

What's Up With That

[Scotty Emerick](#)

You said: "Eight o'clock an' don't be late."
I said: "I won't: I just can't wait."
Nine-fifteen, I'm wonderin' where you're at.
Hey, baby, what's up with that? Pedro, my friend, dropped in at ten.
"Como esta. Muy buen."
He said he saw you kiss a boy down at the laundry-mat.
Now, mes amigo, what's up with that? Girl, what's goin' on?
Why would you be out lookin' around,
When last night, we had somethin' cookin'?
You swore you'd be my baby,
And I'd forever be your baby too.
That's why I thought you'd never leave me hangin',
An' stuck on this bar stool cross-eyed,
Singin' the blues to a bartender girl,
In a cowboy hat:
Baby, what's up with that? Where could you be? It's almost twelve.
I left a message on your shelf.
One-thirty-five, still ain't heard back.
Now could you tell me what's up with that? It's closing time, I leave alone.
Drive by your house but you're not home.
All night long, wonderin' where you're at.
Hey, baby, what's up with that? Girl, what's goin' on?
Why would you be out lookin' around,
When last night, we had somethin' cookin'?
You swore you'd be my baby,
And I'd forever be your baby too.
That's why I thought you'd never leave me hangin',
An' stuck on this bar stool cross-eyed,
Singin' the blues to a bartender girl,
In a cowboy hat:
Baby, what's up with that? Oh, yeah, yeah:
Oh, baby, what's up with that?

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