

# Sweet

## Fountainheads

She came through the front door lookin' fast as a big train  
Bookin' down the line  
She was lookin' fine  
Long and lean and dressed to kill  
Stacked up high with perfect wheels  
And there ain't no chance, that girl would ever dance with me  
She got all those city boys out pushin' and shovin'  
A country boy like me don't ever get no uptown lovin'  
She's sweet  
She's got 'em melting in her hand  
Whoever gets a taste of that cup of sugar  
Sure is a lucky man  
She's sweet, tellin' you boys  
She's babelicious  
I can't reach that Georgia peach  
But she sure looks delicious  
I had nothing else to do  
So I threw down two more shots of booze  
And it made me strong I strapped my courage on  
I said would you like a drink?  
'By chance, no what I mean is would you like to dance with me?  
Please' in my best southern ease  
It got hot on the dance floor when she whispered in my ear  
"I think I found my county boy, let's get out of here"  
I said, "Sweet"  
I'm melting in her hand  
I feel like a spoon in a cup of blonde sugar  
Y'all looking at the lucky man  
I said, "Sweet"  
Boys she's babelicious  
That Georgia peach is now in my reach  
And don't she look delicious?  
Look here now, she's sweet  
I'm melting in her hand  
I feel like a spoon in a cup of blonde sugar  
Y'all looking at the lucky man  
She's sweet, boys she's babelicious  
That Georgia peach is now in my reach  
And don't she look delicious?

She's sweet, look here  
Sweet

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