

# **malted milk**

## **Bartek Miarka**

I keep drinking malted milk, trying to drive my blues away  
I keep drinking malted milk, trying to drive my blues away  
Baby, you're just as welcome to my loving as the flowers is in May  
    Malted milk, malted milk, keep rushing to my head  
    Malted milk, malted milk, keep rushing to my head  
And I have a funny, funny feeling and I'm talking all out my head  
Baby, fix me one more drink and hug your daddy one more time  
Baby, fix me one more drink and hug your daddy one more time  
    Keep on stirring my malted milk, mama, until I change my mind  
My doorknob keeps on turning, there must be spooks around my bed  
My doorknob keeps on turning, there must be spooks around my bed  
    And I have a funny, funny feeling and the hair's rising on my head

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