

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