

Big Bad Shakin'

"Mrs. Aretta"

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She lives next door, she's 50 years old
Her son is my age and her
husband looks like a roach
She's got wide, big hips, she blocks out the sun Eyes
like a radar and the taste of a honey bun She's not the
one who'll kick you out in the rain She sure is the one
who can drive you insane

Mrs. Aretta, Stop - Stop, Mrs Aretta
Mrs. Aretta, Stop - Stop, Mrs Aretta
Yes, well, she might be a little sleazy
but, boy, she knows how to Rock 'n' Roll

First time I went over to lend me some bread She asked
me if I wanted to come in and have a drink We sat and
talked for a long, long time had whiskey and beer and
sweet, sweet strawberry wine They suddenly her hand
grabbed mine And I can still smell the sound of her
thighs

Mrs. Arettaâ€¦

One day in November Aretta was dead
Her son went to jail and her husband was declared
mad Within five weeks Aretta's house was sold a
family moved in, their daughter only sixteen years old
Her looks are raunchy obscene is her mind Aretta,
help me, she's a haunted child

Mrs. Arettaâ€¦

Mrs. Aretta, start - start, Mrs Aretta Mrs. Aretta, start
- start, Mrs Aretta Yes, well, she might be a little
sleazy but, boy, she knows how to Rock 'n' Roll

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