

Baby-O

Dean Martin

Baby-O
You I dig
Like-a the most
Ooh, really big Love the shape
Of your brow
Love your ooh
Love your ah, love your wow Baby-O
Tell me true
Could you go
For me too? Cross your heart
If it's so
That you're my
Hope to die baby-O Baby-O
You won't quit
Like I mean
This is it Love your mad
Swingin' pad
You know what
You're a nut and I'm glad Ah baby-O
May I fly
In a plane
Through the sky? Writing words
Just to show
That you're my
Ten mile high baby-O Baby-O
Sugarplum
You are so
Yummy yum Plus to wit
And whereas
Tres Jolie E.T.C.
And all o' that jazz Ah, baby-O
There are laws
So I wrote
To old Santa Claus Under my
Mistletoe
Just for one, please leave one
Baby-OO-baby, O-baby
Baby-O
Nobody honey, yeah

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