Crazy Legs

Gene Vincent

Well, I got a little woman called, Crazy Legs
She's the queen of the teenage crowd
All the cats stuffin' nickels in the ol' jukebox
Just to watch her do the bop when the music gets loudCrazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe
She's mine, mine, mine, all mineBut I'm crazy about Crazy Legs and Crazy Legs' crazy about me
Well I'm crazy about Crazy Legs and Crazy Legs crazy about me
Well, she's my baby and I don't mean maybe
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine
JumpWell, when she hears the music, well it gets in her feet
Well, then she starts a-rocking with the crazy beat
She does a different kind of rhythm with every song
Well, that's why they call her Crazy Legs, she's real goneCrazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine
Jump-in, jumpWell she can bop, she can boogie, she can move and jump
With a style that's all her own
Just give her lots of room and a rock 'n' roll tune
And she will do the bop till the cows come homeCrazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine
And do the bop

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