

Sweet Georgia Brown (New Lyrics)

The Beatles

Well let me tell you well no chick made
Could be the same
As Sweet Georgia Brown.
Crazy feet that dance so neat
Has sweet Georgia Brown.
Fella's sigh, and even cry
For sweet Georgia Brown.
I tell you just why
You know I don't lie.

It's been said
She knocks them dead
In any old town.
Since she came right
It's a shame
How she brings them down.
In Liverpool she even dare
To criticize the Beatles' hair.
With their whole fanclub
Standing there
I mean sweet Georgia Brown.

I say this group is absolutely marvellous with the piano, don't you
Think so. Not too commercial, boys, not too commercial!

When it comes to music
Sweet Georgia is known to mind,
Don't buy clothes at fashion shows
But she still looks fine
Snap chicks cry,
They want to die
When Georgie does the twist
I never would try
To tell you just why.
Use your imagination
There's a DJ crazy for her
Living in out home town
Since she came it's a shame
She turns him down

Records that she can get
Are records, they ain't sent him yet
Carolina may have Dina,
But that don't have Georgia Brown.

Oh that sweet Georgia,
Yeah yeah yeah I mean Brown, oh oh oh.
Sweet Georgia Brown.

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