

# Vidalia

## Allgood

Ain't nothing so precious as a first born child  
What to call their little angel, they wondered for awhile  
Your dear mama Violet and your proud daddy Dale  
I know when they named ya, they surely meant well, but

Vidalia, Vidalia

Girl, won't you tell me why

Sweet Vidalia

You always gotta make me cry

I never paid no attention to a girl before

Till the day I saw you standin' in the Sunday school door

One boy sorta snickered when the roll was read

Till you laid the word of God up 'side of his head

Vidalia, Vidalia

Girl, won't you tell me why

Sweet Vidalia

You always gotta make me cry

When I try to get too close

Seems like we've always been almost

Just one step or two away from true love

Well, I love the way you walk, I love the way you kiss

I love to get away with you alone like this

If I could just mention just one little thing

Vidalia would ya stop livin' up to your name

Vidalia, Vidalia

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Sweet Vidalia

You always gotta make me cry

Vidalia

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