

The Beatles, Sweet Georgia Brown

I tell you something,
Well, no gal made has, oh, got the shade on sweet Georgia Brown,
She got two left feet, but, oh, so neat, has sweet Georgia Brown.
They all sigh, ooh, they wanna die for sweet Georgia Brown,
I'll tell you just why,
You know I don't lie, not much.
Wo, it's been said she knocks them dead when she lands in town;
Since she came, why it's a shame how she cools them down.
Fellers, mm, she can't get,
Oh, fellers, oh, she ain't met.
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her,
Sweet Georgia Brown.
Hey!
Well, all those tips that the porter slip to sweet Georgia Brown,
She buys clothers at fashion shows with one dollar down.
They all sigh, yeah, they wanna die for sweet Georgia Brown,
I'll tell you just why,
You know I don't lie.
Ooh, it's been said she knocks them dead when she lands in town;
Since she came, why it's a shame how she cools them down.
Fellers, mm, she can't get,
Oh, fellers, oh, she ain't met.
Georgia claimed her, Georgia named her,
Sweet Georgia Brown.
Oh, that sweet Georgia
Oh oh oh, Brown
Oh yeah