

**by The New York Dolls**  
**"Vietnamese Baby"**

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When I'm getting home to you

I gotta show you what I can do

But everything connects and that ain't nowhere

Well, but maybe they're just giving you all you've ever  
wanted

And maybe you never ever know what that was

And maybe you're just finding it out now

With a Vietnamese baby on your mind

Technology satellite, well

What's wrong today and why was

Everyone so busy they've forgotten why they're playing

That he said, what's wrong today is what wrong with  
you

You're so solid, busy solid, that's all you do

With a Vietnamese baby on your mind

Your pretty little mind

Catch me your slaves, shot at

Every riffle on the way and I gotta

Show you more mustard gas than any girl ever seen

Since I been blasted, I've been blown, I've been backing  
away

You've got to back it away

You've got to take a search of values, yeah  
But I've got a concert out to play  
With a Vietnamese baby on your mind  
Your pretty little mind  
Your pretty little mind  
When I'm getting home to you  
I've got to show you what I can do  
But everything connects and that ain't nowhere  
No no no baby no nowhere  
It just won't give a no  
I'm talking about your overture  
Talking bout your overture  
Got to shout about your overture  
Now that it's over, now that it's over  
Now that it's over, what ya gonna do?

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