

Swingin'

LeAnn Rimes

There's a little boy, in our neighborhood.
His name is Charlie Jackson, and he's really lookin' good.
I had to go and see him, so I called him on the phone.
I walked over to his house, and this was goin' on.

His brother was on the sofa, eatin' chocolate pie.
His Momma was in the kitchen, cuttin' chicken up to fry.
His Daddy was in the backyard, rollin' up a garden hose.
I was on the porch with Charlie, feelin' love down to my toes.
and we were swingin' (swingin')
yes we were swingin' (swingin')

Little Charlie he's as pretty as the angels when they sing.
I can't believe I'm out here on his front porch in this swing,
Just a swingin' (swingin')

Yeah, and we'll be swingin'. (swingin')
Yes, we'll be swingin'. (swingin')
Little Charlie he's as pretty as the angels when they sing.
I can't believe I'm out here on his front porch in this swing,
Just a swingin' (swingin')

Now Charlieshe's a darlin', she's the apple of my eye.
When I'm on the swing with him, it makes me almost high.
And Charlie is my lover, and he has been since the spring.
I just can't believe it started on his front porch in this swing.
Just a swingin'. (swingin')
ah-just a swingin'. (swingin')

Little Charlie he's as pretty as the angels when they sing.
I can't believe I'm out here on his front porch in this swing,
Just a swingin' (swingin')

I said Little Charlie he's as pretty as the angels when they sing.
I can't believe I'm out here on his front porch in this swing,
Just a swingin' (swingin') (swingin')