

Barbara's Theme

The Lovin' Spoonful

Well, you never can tell but you're looking so well
That I gotta stop and say: 'How do you do?'
I know it's a long shot but judging what she's got
I'm hoping that my judgement's true.

Hey girl, beautiful girl, can I look at your insides?
Girl, wrapped up in fur, I'm just mad for your outsides.

Mmm, that's what my inside says
If only I could walk up and tell her
But it seems so far from me to her
And the ground is so unfamiliar.

Well I wish that I knew 'cause I'd be in a stew
If my little speech sounded like a phony line
I know that it's doubtful 'cause she's heard a mouthful
Of come on up and see me sometime.

Hey girl, beautiful girl, can I look at your insides?
Girl, wrapped up in fur, I'm just mad for your outsides.