

Grazia Di Michele "Born To Hand Jive"

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Before I was born, late one night,
My papa said everything's alright
The doctor laughed when Ma lay down
With her stomach bouncing all around
Cause the beebop stork was about to arrive
Mama gave birth to the hand-jive

I could barely walk when I milked a cow
When I was three I pushed a plow
While chopping wood I moved my legs
I started dancing when I gathered eggs
The townfolk clapped, I was only five
He'll out dance 'em all, he's born to hand-jive
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah - everybody
Born to hand-jive, baby,
Born to hand-jive, baby
Born to hand-jive, baby, -oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Born to hand-jive, baby,
Born to hand-jive, baby,
Born to hand-jive, baby, -oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,
Born to hand-jive, oh yeah!

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