

Jackie Greene

"Georgia"

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I met her down in New Orleans
she was hanging out a bit
having a drink or two
she bought a round, she sat on down
and lit a cigarette and said:
"boy have you got a night ahead of you"

well maybe I was taken
by the fancy way she walks
maybe it was the perfume in her hair
or maybe I just fell for her and the
southern way she talks:
talk like she didn't have no cares

she said: "call me Georgia, call me a bad, bad girl"
"call me anything in the whole wide world"
"but don't you call me 'baby', cause I ain't your
girl"
"just call me Georgia and honey I'll rock yer world"

she had a tattooed rose, she ain't afraid to show
yeah she drinks, she spits, she curses
drives the wrong way down the one way streets
she keeps a whiskey bottle by her bed
and a pistol in her purse, and she
can drive a strong man down to his beggin knees

she said: "call me Georgia, call me a bad, bad girl"
"call me anything in the whole wide world"
"but don't you call me 'baby', cause I ain't your
girl"
"just call me Georgia and honey I'll rock yer world"

I see her around sometimes, she's
a hanging out a bit
having a drink or two (or three, or four)
she starts that walkin' that smooth southern drawl
and she hooks herself a more recent kind of fool

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