

# Mary's Kitchen

## Old Crow Medicine Show

You can't blame a thief for stealing wallets  
That's just what they do  
Can't blame Mary for stealing hearts  
When you taste her barbecue She got a brisket nice and tender  
Best you'll ever try  
Way she cooks so nice and slow  
Will keep you satisfied Kansas City to Memphis town  
Arkansas on down  
Come on into Mary's kitchen  
If you want your sausage ground She got a sign on her front porch says  
Hot stuff for sale  
In a little three room shotgun  
In the alley behind the jail  
Sweet, sour, thick or thin  
Tangy, hot or mild  
Some like it hot, some like it cold  
Some like it any way it's sold Kansas City to Memphis town  
Arkansas on down  
Come on into Mary's kitchen  
If you want your sausage ground Poking at her charcoal grill  
Putting sauce on her famous ribs  
When it comes to what you want  
The whole neighborhood's got dibs One taste and you'll be hooked  
It's like nothing else you've known  
Find yourself on her kitchen floor  
Hopin' she throws you a bone  
Kansas City to Memphis town  
Arkansas on down  
Come on into Mary's kitchen  
If you want your sausage ground  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>