

# 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

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