

# Swingin'

Kenny Burrell

There's a little girl in our neighborhood  
Her name is Charlotte Johnson and she's really lookin' good  
I had to go and see her, so I called her on the phone  
I walked over to her house and this was going on  
Her brother was on the sofa, eatin' chocolate pie  
Her Mama was in the kitchen, cuttin' chicken up to fry  
Daddy was in the backyard rollin' up a garden hose  
I was on the porch with Charlotte, feelin' love down to my toes

And we were swingin'

(Swingin')

Yes, we were swingin'

(Swingin')

Little Charlotte, she's as pretty as the angels when they sing  
I can't believe I'm out here on her front porch in this swing

Just a swingin'

(Swingin')

Yeah, and we'll be swingin'

(Swingin')

Yes, we'll be swingin'

(Swingin')

Little Charlotte, she's as pretty as the angels when they sang

I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in the swang

Just a swingin'

(Swingin')

And now Charlotte, she's the darlin', she's the apple of my eye

When I'm on the swang with her, it makes me almost high

And Charlotte is my lover and she has been since the spring

I just can't believe, it started on her front porch in this swang

I just a swingin'

(Swingin')

Well, just a swingin'

(Swingin')

Little Charlotte, she's as pretty as the angels when they sang

I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in the swang

Just a swingin'

(Swingin')

I said, Little Charlotte, she's as pretty as the angels when they sang

I can't believe I'm out here on her front porch in the swang

Just a swingin'  
(Swingin', swingin')

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