

Stampede, Sweet City Woman

Well, I'm on my way, to the city life
To a pretty face that shines her light on the city nights
And I gotta catch a noon train
Gotta be there on time
Oh, it feels so good to know she waits at the end of the line

Sweet-ee-eet, sweet city woman
I can see your face, I can hear your voice, I can almost touch you
Sweet-ee-eet, sweet city woman
Oh, my banjo and me, we got a feel for singin', yeah, yeah,

Bon c'est bon, bon bon c'est bon, bon,
Bon c'est bon, bon, bon, bon, bon
Bon c'est, bon, bon bon c'est bon, bon,
Bon c'est bon, bon, bon, bon, bon
So long ma, so long pa, so long
Neighbors and friends

Like a country mornin', all snuggled in dew
Ah she's got a way to make a man feel shiny and new
And she sing in the evenin', oh familiar tunes
And she feeds me love and tenderness and macaroons

Sweet-ee-eet, sweet city woman
I can see your face, I can hear your voice, I can almost touch you
Sweet-ee-eet, sweet city woman
Oh, my banjo and me, we got a feel for singin'

Da da da da da da ...

Sweet-ee-eet, sweet city woman (oh, she's my)
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet city woman
Sweet-ee-eet, sweet city woman (woah my)
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet city woman (everybody)
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet city woman (ba da da da, ba da da da)
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet city woman (ba da da da, ba da da da)
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet city woman (ba da da da, ba da da da)
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet city woman (ba da da da, ba da da da)