

My Salute to the Colonel or: If You Love It, Then You Should Have Put a Wing on

It

I salute Colonel Sanders, the love of my life,
With a love that is stronger than a husband and wife,
Created heaven in a bucket, above burgers it would rise
Then lightning struck twice with his chicken flavored fries.

11 herbs and spices, and a breading so sweet,
Manifests into a flavor that goes amazing on meat.
His empire was built on delicious fried chicken;
So good that my fingers would beg for a lickin'.

Whenever he cooks his famous mashed potatoes,
They never fail to bring out people's "whoa's"
A myriad of choices that I can't decide
Which on the menu are the best sides?

I mean, there are green beans, kernel corn, even mac and cheese.

I would be on the ground, begging to get any of these.
His food is like manna from heaven given by God;
Savored throughout the country and even more abroad

Those who eat his food, want to love him.
Those who love him, want to eat his food.