

# Cool Rockin' Loretta

Joe Ely

Hey operator, cancel the phone call  
I hear somebody knockin' at the door  
Lookie here it's Loretta and she never looked better  
Her arms full of groceries from the store

My, my, my  
Ain't she fine  
My, my, my  
Ain't she fine

Cool rockin' Loretta  
Cool rockin' Loretta

Cool rockin' Loretta  
Cool rockin' Loretta

Racin' is my trade, she works as a housemaid  
On weekends don't you know it's paradise  
Even though we got no dough, it don't bother Loretta though  
She turns them red hot mamas into ice

My, my, my  
Ain't she fine  
My, my, my  
Ain't she fine

Cool rockin' Loretta  
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I want an antenna, baby, she wants a clothesline  
Then we'll be livin' like the rich folks do  
I'll pick up Chicago on my transistor radio  
Loretta she can stay in bed till noon

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Ain't she fine  
My, my, my  
Ain't she fine

Cool rockin' Loretta  
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My, my, my

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My, my, my

Cool rockin' Loretta  
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