

The Geraldine Fibbers

"Blast Off Baby"

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Look out, sugar, look out, love
The sky is falling from the heavens above
Your socks are swinging from the clothesline
Got no time for that now

And your eyes so big and black
That's a little lamb and 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

That's a little lamb and 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
Blast off, baby, baby, blast off

[Incomprehensible]

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