

BABY ROCKS

Words & Music by Judy Pancoast © 1997

My little sister wakes up crying in the night
My Mama knows just what to do to make it right.
She takes her to the rocking chair and says, "Don't cry."
Then she sings a lullaby
And the baby rocks, oh the baby rocks,
La la la la, la la la, la la la
Oh the baby rocks, oh the baby rocks,
She's singing while the baby rocks.
I know this fella, he's a rock n' roll star
They come from miles around to hear him play guitar.
His girlfriend likes to go to every show
To see her baby rock and roll
And her baby rocks, oh her baby rocks.
La la la la, la la la, la la la
Oh her baby rocks, oh her baby rocks,
She's dancing while her baby rocks.
I've got a rock collection you oughta see,
I've been collecting them since I was only three;
The biggest one I call the Daddy Of Them All,
But some of them are really small;
They're the baby rocks, they're the baby rocks,
La la la la, la la la, la la la;
They're the baby rocks, they're the baby rocks,
I like to call them baby rocks,
And she's dancing while her baby rocks,
And Mama's singing while the baby rocks.
