

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'll be livin like the rich folks do
I'll pick up Chicago
On my transistor radio
Loretta she can stay in bed till noon!