

She's My Baby

Traveling Wilburys

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's 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 pours herself a drink
Says, "Honey, honey, honey, ain't no time to think"
My baby, my baby 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>