

Stanisław Soyka, Doxy

I moved around a lot, when I was a kid
cause my daddy was the traveling type
The last thing in the world that he liked to do, was
to watch the box and smoke a pipe

Oh, we lived all over the city and country

And that's the reason why I got itchy feet and I
wanna tell this town good-bye

The only thing I'd miss, yeah, after I'm gone
is this very special woman I know
She's got a lot of ways to get me to stay,
cause she doesn't seem to want me to go

Ain't she wild that Doxy, she wild and foxy

And when I need to sooth the sting of my traveling bug
Doxy makes the highway fever go
And when I need to sooth the sting of my traveling bug
Doxy makes the highway fever go
And when I need to sooth the sting of my traveling bug
Doxy makes the highway fever go
She's foxy