

## **Daryl Hall & John Oates**

### **"Georgie"**

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Georgie was a skinny kid, fond of angling  
Fonder of dangling his feet in the cool brook water  
While the Reverend's daughter sat at his side  
And fluttered his face with the fuzz of a dandelion

Long about noon time, floating 'cross the field  
Georgie heard the peal of a bell being rung by the  
parson  
Time for his lesson as much as he hated it  
The preacher was teachin' him to play the accordion

"Don't go, Georgie", said the Reverend's daughter  
"When daddy comes lookin', we can duck in the water  
They both waited out and dipped down to hide  
But the girl caught her locket on an underwater branch  
And the next thing she knew, she died

Preacher was a sorry mess, he was cryin'  
Shoutin' 'bout her dyin' and livin' the eternal life  
Should've seen his wife, sobbin' on the ground  
As the wind rustled 'round and tickled the keys  
Made Georgie's accordion give an awful dyin' wheeze

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