

# James Taylor, Walking My Baby Back Home

Gee it's great after staying out late, walking my baby back home.  
Arm in arm, over meadow and farm, walking my baby back home.

We go on harmonizing a song or she's reciting a poem,  
owls fly by and they give me the eye, walking my baby back home.

We stop for awhile, she gives me a smile and cuddles her cheek to my chest.  
We start to pet and that's when I get her powder all over my vest.

After I kind of straighten my tie, she has to borrow my comb.  
It's one kiss then we continue again walking my baby back home.