

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