

# George Thorogood & The Destroyers, 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