

George Thorogood, Miss Luann

Sun shinin' bright blue skies up above
Strollin' through the city of brotherly love
Yeah, Third and South where she hangs out
When she strolls by all the fellas call and shout for her

I cut across the street, her eyes don't meet
She strolls by, she don't give me the eye
She don't turn her head
Yeah, she's sassy, she's brassy, above all she's classy
She's put together like an Austin Healy chassis with a tan
She's always grand
Talkin' bout Luann

She's alright alone, she don't need company
Miss Luann never, ever, ever looks twice at me
I don't turn her head
Yeah, she ain't been to college
But she's been to school
And she knows how to wear those FM shoes
Yes, she can
I'd give a grand
Just to meet Luann
Woo

At the weekend dance she shows up late
The fellas stand around, they just can't wait for her
Yeah, but they ain't got a chance
She don't give them a glance
Don't you know Luann is just too cool too dance
Too bad
Talkin' bout Louann