

# At the Club

## Ray Charles

Well, I just stopped in this evening  
To get myself a little taste  
The music is nice and swinging  
And of course, I really dig the place Course, I haven't  
Had much sleep lately  
I feel sorta down and out Yeah, but look over there  
In the corner, man  
Oh, yeah, there's something  
To shout about Hey, hey, pretty baby  
Girl, don't you go nowhere  
(Are you talking to me) I'm talking to you, pretty baby  
Girl, don't you go nowhere  
Cause as soon as I pay the bartender  
Girl, I'll be right there She looked up and blushed and smiled  
And my heart skipped a beat  
Mmm, she's stacked from  
Her head down to her feet Hey, barkeep  
You better come here and get your bread  
This little girl's getting ready to split  
And I'm about to go out of my head Hey, hey, pretty baby  
Girl, don't you go out that door  
(Are you talking to me) I'm talking to you, pretty baby  
Girl, don't you go out that door  
I'm afraid if I lose sight of you  
I just might not see you no more She slowed up just a little bit  
And turned her head and smiled  
She was 34-24-38  
And dressed in the latest style I finally caught up  
With the pretty little thing  
Before she got out on the street And she told she was  
Waiting on her old man  
Who was a policeman on the beat Hey, hey, pretty baby  
Girl, I'll see you another time  
(Are you talking to me) I'm talking to you, pretty baby  
Girl, I'll see you another time  
If you're a policeman's woman  
Lyrics courtesy Top40db.  
Just talking to you is a crime (That's right, bud, let's go)

Oh, no

Songwriters

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