

## Hey Ricky

Melissa Manchester

Hey, sugar, where'd you get that sweet tooth  
Where'd you get that swagger  
Where'd you get off acting like Babe Ruth  
When you look just like the others  
And you wouldn't know good silk stockings  
From a cheap old pair of tights  
You ain't, you ain't no swell in your pinstripes  
You ain't no tiger when there ain't no lights

You call me your latest conquest  
As you belch my name to the boys  
But if your beer was the sea of Cortez  
You'd be drowning in the sound of your own voice

Hey, Ricky, you're a low down heel  
You're a minus zero on the scale of me  
With your 'what's up kid' and your 'cool it babes'  
You're a worn out fact on an ancient page  
Hey, Ricky, hey, hey, Ricky, hey, Ricky  
You're a low down heel

Oh, Lordy, where'd you buy them morals  
Where'd you get that Stetson  
You come across a little short or urban  
A New York white boy's hardly redneck Texan  
Say I really love them white bucks  
Did your battleship sink your rubber duck  
And you, you wouldn't know what a lady was  
Unless she came up and kicked you in the butt

As you turn the color of Kalua  
On a boat off the Florida Keys  
I'll be messing up the sheets with someone else  
While your Jello heart's adrift at sea