

Scotty McCreery**"Swingin'"**

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There's a little girl in our neighborhood,
Her name is Charlotte Johnson and she's really lookin'
good.

I had to go and see her, so I called her on the phone.
I walked over to her house and this was going on:

Her brother was on the sofa, eatin' chocolate pie,
Her Mama was in the kitchen cuttin' chicken up to fry.
Her daddy was in the backyard rollin' up a garden
hose,

I was on the porch with Charlotte, feelin' love down to
my toes...

And we were Swingin', yes we were Swingin'...

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

I can't believe I'm out here on her front porch in this
swing,
Just-a-swingin,

Yeah, and we'll be swingin, yes, we'll be swinging.
Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they
sang,

I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in the
swang,
Just-a-swangin.

Now Charlotte she's the darlin', she's the apple of my
eye,

And when I'm on the swang with her it makes me
almost high.

And Charlotte is my lover and she has been since the
sprang,

I just can't believe it started on her front porch in this
swang.

Just a swangin, well just a swangin,

Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they
sang,

I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in the
swang,
Just-a-swangin.

I said, Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels
when they sang,
I can't believe I'm out here on her front porch in the
swang,
Just-a-swangin.

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