Joe Ely, Cool Rockin' Loretta

Hey operator, cancel the phone call I hear somebody knockin' at the door Lookie here it's Loretta And she never looked better Her arms full of groceries from the store!

My, my, my Aint she fine My, my, my Aint she fine! Cool Rockin' Loretta Cool Rockin' Loretta

Racin is my trade, she works as a housemaid On weekends dont you know it's paradise Even tho we got no dough It don't bother Loretta though She turns them red hot mamas into ice!

Chorus

I want an antenna. Baby, she wants a clothesline Then we'Il be livin like the rich folks do I'Il pick up Chicago On my transistor radio Loretta she can stay in bed till noon!