

Cool Rockin' Loretta

Joe Ely

Hey operator, cancel the phone call
I hear somebody knockin' at the door
Lookie here it's Loretta and she never looked better
Her arms full of groceries from the store

My, my, my
Ain't she fine
My, my, my
Ain't she fine

Cool rockin' Loretta
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Racin' is my trade, she works as a housemaid
On weekends don't you know it's paradise
Even though we got no dough, it don't bother Loretta though
She turns them red hot mamas into ice

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I want an antenna, baby, she wants a clothesline
Then we'll be livin' like the rich folks do
I'll pick up Chicago on my transistor radio
Loretta she can stay in bed till noon

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My, my, my
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