

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN - ELVIS PRESLEY
(Words and music by Joy Byers)

When I was a little bitty boy
Sittin' on my papa's knee
I still remember every word my papa said to me
Now boy if you ever meet
A pretty woman walking down the street

You'd better
Stop real still, look both ways
Listen or you'll get in trouble

When you see her go struttin' by
Giving you that evil eye
And she's got a kind of dreamy look
Just enough to get you shook
Now boy don't you lose your head
You pay attention what your papa said

You'd better
Stop real still, look both ways
Listen or you'll get in trouble

All right !

She'll drive you crazy with the way she walks
She'll drive you crazy with the way she talks
And you'll think you're gonna lose your mind
'Cause that pretty woman looks so fine
And the very first thing you'll know
You'll be tellin' her you love her so

You'd better stop real still