

Carla Thomas

"B.A.B.Y"

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B.A.B.Y.
Carla Thomas
Writers: Hayes/Porter

Baby, ooh baby
I love to call you baby
Baby, oh oh baby
I love for you to call me baby

When you squeeze me real tight
You make wrong things right
And I can't stop loving you
And I won't stop calling you

Baby, oh baby
You look so good to me baby
Baby, ooh baby
You are so good to me baby
Just one look in your eye
And my temperature goes skyhigh
I live for you and can't help it
You know I really don't want to help it

B.A.B.Y. baby
B.A.B.Y. baby

Whenever the sun don't shine
You go out to light my hind
Then I get real close to you
And your sweet kisses see me through

I said baby, ooh baby
You look so good to me baby
Baby, ooh baby
How I love for you to call me baby
When you squeeze me real tight
You know you make wrong things right
And I can't stop loving you
And I won't stop calling you B.A.B.Y. baby...

