

My Baby

John Hiatt

My baby puts her hairspray on
Lit the cigarette in her mouth
Takes her fingernail polish off
Speedin' down some rural route Got a carburetor so leaned out
I think she's burnin' Pam
I'm the son of a locker salesman
She call me her lover man Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby, my Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby She once trained a horse to do cartwheels
Put a coyote in a sleeper hold
Her heart's been pierced by love repeatedly
But her mind is magnetic and bold All she ever got outta women's college
Was some kind of fifth degree
Seems she couldn't keep her skirts
Far enough down below her knee Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby, my Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my
Don't you talk about my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby When that sun comes up
She'll be dead headin' all alone
She's been up all night
Just tryin' to beat that red guy home, yeah She brings me coffee in her careless panties
With a hickory cane and an old straw hat
Fringe velcro'd to a buckskin jacket
'Cause daddy never let her leave the house lookin' like that She's so beautiful, it hurts my feelings
I think she's been around once or twice
A thousand years of hearts she's been stealin'
I'm happy to pay love's sacrifice Don't you talk about my
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Don't talk about my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby
My, my, my, my baby, my baby
My baby, my baby My baby, my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby, my My baby, my baby
My baby, my baby, my baby, my, alright

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