

Sweet Al George

Brad

The land our forefathers was
A circle of love and trust.
A golden, smokin', victory.
And who knew what the future would bring?
And now I'm at the end of the line,
Tryin' it all the time.
And you've got the baddest car;
Yes you know who you are,
You know who you are.
So give it to me.
Come sweet emotion.

Show us how to ride.
Give us a wink.
Hitch up the saddle.
Ridin' off with pride.
Shoot your gun.
There's no religion.
This is supposed to be fun.
Come sweet emotion,
Come sweet emotion.

A purple shootin' magazine.
Another gift to the lovin' Queen, and a
Yes ya got down cause ya felt like a that
Was the way the old river run.
And ya think ya got it all made out.
And a hot shot was checkin' it out, mama.
Yes, you've gone down to it once again,
And I said, my friends:
Come sweet emotion.

The greatest thing about the blues
Is baby you got nothin' to lose.
Do you have to draw the line?
Come sweet emotion.