Walks in the park, on a sunny afternoon. That's all my baby needs, to keep her home, Keep her home and on time, And that's All I Need.

When my jeans, get torn
Working in the fields that patch gets sown
And that's all I need.
When my teeth grow long,
Waiting with the sheers,
My baby is always prone
To give me what I need.

Well my baby knows, the girls out here give me no peace. Knows me as a fighting man and a gambler but not a cheat. I'll be across the land and catch that eastbound breeze, Well its my baby, she's home, cooking up cinnamon, rice, and pe as.

That's just about what need, All I Need.

When my jeans, get torn
Working in the fields that patch gets sown
And that's all I need.
When my teeth grow long,
Waiting with the sheers,
My baby is always prone
To give me what I need.