

Lovie Joe

[Ann-Margret](#)

I'm sad, I'm glad, I'm mad
About that lovin' man of mine
He's so neat and sweet as the berry
That grows on the vine
And he's mine all mine Oh Lovie Joe, that ever lovin' man
From way down home in Birmingham
He can do some lovin' and some lovin' sure
And when he starts to love me I holler more
'Cause he's the master of those lovin' arts
Where all your lovers quits
That's where he starts
And when I hear the wedding march so grand I just get myself a wedding band
Take it to the preacher man
Make the preacher understand
That he must join me hand in hand
To Lovie Joe, that ever lovin' man Oh Lovie Joe, that ever lovin' man
From way down home in Birmingham
He can do some lovin' and some lovin' sure
And when he starts to love me
I holler more, more
Master of those lovin' arts
Where all your lovers quits
That's where he starts I just get myself a wedding band
Take it to the preacher man
Make the preacher understand
That he must join me hand in hand
To Lovie Joe, that ever lovin' man To Lovie Joe, that ever lovin' man

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