

Vidalia

Andrew Bird

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
Girl, won't you tell me why
Sweet Vidalia
You always gotta make me cry
Vidalia
Girl, won't you tell me why
Sweet Vidalia
You always gotta make me cry
You always gotta make me cry
You always gotta make me cry
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