

Travelling Wilburys "She's My Baby"

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Shes got her pudding in the oven
And it's gonna be good
She better not leave me
And go out to hollywood
She got the best pudding in the neighborhood
Shes my baby

She can drive a truck
She can drive a train
She can even drive an aeroplane
Shes so good to look at in the rain
Shes my baby

Shes comin down the sidewalk
Shes stumblin through the door
Shes coming home from places
Shes never been before
She sits down on the sofa
She poors herself a drink
Says, ooh honey, honey aint no time to think
My baby
My baby

My baby
Shes got a body for business
Got a head for sin
She knocks me over like a bowling pin
She came home last night and said,
Honey, honey, honey it's hard to get ahead
My baby
My baby

She can build a boat
She can make it float (my baby, m-my-my baby)
She can play my guitar
Note for note
She likes to stick her tongue right down my throat
Shes my baby
My baby
My baby
My baby

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