

Wipers

"Babe's In The Wood"

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Oh
We had a quarrel
We had a fight

Looking funny
You and I

We were running round the house shouting murder.
Believe it when I say
Don't you ever get in the way
If you do there'll be no head on your shoulders.
Where's she gone
Boy?

Babe's in the wood.
Won't she love me good.

She took away my Cadillac
With all my money in the back.
Babe's in the wood
Babe's in the wood.
Oh
Won't she love me good.
She took away my Cadillac
With all my money in the back.
Babe's in the wood.

I got the Sheriff on the cage

A missing person
A pretty face

You gotta find her bring her back home to me.
From the mountain above the bridge
You see the forest below the ridge.
Get searching don't you stop find my Baby.
Where's she gone
Kid?

Babe's in the wood. . . .

I hope there are no Indians
Looking for a squaw.
Mohicans and stocking tops
Won't mix too well for sure.
I think.

Well
I'm looking on my own.
I find my Baby building a home.
She said I'm sorry what I've done please believe me.
Now we live in harmony

I love my sugar
She loves me

Keep her busy day and night
Treat her right.
What you making
Boy?
Babe's in the wood.
Won't she love me good.
She took away my Cadillac
And sold it for a little shack.
Babe's in the wood
Babe's in the wood.
She took away my Cadillac
And sold it for a little shack.
Babe's in the wood.

She took away my Cadillac
And sold it for a little shack. . . .

Babe's in the wood.

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