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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