

by The Geraldine Fibbers
"Blast Off Baby"

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Your socks are swinging from the clothesline
Got not time for that now
And your eyes so big and black
That's a little lamb that's a big black bug
Got your 50 cent fortune tucked under your rug
You got your zoot suit body bag ready to blast off

I'm in a milk crate by your bed with my head untucked
To see your pretty feets blast off baby
Baby blast off

Come on honey come on doll
I wanna see you on fire
Come on and fly fire-ball what you're leaving behind
Well it ain't nothing at all
Blast off baby
Baby blast off.

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