

I met her down in New Orleans  
she was hanging out a bit  
having a drink or two  
she bought a round, she sat on down  
and lit a cigarette and said:  
"boy have you got a night ahead of you"

well maybe I was taken  
by the fancy way she walks  
maybe it was the perfume in her hair  
or maybe I just fell for her and the  
southern way she talks:  
talk like she didn't have no cares

she said: "call me Georgia, call me a bad, bad girl"  
"call me anything in the whole wide world"  
"but don't you call me 'baby', cause I ain't your girl"  
"just call me Georgia and honey I'll rock yer world"

she had a tattooed rose, she ain't afraid to show  
yeah she drinks, she spits, she curses  
drives the wrong way down the one way streets  
she keeps a whiskey bottle by her bed  
and a pistol in her purse, and she  
can drive a strong man down to his beggin knees

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I see her around sometimes, she's  
a hanging out a bit  
having a drink or two (or three, or four)  
she starts that walkin' that smooth southern drawl  
and she hooks herself a more recent kind of fool