

Blast Off Baby

The Geraldine Fibbers

Look out sugar, look out love,
The sky is falling from the heavens above.
Your socks are swinging from the clothesline,
Got no time for that now
And your eyes so big and black...
That's a little lamb, that's a big black bug,
Got your 50 cent fortune tucked under your rug.
You got your zoot suit body bag ready to blast off.
I'm in a milk crate by your bed,
With my head untucked to see your pretty feets.
Blast off baby. Baby blast off.
Come on honey, come on doll,
I wanna see you on fire, come on fly fire-ball.
What you're leaving behind,
Well it ain't nothing at all.
That's a little lamb, that's a big black bug,
Got your 50 cent fortune tucked under your rug.
You got your zoot suit body bag ready to blast off.
I'm in a milk crate by your bed,
With my head untucked to see your pretty feets.
Blast off baby. Baby blast off.
Blast off baby. Baby blast off.

Songwriters

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