

Short Dressed Gal

Preservation Hall Jazz Band

I knew a little girl
Her name was (Bee)
She'd flirt with every man
That she did see
She'd flirt with a man Called Mr Key
She had a dress measured
To her knee.
She went to the river
She couldn't get across, She paid five dollars
For an old (grey) horse.
The horse wouldn't pull
She swapped it for a bull
All she could hear
The boys was sayin' Won't you lower it babe
Everybody's lookin'
Lower it babe
Everyone can see
Won't you lower it babe
Everybody's lookin'
Short dress, no mo' style

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