

Dean Martin, Baby-O

Baby-O You I Dig
Like-a the most ooh really big
Love the shape of your brow
Love your ooh Love your ah, Love your wow

Baby-O Tell Me True
Could you go for me too
Cross your heart if it's so
That you're my hope to die Baby-O

Baby-O you won't quit
Like I mean this is it
Love your mad Swinging pad
You know what you're a nut and I'm glad
That's a nice

Ah Baby-O May I fly
In a plane through the sky
Writing words just to show
That you're my ten mile high Baby-O

Baby-O sugarplum
You are so yummy yum
Plus to wit and whereas
And Tres jolie
And all o that jazz

Baby-O there are laws
So I wrote to old Santa Claus
Under my mistletoe
Just for one, please leave one
Baby-O