

Pretty Baby

Kay Starr

You ask me why I'm always teasing you,
You hate to have me call you Pretty Baby;
I really thought that I was pleasing you,
For you're just a baby to me.
Your cunning little dimples and your baby stare,
Your baby talk and baby walk and curly hair;
Your baby smile makes life worth while,
You're just as sweet as you can be.

Your mother says you were the cutest kid;
No wonder, dearie, that I'm wild about you,
And all the cunning things you said and did.
Why, I love to fondly recall,
Ann just like Peter Pan, it seems you'll always be
The same sweet, cunning, Little Baby dear to me.
And that is why I'm sure that I will always love you best of all.

Everybody loves a baby that's why I'm in love with you,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby;
And I'd to be your sister, brother, dad and mother too,
Pretty Baby, Pretty Baby.
Won't you come and let me rock you in my cradle of love,
And we'll cuddle all the time.
Oh! I want a Lovin' Baby and it might as well be you,
Pretty Baby of mine.