Jimmie Greer "The Object Of My Affection"

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The Object of My Affection Jimmie Greer

The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy read
Anytime he holds my hand and tells me that he's mine

There are many boys who can thrill me And some who can chill me But I'll just hang around And keep acting like a clown Until he says he's mine

Now I'm not afraid that he'll leave me He's not the kind who takes a dare But instead I trust him implicitly He can go where he wants to go Do what he wants to do I don't care

Repeat:

The object of my affection
Can change my complexion
From white to a rosy read
Anytime he holds my hand and tells me that he's mine

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