

Corinne Bailey Rae**"Rabies"**

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Somethin' strange is a'happenin' here
My baby's actin' mighty queer
I picked her up to go to the show
We sat back in the very last row
I went out to buy some coke
And when I got back my courage broke
She was chewin' the seats and her mouth was foamin'
And her hair was in desperate need of a combin'

I think that maybe
My baby's got rabies
Maybe I'm crazy
But maybe my baby's got rabies now

Gotta get me my rifle
Get me my gun
It shore ain't pretty but it's gotta be done
She's my baby and I love her so
But she's pulled an Old Yeller and she's got to go

Maybe my baby's got rabies
She's got spring fever and she's out of her head
Maybe my baby's got rabies
And we're gonna have to shoot her out behind the shed

We don't have to kill her, do we Pa?

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