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Before I was born late one night
My papa said everything's alright
The doctor paid, my Mama laid down
With her stomach bouncing all around
'Cause the beebop stork was about to arrive
Mama gave birth to a hand-jive
I could barely walk when I milked a cow
When I was three I pushed a plow
While chopping wood I moved my legs
And they saw me dance when I gathered eggs
The townfolk clapped, I was only five
Out-dance 'em all, he was born to hand-jive!
Oh yeah, yeah - everybody
Born to hand-jive, baby
Born to hand-jive, baby
How low can you go?
Higher!
Higher!
Higher!
And higher, yeah!
Now can you hand jive, baby?
Oh can you hand jive, baby? (Baby, yeah!)
Oh yeah can you hand jive, baby? (Can you hand jive?)
Oh can you hand jive baby? (Baby!)
Oh yeah (Oh yeah)
Oh yeah (Oh yeah, yeah)
Oh yeah (Oh yeah)
Born to hand jive, oh yeah!
Lalalal
Lalala
Lalala
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