

Wonder Years, The "See My Baby Jive"

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Look out! look out! your mamma will shout
you might as well go home
she said my bed get's into your hair
so give me back my comb
but you
you make things that get along
turn out so wrong
doo ron, doo ron
you'd beter rock on
the band might play our song

See my baby jive
see my baby jive
she hangs onto me and she really goes
wo - oh (wo - oh) wo - oh
see my baby jive
such a lazy jive
well every one you meet coming down the street
just to see my baby jive

That tenor horn is turning me on
he's dropped down to his knees
oh boy that sax is calling me back
this dog ain't got no fleas
but you
you dance all the guys up town
into the ground
doo ron ,doo ron
you gotta rock on
your daddy ain't coming home

See my baby jive
see my baby jive
she hangs on to me and she really goes
wo - oh (wo - oh) wo - oh
see my baby jive
such a lazy jive
well every one you meet coming down the street
just to see my baby jive

too bad,so long, it's driving me mad

the top down on my car
i don't suppose that everyone knows
exactly who you are
but you
you make things that get along
turn out so wrong
doo ron, doo ron
you gotta rock on
the band might play our song

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see my baby jive

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