

## Ricky

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Hey Lucy, I'm home  
Oh Ricky, you're so fine  
You're so fine, you blow my mind  
Hey Ricky, hey Ricky  
Oh Lucy, you're so fine  
You're so fine, you blow my mind  
Hey Lucy, hey Lucy  
Oh Ricky, you're so fine  
You play your bongos all the time  
Hey Ricky, hey Ricky  
Oh Lucy, you're so fine  
How I love to hear you whine  
Hey Lucy  
Hey Ricky  
You always play your conga drums, you think you got the right  
You wake up little Ricky in the middle of the night  
Stop shakin' your maracas now and just turn out the light Ricky  
I'm sick of Fred and Ethel always comin' over here  
'Cause Fred eats all our pretzel sticks and then he spills his  
beer  
Why don't you serve your casserole and make them disappear, Lucy  
Oh Ricky, what's a girl like me supposed to do  
You really drive me wild when you sing your babaloo  
Oh Lucy, you're so dizzy, don't you have a clue?  
Well, here's to you, Lucy  
I love you too, Lucy, too, Lucy, let's babaloo Lucy  
Hey Ricky  
You're always playin' at the club, you never let me go  
I'm beggin' and I'm pleadin' but you always tell me no  
Oh, please, honey, please, let me be in your show Ricky, wah  
You always burn the roast and you drop the dishes too  
You iron my new shirt and you burn a hole right through  
You're such a crazy redhead, I just don't know what to do, Lucy  
Oh Ricky  
What a pity, don't you understand?  
That every day's a rerun and the laughter's always canned  
Oh Lucy  
I'm the Latin leader of the band  
So here's to you, Lucy  
Let's babaloo, Lucy, too Lucy  
Everybody rumba  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha