

Oak Ridge Boys, Bobbie Sue

I heard about her from a friend of mine
He said she lives across the county line
The sweetest pick that ever grew on the vine
And now that's where I'm spending all my time

Her daddy Robert and her mama Ruth
They had a daughter name of Bobbie Sue
And now she's eighteen and she knows the truth
Nobody's gonna tell her what to do

Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Bobbie Sue
Ca-can't you see my love is true?
I want to ma-ma-ma-ma-marry you
Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Bobbie Sue

Instrumental

I'll take her riding on a Friday night
Straight down the highway in the clear moonlight
My Chevy's humming as she holds me tight
We'll find a preacher and we'll do it right

Her daddy told her that she'd have to wait
Her mama said, "Don't make a big mistake"
But we'll keep driving till we're out of state
And when they find us it'll be too late

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Instrumental

(Bass) Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Bobbie Sue

(Bass) Ba-Ba-Ba-Ba-Bobbie Sue

(Bass) Bahhhhhhhhhbie Sue