

IT'S YOUR BABY, YOU ROCK IT - ELVIS PRESLEY  
(Words and music by Shiri Milete - Nora Fowler)

You offered me a penny for my thoughts  
And I told you then that woman won't stay caught  
But you turned around and loved her anyway  
She broke your heart and all I've got to say

It's your baby, you rock it  
It's your heartache, you bought it  
You made the bed your sleeping in  
And I'm tired of hearing about it friend  
It's your baby you, rock it

Well you cried upon my shoulder like a baby  
I'm sorry 'bout your troubles and your lady  
But she done you like she done me and I've used  
up all my sympathy  
It's your baby you, rock it

It's your baby, you rock it  
It's your heartache, you bought it  
You made the bed your sleeping in  
And I'm tired of hearing about it friend  
It's your baby you, rock it