

Talking 'bout My Baby

Fatboy Slim

Ahhhhhhhhh
Wah yeah, talking bout my baby,
Talking 'bout my baby,
When she go walking down Bourbon Street
I just can't understand as I walk behind her
She got red hot pants on
She got on a low-neck see through blouse with no brassier on
She shaking like two big old balloons in a hurricane
She got a purple afro
She got her hand on her hip
Better not let her slip
Battering her eyes
Looking straight at me yeah
She's battering her eyes
And looking straight at me with that sassy saucy look on her face
She's beside me
I want to go out on a picnic with you baby
Out under the big bright yellow sun
She said I want to go out on a picnic with you baby
Out under the big bright yellow sun
Out under the big bright yellow sun
Out under the big bright yellow sun
Out under the big bright yellow sun

Songwriters

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