

Shirley Jean

Foghat

Well I was sittin' in a smokey room, band playin' rock and roll
,
Everybody burnin', yearnin' for some alcohol.

I got up to buy the wine, when I saw Shirley Jean,
Powdering her nose, posin' like a movie queen.

Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen,
Shirley Jean, she's a lovin' machine.

I tried to give her a sign, but she was too high to see,
Sittin' and starin', carin' not a thing for me.
Woo!
Sweet little Shirley Jean, sure lookin' good to me,
Jet black stockings, rockin' to the bebop beat.

Tell by the way she was actin', musta' had a whole lot to hide,
She's got a whole lotta lovin', all bottled up inside.
Woo!

I ain't goin to say a word, can't find a word to say,
You ain't gonna get me, let me tell you right away.

I gave up and wandered out, when I saw the reason why,
Hugging little Shirley, a curly headed honey pie.

Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen
Shirley Jean, sweet little lovin' machine, well

Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen,
Shirley Jean, she's a lovin' machine.
Well, Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen,
Shirley Jean, she's a lovin' machine.
Yeah, well, Shirley Jean!

Let me grease your machine!
Let me check your oil.
Woo!
Sure looks good to me!