

# My Gal's A Corker

My gal's a corker, she's a New Yorker  
I buy her everything to keep her in style  
She's got a pair of legs, just like two whiskey kegs  
Hey boys, that's where my money goes-oes-oes

That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes  
I buys her everything to keep her in style  
She's worth her weight in gold, my coal black baby  
Hey boys, that's where my money goes

When we go walkin', she does the talkin'  
And when my arm's round her, how time does fly  
She does the teasin', I do the sqeezin'Hey boys...

She's got a pair of eyes, just like two custard pies  
And when she looks at me, I sure get a thrill  
She's got a pair of lips, just like potato chips

She's got a pair of legs, just like two whiskey kegs  
And when they knock together, oh what a sound  
She's got a pair of hips, just like two battle ships

She's got a bulbous nose, just like a big red rose  
And when the lights go out, it really does shine  
She wears silk underwear, I wear my latest pair

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).