

Bobby Bland

"Good Time Charlie"

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They call me Good Time Charlie
Playboy with a whole lotta soul
I said they call me Good Time Charlie
Playboy with a whole lotta soul

I'm the last of the big time spenders
I keep a pocket full of gold

Put on your red dress, baby
We're going up to Sugar Hill
I said put on your red dress, baby
We're going up to Sugar Hill

Come on, come on
If you won't, your sister will

Lord, put on your red wig, baby
I want you to ball with me
Put on your red wig, baby, yeah
I want you to go out
And ball with me

Don't you know the
Sky is the limit, baby
Little girl, and everything's free

Lord, I can make you feel good
Just like I said I would
Lord, I can make you feel so good
Just like I said I would

It's all right, oh, lord
It's all right

Lord, they call me Good Time Charlie
Playboy with a whole lotta soul
Lord, they call me Good Time Charlie
Playboy with a whole lotta soul

I'm the last of the big time spenders
Little girl, I keep a pocket full of gold

Oh, I can make you feel nice

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