

## Crazy Legs

Gene Vincent

Well, I got a little woman called, Crazy Legs  
She's the queen of the teenage crowd  
All the cats stuffin' nickels in the ol' jukebox  
Just to watch her do the bop when the music gets loud

Crazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor  
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop  
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe  
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine

But I'm crazy about Crazy Legs and Crazy Legs' crazy about me  
Well I'm crazy about Crazy Legs and Crazy Legs crazy about me  
Well, she's my baby and I don't mean maybe  
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine  
Jump

Well, when she hears the music, well it gets in her feet  
Well, then she starts a-rocking with the crazy beat  
She does a different kind of rhythm with every song  
Well, that's why they call her Crazy Legs, she's real gone

Crazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor  
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop  
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe  
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine  
Jump-in, jump

Well she can bop, she can boogie, she can move and jump  
With a style that's all her own  
Just give her lots of room and a rock 'n' roll tune  
And she will do the bop till the cows come home

Crazy Legs, Crazy Legs, a-boppin' all over the floor  
Do the bop, Crazy Legs, do the bop  
She's my baby and I don't mean maybe  
She's mine, mine, mine, all mine  
And do the bop