Crazy Legs

Jeff Beck

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 loud
Crazy 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!)Well, 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 gone
Crazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floorDo the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe
She's mine-mine-mine all mine
Well 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 home

Songwriters
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