

# Traveling Wilburys, She's My Baby

She's got her pudding in the oven  
And it's gonna be good  
She better not leave me  
And go out to Hollywood  
She got the best pudding in the neighborhood  
She's my baby

She can drive a truck  
She can drive a train  
She can even drive an aeroplane  
She's so good to look at in the rain  
She's my baby

She's comin' down the sidewalk  
She's stumblin' through the door  
She's coming home from places  
She's never been before  
She sits down on the sofa  
She poors herself a drink  
Says, "Ooh honey, honey ain't no time to think"  
My baby  
My baby

My baby  
She's got a body for business  
Got a head for sin  
She knocks me over like a bowling pin  
She came home last night and said,  
"Honey, honey, honey it's hard to get ahead"  
My baby  
My baby

She can build a boat  
She can make it float (My baby, m-my-my baby)  
She can play my guitar  
Note for note  
She likes to stick her tongue right down my throat  
She's my baby  
My baby  
My baby  
My baby