

By George

Marty Stuart

She was the finest lookin' woman, that I've ever seen
Looked like she stepped right off the cover of a glamor magazine

I've never seen a girl like that in this country town
The facts are black and white when she threw her arms around me

I went crazy, we danced the hoochie-coochie
The tide was rollin' in, I was drownin' in a sea of romance
Then she popped the question in the back seat of my car
"If I let you love me would you let me call you, George"

I said, "Baby, baby, baby
(Baby, baby, baby)
Well, you can call me George Jetson, call me George Jones
I'll be your Georgie-Porgie, all night long"
How was I to know what I was in for
I had it rockin' and a rollin' for a while, by George

By, by, by, by George

We bought a blue refrigerator, satellite and DVDs
A cozy little couch and Motorola TV
She loved to watch those pretty boys with California style
Like a jealous Mickey Rooney, George Clooney drove her wild
And I went crazy

Well, she started growin' distant, I felt her discontent
I couldn't make her happy with what I bought or spent
Her heart grew as cold as the air in the Norge
On which she left a note that read, "Bye George"

And I said, "Baby, baby, baby", yeah
(Baby, baby, baby)
She called me George Jetson, she called me George Jones
I was her Georgie-Porgie, now she's gone
How was I to know what I was in for
I had it rockin' and a rollin' for a while, by George

By, by, by, by, by
By, by, by, by, George