ricky

Craig Childs

Hey Lucy, I'm home
Oh Ricky, you're so fine
You're so fine, you blow my mind
Hey Ricky, hey Ricky
Oh Lucy, you're so fine
You're so fine, you blow my mind
Hey Lucy, hey Lucy
Oh Ricky, you're so fine
You play your bongos all the time
Hey Ricky, hey Ricky
Oh Lucy, you're so fine
How I love to hear you whine
Hey Lucy
Hey Ricky
You always play your conga drums, you think you got the right
You wake up little Ricky in the middle of the night
Stop shakin' your maracas now and just turn out the light Ricky
I'm sick of Fred and Ethel always comin' over here
'Cause Fred eats all our pretzel sticks and then he spills his beer
Why don't you serve your casserole and make them disappear, Lucy
Oh Ricky, what's a girl like me supposed to do
You really drive me wild when you sing your babaloo
Oh Lucy, you're so dizzy, don't you have a clue?
Well, here's to you, Lucy
I love you too, Lucy, too, Lucy, let's babaloo Lucy
Hey Ricky
You're always playin' at the club, you never let me go
I'm beggin' and I'm pleadin' but you always tell me no
Oh, please, honey, please, let me be in your show Ricky, wah
You always burn the roast and you drop the dishes too
You iron my new shirt and you burn a hole right through
You're such a crazy redhead, I just don't know what to do, Lucy
Oh Ricky
What a pity, don't you understand?
That every day's a rerun and the laughter's always canned
Oh Lucy
I'm the Latin leader of the band
So here's to you, Lucy
Let's babaloo, Lucy, too Lucy

Everybody rumba
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

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