

LIZ PHAIR, Baby Got Goin'

Baby got goin' on a southern train, you know
Fired up pistons drivin' below
And the whole vibration, seat upholstery
Silky underwear, oh conductor let's roll roll
Baby got goin' but I can't complain, you know
it knocks me out when she acts so strange,
like a big Mack truck cut across two lanes in my soul
conductor, let's throw the pedal down, roll,
Let's roll, let's roll

Squeeze her knees underneath a book, you know
A real good shakin's all it took
Cause my baby's hooked on me
and as you can see I'm wild about her

She got goin' but I can't complain, you know
it knocks me out when she acts so strange,
like a big Mack truck cut across two lanes in my soul
conductor, let's throw the pedal down, roll
let's roll, let's roll

She gets mad when it goes too slow, so i'm beggin' you man
keep a-shovelin' that coal, let's roll
let's roll