Ya Ya (Next To Me)

Steve Forbert

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, what's a boy to do, ya, ya?
What's a boy to do, baby?
What's a boy to do?
I wanna be with you, ya, ya
I wanna be with you, baby
I wanna be with youYeah, it's a big old world that we're living
With so cruel and crazy ways
It's a small little world that we live in
It's getting smaller everydayI want you next to me, ya ya, say, ya
Next to meHey, you come from New Orleans, ya, ya
You come from New Orleans, baby
You come from New OrleansYeah, you with you boots and jeans, ya, ya
You with your boots and jeans, baby
You with your boots and jeansI know you roll them horses
Fast and free when you were somewhere around eighteen
Now you're look back at New York City
Baby, it's a whole another knock down sceneI want you next to me, ya, ya, say, ya
Sitting next to meLittle girl, you with your long blonde hair baby
Little girl, yes, I saw you standing there
And I don't stop till I stop, stood and stareI want you next to me, ya, ya, say, ya
Next to me, alright, alrightYou in blue bayou, ya, ya
You with you blue bayou
You with you blue bayouYeah, you got the kisses too, ya ya
You got the kisses too, baby
You got the kisses tooAnd when I walk with you
And when I talk with you
I feel like something's surely right
I want you close to me and it's supposed to be
I mean completely day and nightI want you next to me, ya ya, say, ya
Next to me, oh woah, woah, woah
Next to me, ya, ya, say, ya
Next to me

Alright, alright, alright, alright
Alright, alright, alright
Next to me

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