Born to hand jive

Grease

Before I was born, late one night, my papa said everything's alright
The doctor laughed, my 'ma laid down, with her stomach bouncing all around
Cause the beebop stork was about to arrive
Mama gave birth to the hand-jiveI could barely walk when I milked a cow, when I was three, I pushed a plow
While chopping wood, I move my legs, and I started dancin' while I gathered eggs
Bowed and clapped, I was only five
And I danced 'em all, he's born to hand-jiveOh yeah, yeah, yeah - everybodyBorn to hand-jive, baby, born to hand-jive, baby - yeahHow low can you go, how low can you go, how low can you go, how low can you goHigher, higher, higher and higher
Now can you hand-jive, baby, oh can you hand-jive, baby
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, born to hand-jive, oh yeah

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