

Fatboy Slim

"Talking 'Bout My Baby"

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Woah yeah talkin' 'bout my baby
Talkin' 'bout my baby
When she goes walkin' down Bourbon Street
I just can't hardly stand to walk behind her

She's got a red hot pants on
She got on her yellow high heeled sneakers
She got on a yellow low neck
See through blouse without her brassier on

She's shakin' like two big ole balloons in a hurricane
Ooh, she's got on a purple afro wig
She got a hand on her hip, lettin' her back bone slip

Battin' her eye, battin' her eye
Battin' her eye, battin' her eye
Battin' her eye an' lookin' straight at me
Yeah, lookin' straight at me

She's battin' her eyes and lookin' straight at me
With that sassy, saucy look on her face, shit son yeah
I want to go out on a picnic with you baby
Out under the big bright yellow sun

She said I wanna go out on a picnic with you baby
Out under the big bright yellow sun
Under the big bright yellow sun

Under the big bright yellow sun
Under the big bright yellow sun
Under the big bright yellow sun

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