

## **Traveling Wilburys "She's My Baby"**

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She's got her pudding in the oven  
And it's gonna be good.  
She better not leave me  
And go out to Hollywood.  
She got the best pudding in the neighborhood.  
She's my baby.  
She can drive a truck,  
She can drive a train.  
She can even drive an aeroplane.  
She's so good to look at in the rain.  
She's my baby.  
She's comin' down the sidewalk  
She's stumblin through the door  
She's coming home from places  
she's never been before.  
She sits down on the sofa  
She poors herself a drink  
Says, "Ooh honey, honey ain't no time to think."

My baby  
My baby  
(solo)  
My baby  
She's got a body for business  
Got a head for sin  
She knocks me over  
like a bowling pin.  
She came home last night and said,  
"Honey, honey, honey it's hard to get ahead."  
My baby  
My baby  
She can build a boat  
She can make it float (My baby, m-my-my baby)  
She can play my guitar  
Note for Note  
She likes to stick her tongue right down my throat.  
She's my baby.  
My baby.  
My baby.  
My baby.  
repeat, fade.

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