

## Stuart Marty "By George"

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Written by Marty Stuart

She was the finest lookin' woman, that I've ever seen  
Looked like she stepped right off the cover of a  
glamour magazine  
I've never seen a girl like that, in this country town  
The facts are black and white when she threw her arms  
around me  
I went ..... crazy  
We danced the hoochie-coochie, the tide was rollin' in  
I was drownin' in a sea of romance  
Then she popped the question in the back seat of my  
car  
"If I let you love me would you let me call you, George"

I said, "Baby, (baby), baby, (baby), baby, (baby)  
Well, you can call me George Jetson, call me George  
Jones  
I'll be your Georgie-Porgie, all night long  
How was I to know what I was in for  
I had it rockin' and a rollin' for a while, by George

By, by, by, by George

We bought a blue refrigerator, satellite and DVDs  
A cozy little couch and Motorola TV  
She loved to watch those pretty boys with California  
style  
Like a jealous Mickey Rooney, George Clooney drove  
her wild  
And I went ..... crazy

Well she started growin' distant, I felt her discontent  
I couldn't make her happy with what I bought or spent  
Her heart grew as cold as the air in the Norge  
On which she left a note that read, "Bye George"

And I said, "Baby, (baby), baby, (baby), baby, (baby)"  
yeah  
She called me George Jetson, she called me George  
Jones  
I was her Georgie-Porgie, now she's gone

How was I to know what I was in for  
I had it rockin' and a rollin' for a while, by George

By, by, by, by, by  
By, by, by, by, George

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