

February

The Waifs

February hitched up her skirt and rolled her stocking down
She let a little sun up high but she keeps her boots on
the cold ground
She slapped another year on me
I got a notion like I need to get out of here
So I'm gone, gone
With this guitar in my hand and my red shoes on February February what are you gonna do
Your sister down south is warm and better lookin than you
I've been standing in your shade for too long
Did you really think that you could keep me here
I'm gone, gone Back to the salt of the earth that's where I come from
February girl you better wipe that smile from your face
You can taunt me all you want but I know spring's around the corner and the world is just a ticket away
I got nothing more to say to you
I'm gone gone
And there ain't nothing can shake this rock I stand upon
Back to the salt of the earth
That's where I come from
I'm singing
With this guitar in my hand
And my red shoes on
Oh, February hitched up the skirts (skirts!)
February hitched up the skirts (skirts!)
February hitched up the skirts (skirts!)
February hitched up the skirts (skirts!)
Oh, February hitched up the skirts
She rolled the stocking down
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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