

## Patrick Watson

### "Babe's In The Wood"

Visit "[Babe's In The Wood](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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.

Visit [Patrick Watson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.