

Rodgers, Jimmie

"What's It"

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I've got a gal,
Oh, what a gal,
She weights two hundred pounds.
But she is just my kind of gal,
the best one I have found.
Can she pet?
Oh, how she pets.
Why, each night in the park
I take my cornfed mama out
and neck where it is dark.
Oh, she takes her little what's it were she goes.
Her little funny what's it always shows,
But when she struts down the street,
het little what's it can't be beat,
'Cause she's not too fat,
she's not too thin,
but where she sticks out,
she should cave in.
She takes her little what's it where she goes,
and her what's it never grows.
But when she struts right down the street,
her little what's it can't be beat.
But she's my gal,
my dog-faced gal from Nashville, Tennessee.
Oh she has feet,
and oh, what feet, she wears a number nine.
Her feet are big and she is strong,
this dog-faced gal of mine.
And when we go,
we always go to places she likees best.
I walk a while,
then she sits down
to let her what's it rest.

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