

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Bowl of Red

Bowl of Red
(Tom Russell)

You don't put beans in chili.
You never water good whiskey down.
And never play poker with a man named Doc
On the Spanish side of town.
And if you want to go peekin' at the doctor's daughter,
You better pay the old man his bread.
Then it's a short, short ride from hell to heaven,
Ridin' on a bowl of red.

I'm talkin' about sweet Lorene, the chili queen,
Down at number nine Pecos Street.
She's got bull meat hangin' up above her head
And chili peppers down at her feet.
She's got an iron pot smokin' on a wood-smoke stove
Near an antique feather bed,
Where it's a short, short ride from hell to heaven,
Ridin' on a bowl of red.

Here's the recipe:
Bull meat, crab meat, pig's feet, chicken feet.
I've even seen her use a rabbit's head.
Cumino, oregano, cilantro, let it go.
Then sop it up with sourdough bread.
Let it boil one day. You'll be rollin' in the hay.
Lorene keeps a man well fed.
Just walk on down to number nine.
Say, "Give me a little bowl of red."

Peter Piper picked a bunch of chili peppers.
Tell me how many packs did Peter Piper pick.
Then he took 'em on down to sweet Lorene.
Said, "I need a bowl of red real quick."
She put Peter Piper's peppers in a pot on the stove.
She put Peter Piper in her feather bed.
And now Peter Piper's pickin' peppers all day,
Just to get his daily bowl of red.

(Repeat verses 1 and 2, sung very fast.)

As sung by Tom Russell on "Heart on My Sleeve," Bear Family BCD 15243.
(Tom Russell, End of Trail Music. (c) 1963 CAPAC.)

