

My Babe

The Righteous Brothers

I'm talkin' 'bout my baby, not your baby

Say my babe, she's so fine

I'm talkin' 'bout my baby, not your baby

Say my babe, she's so fine

She's right there to love me

Well people come, rain or shine Now I love her, don't you love her, cause I love her, you hear?

I love her, don't you love her, cause I love her, you hear?

She upsets my soul when she whispers sweet things in my ear I love the way she walks, I love the way she talks

She makes me feel so good, like a young man should

She never makes me cry, and here's why

She's my babe, she's my babe Nothin' could be better than to see her in a sweater

And a real tight skirt that won't quit

Nothin' could be better than to see her in a sweater

And a tight skirt, that won't quit

I'm warm for her form, but people let me tell you that's it My babe, oh my babe

My babe, oh my babe

My babe, my babe, oh my babe My babe, oh oh my babe

My babe, oh my babe

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