Shirley Jean

Foghat

Well, I was sittin' in a smokey room, band playin' rock n' roll
Everybody burnin', yearnin' for some alcohol
I got up to buy the wine, when I saw Shirley Jean
Powdering her nose, posin' like a movie queen
Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen
Shirley Jean, she's a lovin' machine
I tried to give her a sign but she was too high to see
Sittin' and starin', carin' not a thing for me
Sweet little Shirley Jean, sure lookin' good to me
Jet black stockings, rockin' to the bebop beat
Tell by the way she was actin', musta' had a whole lot to hide
She's got a whole lotta lovin', all bottled up inside
I ain't goin to say a word, can't find a word to say
You ain't gonna get me, let me tell you right away
I gave up and wandered out, when I saw the reason why
Hugging little Shirley, a curly headed honey pie
Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen
Shirley Jean, sweet little lovin' machine, well
Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen
Shirley Jean, she's a lovin' machine
Well, Shirley Jean, sweet little seventeen
Shirley Jean, she's a lovin' machine
Yeah, well, Shirley Jean
Let me grease your machine
Let me check your oil
Sure looks good to me

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