**BASKETBALL JONES**

|Em . . . |D . . . |C . . . |B7 . . . |

Basketball Jones, I got a Basketball Jones
Got a Basketball Jones, oh baby, oo-oo-ooo
Yes, I am the victim of a Basketball Jones
Ever since I was a little baby, I always be dribblin'
In fac', I was de baddest dribbler in the whole neighborhood
Then one day, my mama bought me a basketball
And I loved that basketball
I took that basketball with me everywhere I went
That basketball was like a basketball to me
I even put that basketball underneath my pillow
Maybe that's why I can't sleep at night
I need help, ladies and gentlemens
I need someone to stand beside me
I need, I need someone to set a pick for me at the free-throw line of life
Someone I can pass to
Someone to hit the open man on the give-and-go
And not end up in the popcorn machine
So cheerleaders, help me out

*Basketball Jones, I got a Basketball Jones
I got a Basketball Jones, oh baby, oo-oo-ooo*

Oh, that sounds so sweet
Sing it out
Yeah I want everybody in the whole stadium to stand up and sing with us
Oh yeah, sing it out like you're proud
All right, everybody watchin' coast-to-coast, sing along with us
Gimme the ball I'll go one-on-one against the world, left-handed
I could stuff it from center court with my toes
I could jump on top of the backboard, take off a quarter, leave fifteen cents change
I could, I could dribble behind my back
I could dribble with my tongue
Here I go down court, try to stop me
You can't stop me 'cause I got a Basketball Jones
Here I come
That's my hook shot with my eyebrow
Yeah, I could dunk it with my nose
I'm, I'm bad as King Kong, gimme the ball