

# 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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