

Ray Charles, At The Club

Well, I just stopped in this evening
To get myself a little taste
The music is nice and swinging
And of course, I really dig the place

Course, I haven't
Had much sleep lately
I feel sorta down and out

Yeah, but look over there
In the corner, man
Oh, yeah, there's something
To shout about

Hey, hey, pretty baby
Girl, don't you go nowhere
(Are you talking to me)

I'm talking to you, pretty baby
Girl, don't you go nowhere
Cause as soon as I pay the bartender
Girl, I'll be right there

She looked up and blushed and smiled
And my heart skipped a beat
Mmm, she's stacked from
Her head down to her feet

Hey, barkeep
You better come here and get your bread
This little girl's getting ready to split
And I'm about to go out of my head

Hey, hey, pretty baby

Girl, don't you go out that door
(Are you talking to me)

I'm talking to you, pretty baby
Girl, don't you go out that door
I'm afraid if I lose sight of you
I just might not see you no more

She slowed up just a little bit
And turned her head and smiled
She was 34-24-38
And dressed in the latest style

I finally caught up
With the pretty little thing
Before she got out on the street

And she told she was
Waiting on her old man
Who was a policeman on the beat

Hey, hey, pretty baby
Girl, I'll see you another time
(Are you talking to me)

I'm talking to you, pretty baby
Girl, I'll see you another time
If you're a policeman's woman

Lyrics courtesy Top40db.
Just talking to you is a crime

(That's right, bud, let's go)
Oh, no