

# Ann-Margret, Lovie Joe

Ann-Margret  
And Here She Is  
Lovie Joe

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  
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