for the hot sauce for the new millennium, the road to culinary nirvana, Liquid Summer in the gumbo.

We got a gumbo happening y'all, and it won't take long
We got a gumbo
Ow! Oh yeah!

[Here is the Sauce Boss's recipe for making gumbo](#)

4. Lonesome Rider

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

I'm a long lonesome rider
And I ride both night and day.
I'm a long lonesome rider
And I ride both night and day
There's always somewhere I gotta go
I gotta get away

I'm 'on take my rider
Sling that girl on behind
Sling that girl on behind
She's my back door
She's the best I'll ever find

Just me and my baby
Ride to the end of the road
Ride to the end of the road
She got shotgun pipes
Boy, that girl can sure unload

5. Chicken in the gumbo

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

How bout a little chicken in the gumbo

Come on with the chicken

Chicken in the gumbo

Chicken in the pot

Chicken in the gumbo

Chicken in the pot

Come on with the chicken

Chicken in the pot

Come on with the chicken

Oh yeah

Come on with the chicken, y'all

Law, here come the chicken

6. What was I thinking

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

What was I thinking, I should've known
I gave you everything I had
Trying to make a go
I got so ragged, you told me I was slow
Show me the money, honey, show me the dough

I'm a fool, I'm a fool
I spent all my time
Wasting my mind on you

I work my butt off seven days a week
So you can spend my money in a high tone boutique
I put you uptown, in a new car
You put me down from
The other end of the bar

I'm a fool, I'm a fool
I spent all my time
Wasting my mind on you

What was I thinking
How in the world could I know
I spent all my time
Wasting my mind on you

What was I thinking, where's my brain
All that money down the drain
You push my buttons, and you choke my chain
Lord have mercy, all I've got is pain

I'm a fool, I'm a fool
I spent all my time
Wasting my mind on you
I spent all my time
Wasting my mind on you

7. Out in the Night

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

Out in the night, you can hear the saxophone singing
A song about how you love me tender
Out in the night, where the lights just flap their wings
We musta flown through that last number

And I can hear it, the old timey song
Coming around again
Knocking on the door, like an old long lost friend
And I can feel it, coming around the bend
And it's rising up underneath of my skin
Out in the night

Out in the night, there's a sound across the water
The wind against the waves, the waves against the wind
Out in the night, there's a spirit and he'll chase you down
This time I think he's found you

And I can hear it, the old timey song
Coming around again
Knocking on the door, like an old long lost friend
And I can feel it, coming around the bend
And it's rising up underneath of my skin
Out in the night

8. I Can't Sit Down

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

I can't sit down
I can't sit down
I can't sit down
I can't stop it

First thing every morning and I jump right out of bed
Out the door, down the street, I got a rhythm in my head
All day at work I can tell what the boss man said
But... But... But...

I can't sit down
No way
I can't sit down
Ain't no way I'm sittin down

Hey now, people, I don't have much to say
But I got this feeling and it will not go away
Got me dancing, got me up on my toes
I don't know the answer, but one thing I know

I can't sit down
I can't sit down
I can't sit down
I can't stop it

Law have mercy can't quit moving around
I can't quit shakin everything on down
I'm always makin a fool of myself you know why?
I said...

I can't sit down
Ballin the jack
I can't sit down
No way

9. Lucky Charm

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

Tonight I might be uptown
Tomorrow I might be down
I'm the kind of guy that likes
To get around
In the big, big city
Way down on the farm
Makes no difference to me
Long as I got my Lucky charm

I had steak up in Chicago
In Nawlins rice and beans
But I landed on my feet, y'all
And I kept it nice and clean
In the wide, wide world
Ain't no cause for alarm
Because I got my baby
Got myself a lucky charm

You got your black cat bone
Your mojo too
Your Johnny conquer root
And a bag full of voodoo
You can put a spell on me
And never do me no harm
I'm holdin a lucky, lucky, lucky, charm

10. Let the Big Dog Eat

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

Way down South, in the rain and the heat
Sure gets hot down there you could
Cook an egg on the concrete
Every body on the city street says
Whoa!
Let the big dog eat

Call the doctor, call the nurse
Don't know what it is
But I know it sure hurts
Call the ambulance, call the cops
Call the number of the man of God
Let the big dog eat

Way down South, in the rain and the heat
Sure gets hot down there you could
Cook an egg on the concrete
Every body on the city street says
Whoa!
Let the big dog eat

11. The Goog

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

I told my tech to hit the deck
This old contraption's bout to break my neck
What the heck, I'm a nervous wreck
I'll never make it to the next paycheck

The Goog is out to get ya
He won't forget ya
He's about to hit ya
I wouldn't tell you wrong

He can recognize your face from a gimongous database
He can erase you without a trace
Drop your case in a very legal place
You'll be livin out of a suitcase

The Goog is out to get ya
I wouldn't **it ya
The Goog is gonna get ya
He's about to hit ya

Ain't nowhere you can hide
He's the Goog for goodness sake
He knows when you are sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He don't give no break
He knows when you're about to make
A very large mistake

The Goog is out to get ya
He don't forget ya
The Goog is out to get ya
YEAH!

What are you doing, and why are you here?
What are you doing, and why are you here?
What are you doing, and why are you here?
What are you doing, and why are you here?

12. Paco's Garden

Words and Music by Bill Wharton

Place where I go where time it moves so slow
And I can find myself a peaceful pardon
For all the things I've done and all the times I've run
I always seem to come to Paco's garden

Ain't no complaint ain't no kind of patron saint
Ain't no such word as cain't in Paco's garden
Like a man with a hoe watching the flowers grow
And that's all I know bout Paco's garden

I remember the day we laid that old man down
There was a dogfight and the kids was runnin around
Hell, Floyd almost fell into the hole
But after all these years
I got a few honest to goodness, bona fide tears
Watering the ground in Paco's garden

There's a place where I go way down in Mexico
Muy simpatico mi amigo mi amiga
And when I've done my time
And I got no more hills to climb
Just bring me back to Paco's garden

13. Cathead Biscuit Gospel

Words and Music by Louis Walker and Bill Wharton

Can't get to heaven running on empty
I need some biscuits, thirty-weight gravy
Cathead biscuits, Hoover gravy
Lord have mercy, somebody feed me

Gotta have my catfish, gotta have my deep dish
Gotta go to heaven just like the Baptists
Ain't no loney I need some money
Ain't no loney I need some food

Ham hock and collard greens, turkey tails and lima beans
It's the best I've ever seen, oh yeah
Ham hock and collard greens, a little bit of that government cheese
Got me down on my knees

Can't get to heaven running on empty
I need some biscuits thirty-weight gravy
Cathead biscuits, Hoover gravy
Lord have mercy, somebody feed me

Feed me
Brothers and sisters, I'm fixin to testify
Yes I will
Come on y'all,
Come on in under the tent one time
Oh yeah! Whoooooo!
Thank you Jesus, and Leo Fender too!