

Sammy Kershaw "Vidalia"

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Ain't nothing so precious as a first born child
What to call their little angel
They wondered for awhile
Your dear mama Violet
And your proud daddy Dale
I know when they named ya
They surely meant well, but...

Vidalia, Vidalia
Girl won't you tell me why
Sweet Vadalia
You always gotta make me cry

I never paid no attention to a girl before
Till the day I saw you standin'
In the Sunday school door
One boy sorta snickered when the roll was read
Till you laid the word of God
Up 'side of his head

Vidalia, Vidalia
Girl won't you tell me why
Sweet Vadalia
You always gotta make me cry

When I try to get too close
Seems like we've always been almost
Just one step or two away from true love

Well I love the way you walk, I love the way you kiss
I love to get away with you alone like this
If I could mention just one little thing
Vidalia would ya stop livin' up to your name

Vidalia, Vidalia
Girl won't you tell me why
Sweet Vadalia
You always gotta make me cry

Vidalia
Girl won't you tell me why
Sweet Vadalia

You always gotta make me cry
You always gotta make me cry
You always gotta make me cry
You always gotta make me cry

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