Oh, How That Woman Could Cook

Words by
GUS KAHN

Music by
GRACE LE BOY

Tempo di Valse

I once knew a woman who
I once had a meal in a

couldn't spell "cat," And she was as homely as "cinch;
high-tuned hotel, Where the waiters were dressed up like dudes;

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shoe in a pinch. When she played piano weak women would faint
much for the foods I ordered Con-soomme account of the name, I

strong men would cry out in grief While as for her singing, well, that made you
said I'd be swell when in doubt It made me quite crazy to find when it

feel That it wasn't so bad to be deep Yet still she had company
came, It was soup with the filling left out When I paid the waiter I

most every day, And her looks and her voice couldn't drive them a way, For
said Here's a tip, When you're hungry to my friend's house just take a trip For

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CHORUS

Oh! how that woman could cook! Her bread was like Angels Food
Oh! how that woman could cook! I could not prescribe it to
Oh! how that woman could bake! I 'tell you the words won't come

cake! She could take soup meat and give it a look. And it
you! She had receipts which was not in no book. And what
out! She made a pie called a plum-pudding cake And it

tasted like tender-house steak! Her "Zap" had a flavor like
no-body else ever knew! She made"Vege-ta-bles"like
simply would melt in your mouth! Her streo-dles with noo-dles would

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peaches and cream, Her pancakes, Oh! what a beautiful
never before, And you "et" a you "et" till you couldn't no
just make you weep And when you drank her coffee your feet fell a-
dream! With a table between us she was pretty like Venus, Ach
more! And her "Eysters" and fishes was simply malicious, Ach
sleep! While her liver and onions would cure cornsand bunsions, Ach

Gott! How that woman could cook!
Gott! How that woman could cook!
Gott! How that woman could cook!

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