

# Don't Say Nothin' Bad About My Baby

The Cookies

He gets up each morning and he goes downtown  
Where everyone's his boss,  
And he's lost in an angry land.  
He's a little man.

But then he comes uptown  
Each evening to my tentament.  
Uptown where folks don't have to pay much rent.  
And when he's there with me  
He can see that he's everything.  
The man is tall, he don't crawl. He's a king.

Downtown he's just one of a million guys.  
He don't get no breaks,  
And he takes all they got to give  
'Cause he's got to live.

But then he comes uptown  
Where he can hold his head up high.  
And uptown he knows I'm gonna be standing by.  
And when I take his hand,  
There's no man who can put him down, down, down.  
Oh, the world's so sweet at his feet when he's uptown.  
Whoa-oo-oh-whoa.  
When he's uptown.  
Whoa-oo-whoa-oo-whoa-oh-oh.

Don't say nothin' bad about my baby.  
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Don't!