

Weird Al Yankovic **"Ricky"**

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Hey Lucy, I'm home
Oh Ricky, you're so fine
You're so fine, you blow my mind
Hey Ricky, hey Ricky

Oh Lucy, you're so fine
You're so fine, you blow my mind
Hey Lucy, hey Lucy

Oh Ricky, you're so fine
You play your bongos all the time
Hey Ricky, hey Ricky

Oh Lucy, you're so fine
How I love to hear you whine
Hey Lucy

Hey Ricky
You always play your conga drums, you think you got
the right
You wake up little Ricky in the middle of the night
Stop shakin' your maracas now and just turn out the
light Ricky

I'm sick of Fred and Ethel always comin' over here
'Cause Fred eats all our pretzel sticks and then he spills
his beer
Why don't you serve your casserole and make them
disappear, Lucy

Oh Ricky, what's a girl like me supposed to do

You really drive me wild when you sing your babaloo
Oh Lucy, you're so dizzy, don't you have a clue?
Well, here's to you, Lucy
I love you too, Lucy, too, Lucy, let's babaloo Lucy

Hey Ricky
You're always playin' at the club, you never let me go
I'm beggin' and I'm pleadin' but you always tell me no
Oh, please, honey, please, let me be in your show
Ricky, wah

You always burn the roast and you drop the dishes too
You iron my new shirt and you burn a hole right through
You're such a crazy redhead, I just don't know what to
do, Lucy

Oh Ricky
What a pity, don't you understand?
That every day's a rerun and the laughter's always
canned
Oh Lucy
I'm the Latin leader of the band

So here's to you, Lucy
Let's babaloo, Lucy, too Lucy
Everybody rumba

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

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