

The Beatles, Little Queenie

I got the lumps in my throat
When I saw her coming down the isle
I get the wiggles in my knee
When she looked at me and sweetly smiled
There she is again
Standing over by the record machine
Yeh she looks like the model
On the cover of a magazine
Why she's too cute
To be a minute over seventeen
Meanwhile I was thinking
She's in the mood, no need to break it
I got a chance, I ought to take it
If she'll dance, we can make it
Come on Queenie, let's shake it
Go go go little Queenie
Go go go little Queenie
I said: go go go little Queenie
There she is again
Standing over by the record machine
She's looking like the model
On the cover of a magazine
Why she's too cute
To be a minute over seventeen
Meanwhile I was still thinking,
If it's a slow song, we'll omit it
If it's a rocker, that'll get it
And if it's good, she'll admit it
Come on, Queenie, let's get with it
Go go go little Queenie
Go go go little Queenie
Go go go little Queenie
There she is again
Standing over by the record machine
Yeh she looks like the model
On the cover of a magazine
Why she's too cute
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