

Johnny Faire "Bertha Lou"

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Bertha Lou, Bertha Lou
Let me slip around with you
If I could raise some sand
I'd be a mighty-mighty man
'Cause you're so ooooh, Bertha Lou

Bertha Lou, Bertha Lou
Gotta get a date with you
If I could hear you moan
On Mr. Bell's telephone
Ain't no tellin' what I'd do, Bertha Lou

You wear your hair in a poodle cut
You're walkin' down the street like a semi-truck
And everybody knows that you're so sweet
You tickle from head to my athlete's feet

Hey-hey, Bertha Lou
I wanna conjugate with you
You know my blood is running' wild
And I know you ain't no child
When you do what you do, Bertha Lou
(Rock! Rock! Rock!)

You wear your hair in a poodle cut
You're walkin' down the street like a semi-truck
And everybody knows that you're so sweet
You tickle from head to my athlete's feet

Hey-hey, Bertha Lou
I wanna congregate with you
You know my blood is running' wild
And I know you ain't no child
When you do what you do, Bertha Lou

Bertha Lou, Bertha Lou, Bertha Lou

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