

26, my baby's a 26  
On a scale of 1 to 10, my baby's a 26  
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What's this I hear about these perfect 10s  
My colleagues squawk about  
Them Ritzy girl friends  
A hundred pounds, a hundred pounds of trash  
They talk to me, they ramble on in my ears  
And their conversation's boring  
I would bet anyone 50 dollars  
'Cause I only wagon on the surest things  
Anywhere, anywhere she would go  
I would follow 500 miles away from home  
Just for a fling, for a fling

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I haven't known too many women  
Throughout my less than lustrous career  
But of all the relationships I've been in  
To my 26 the others can't compare  
She's my best bosom buddy, she's my partner  
In the things I find important to share  
She is fine, incredibly fine, it's no wonder  
That she catches, that she catches all the stares

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