Beatles, Sweet Georgia Brown

Well, no chick made could be the same As sweet Georgia Brown Crazy feet that dance so neat Has sweet Georgia Brown Fellers sigh and even cry For sweet Georgia Brown I tell you just why You know I don't lie Oh, it's been said she knocks them dead In any old town Since she came with it's a shame How she brings them down In Liverpool she even dared To criticise the Beatles hair But their whole fan club standing there I mean sweet Georgia Brown All right! Hey! Hey! Ho! I'd say this group is absolutely marvellous With the piano, don't you think so? Come talk about you, boys, come talk about you Whoa! When it comes to music Sweet Georgia knows her mind now Don't buy clothes at fashion shows But she still looks fine Snob chicks cry, they wanna die When Georgia does the twist I never would try To tell you just why Use your imagination There's D.J. crazy about her Living in our home town Since she came why it's a shame How she turns him down Records that she can't get Records they'd sent him yet Carolina may have dinah But they do't have Georgia Brown Oh that's sweet Georgia Yeah, yeah, yeah, and I mean Brown, woooh Sweet Georgia Brown