

Wood Ronnie

"Josephine"

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A fairytale, a storybook romance
Our eyes met and we began to dance
I saw a beach, I could hear the shore,
When all the time I'm in a Woolworth store.
Jo, Josephine, I make her hum, she makes me sing
Jo, Josephine, I make her moan, she makes me scream
With just one touch, she makes the hardest 'wood' soft,
My baby turns me on not off,
Sometimes, sometimes when you bring me down
Still I like having you around.
Jo, Josephine, I make her hum, she makes me sing,
Jo, Josephine, I make you moan, you make me scream.
When I'm lost, I can't find her anywhere
I turn up my nose to sniff the air,
Odor so sweet, I know that she's there.
I don't need to run, I don't need to hide,
My Jo never leaves my side
Don't need no headache from no one night stand
I'd rather use my baby's right hand.
Jo, Josephine, you make me moan, you make me
scream

Jo, Josephine, I make her hum she makes me sing
Jo, Josephine, I'm the king, and your my queen,
Jo, Josephine, she's my love, you know what I mean.
When I'm lost, I can't find her anywhere
I turn up my nose to sniff the air,
Odor so sweet, I know that she's there.
Jo, Josephine. . .
Jo, come talk to me
Jo, what was that you said,
Jo, come talk to me. .

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