

Sha Na Na, Born To Hand Jive

Before I was born, late one night,
My papa said everything's alright
The doctor paid, mama laid down,
With a semitone bouncing all around
Cause the beebop 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 chopping wood I moved my legs
And they saw me dancing when I gathered eggs
The townfolk clapped, I was only five
And I danced 'em all, he's born to hand-jive
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah - everybody
Born to hand-jive, baby,
Born to hand-jive, baby - yeah
How low can you go, how low can you go,
How low can you go, how low can you go
Higher, higher, higher and higher
Now can you hand-jive, baby, oh can you hand-jive, baby
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,
Born to hand-jive, oh yeah!