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Clear "Swingin"

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John Anderson (J. Anderson/L. Delmore) Polygram Imternational Publishing, Inc.(ASCAP)

Let's dance!!! UH...
(Yes ma'am...
Is Charlotte Johnson at home by chance?
Uh yea ma'am we're supposed to have a date tonight.
Where we going?
I'll tell you where we're going...
Swinging)

There's a little girl, living in my neighborhood Her name is Charlotte Johnson mmm mmm lookin good I had to go and see her, so I called her on the phone Walked over to her house, and this was goin' on

Her brother was on the sofa, eatin' chocolate pie Her momma was in the kitchen cuttin' chicken up to fry Her daddy was in the back yard rollin up a garden hose And I was on the porch with Charlotte feelin' love down to my toes

Chorus:

And we were swingin' (swinging)

Yeah we were swingin' (swinging)

Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they sing

I can't believe it started on the front porch in a swing Just swingin' (swingin) Just swingin' (swingin)

Now Charlotte she's a darlin she's the apple of my eye When I'm on the swing with her it makes me oh so high Now Charlotte is my lover and she has been since the spring

I can't believe it started on her front porch in the swing

Chorus Repeat Chorus

Here we go...

Me and Charlotte sittin on the porch swing
Eating moon pies sipping on the Real Thing
Daddy comes out with a 12 gauge shotgun
Had a flashback from his days in Viet Nam
Honey please you're my daughter
I guess she forgot all the things I taught her
Shot gun blast my ears ringing on the front porch...
UH

Chorus

That's what we were doing Swinging There's your money in the bank...two step to that

There's a little girl, living in my neighborhood Her name is Charlotte Johnson mmm mmm lookin good Now Charlotte is my lover and she has been since the spring

I can't believe it started on her front porch in a swing

Here we go...

Me and Charlotte sittin on the porch swing
Eating moon pies sipping on the Real Thing
Daddy comes out with a 12 gauge shotgun
Had a flashback from his days in Viet Nam
Honey please you're my daughter
I guess she forgot all the things I taught her
Shot gun blast my ears ringing on the front porch...
UH

CHORUS

That's what we were doing Swinging There's your money in the bank...two step to that

Don't touch that knob there might be some JAM ON IT...

Too much jam on it Too much jam on it

Too much jam on it

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