

Santa Rosa Rita

Brian Setzer

My little Santa Rosa Rita
Wore high heels on her feet
A ring on every finger
And a couple on her toes

Well she told me where to meet her
And then my Santa Rosa Rita
Showed me a thing or two
I didn't know

Like how to swing a pretty thing
To a rockin' sound
Dip her on my hip
And let her hair hang down
Spin around again
And never lose the beat
Toss her up and catch her
Right between my feet
Will you really gotta meet her
She's my Santa Rosa Rita

My little Santa Rosa Rita
Sure turns up the heat
A little hotter when the music
Starts to sway
And there ain't nobody sweeter
Than my Santa Rosa Rita
To hold and listen to the music play

I love to swing a pretty thing
To a rockin' sound
Dip her on my hip
And let her hair hang down
Spin around again
And never lose the beat
Toss her up and catch her
Right between my feet
Will you really gotta meet her
She's my Santa Rosa Rita

I wish I had
Not agreed - ta
Let my Santa Rosa Rita
Share a dance with anyone but me
But the gentleman insisted
And I had not resisted
Now Santa Rosa's just a memory

But I can swing a pretty thing
To a rockin' sound
Dip her on my hip
And let her hair hang down
Spin around again
And never lose the beat
Toss her up and catch her
Right between my feet
Will you really gotta meet her

She's my Santa Rosa Rita