

Baby, ev'rything is all right, uptight, out of sight.
Baby, ev'rything is all right, uptight, out of sight.

I'm a poorman's son, from across the railroad tracks,
The only shirt I own is hangin' on my back,
But I'm the envy of ev'ry single guy
Since I'm the apple of my girl's eye.
When we go out stepping on the town for a while
My money's low and my suit's out of style,
But it's all right if my clothes aren't new
Out of sight because my heart is true.

She says baby ev'rything is alright, uptight, out of sight.
Baby, ev'rything is alright, uptight, clean out of sight.

She's a pearl of a girl, I guess that's what you might say,
I guess her folks brought her up that way,
The right side of the tracks, she was born and raised
In a great big old house, full of butlers and maids.
She says no one is better than I, I know I'm just an average guy,
No football hero or smooth Don Juan,
Got empty pockets, you see I'm a poorman's son.
She says give her the things that money can buy
But I'll never, never make my baby cry,

And it's all right, what I can't do,
Out of sight because my heart is true,
She says baby ev'rything is alright, uptight, clean out of sight.

Baby, ev'rything is alright, uptight, clean out of sight.
Baby, ev'rything is alright, uptight, ah ah ah ah,
Baby, ev'rything is alright, uptight, clean out of sight.
Baby, ev'rything is alright, uptight, clean out of sight.