

Sailor

"Blame it on the soft spot"

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When you go down to meet the boys at the docks
With a smile on your face, feeling friendly
When you've been dancing on the top of the table
With a bottle of wine in your hand
When you're looking the guys in the eyes
With a wink and a wiggle of your hips
They all go "Wow! What a dame!"
And then you're off again
(Chorus):
Hey girl, blame it on the soft spot
(Doo do do do do do do do)
Hey girl, blame it on the wine
Never mind what your mother says a good girl never
should allow
For hey girl, your mama's far away now

Then you wake up with your head in a mess
With a frown on your face, feeling guilty
Hiding your legs in a pair of old jeans
With a turtleneck up to your ears
But as soon as you're out in the street
Where the boys look you up and look you down
You hear that "Wheet-whew! What a dame!"
And then you're off again
(Repeat chorus)

Don't get lonely, no matter what you do
For life is full of old maids, girl
From Rio to Timbuktu
So let go, don't feel ashamed
Let your worries go far, far away
For you know that you'll be with the boys today
(Repeat chorus twice) Hey girl, your mama's far away
now
Hey girl, your mama's far away now

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