Susan

Tom Hunt

Susan, the boys around the village square are courtin' Susan
They're even wishing they could be supportin' Susan
But every night in the pale moonlight it's Susan
Refusing to settle down or cuddle up
Susan has got that certain air the boys call supersonic
The barbers in the town are running out of tonic
The local romeos are at their Sunday best
Struttin' down the avenue buzzing like the bees around Susan
It's confusin' and amusin'
Susan has made up her mind who's she choosin'
Who's she's gonna be
Susan's in love with me

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