

Olivia Newton-John, Born To Hand Jive

Before I was born late one night
My Papa said "Everything's all right."
The doctor laughed when Ma lay down
With her stomach bouncin' all around.
'Cause a Be-Bop stork was about to arrive,
Mama gave birth to the Hand Jive.

I could barely walk when I milked a cow.
When I was three I pushed a plow.
While choppin' wood I moved my legs,
And started dancin' while I gathered eggs.
The townfolk clapped, I was only five
"He'll outdance 'em all, he's a born Hand Jive."

Born to Hand Jive, baby,
Born to Hand Jive, baby.

***So I grew up dancin' on the stage
Doin' the Hand Jive became the rage
But a jealous stud pulled a gun
And said "Let's see how fast you run"
Yeah, natural rhythm kept me alive
Out-dodgin' bullets with the ol' Hand Jive!***

Now you can Hand Jive, baby.
Oh, can you Hand Jive, baby?
Born to Hand Jive, baby,
Born to Hand Jive, baby.

Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,
BORN TO HAND JIVE, OH YEAH!