

# Gene Vincent, Crazy Legs

Well, I got a little woman called Crazy Legs  
She's the queen of the teenage crowd  
All the cats stuffin' nickels in the ol' jukebox  
Just to watch her do the bop when the music gets loud  
Crazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor  
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop  
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe  
She's mine-mine-mine all mine  
(Jump!)

Well, when she hears the music, well it gets in her feet  
Well, then she starts a-rocking with the crazy beat  
She does a different kind of rhythm with every song  
Well, that's why they call her Crazy Legs, she's real gone  
Crazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor  
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop  
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe  
She's mine-mine-mine all mine  
Well she can bop, she can boogie, she can move and jump  
With a style that's all her own  
Just give her lots of room and a rock 'n' roll tune