

Rolling Stones, Little Queenie

(C. Berry)

(Aw New York City you've talked a lot, let's have a look at ya)
I got the lumps in my throat
When I saw her coming down the aisle
I gets the wiggles in my knees
When she looked at me and sweetly smiled
There she is again standing over by the record machine
Oooh, she's looking like a model on the cover of a magazine
Why she's too cute to be a minute over seventeen
Meanwhile, I was thinking
She's in the mood
No need to break it
I got the chance
I oughtta take it
She can dance
We can make it
Come on queenie
Let's shake it
Go, go, go, Little Queenie
Go, go, go, Little Queenie
Go, go, go, Little Queenie
Won't ya tell me who the queen's
Standing over by the record machine
Why she's looking like a model
On the cover of a magazine
Yeah she's too cute to be a minute over seventeen
(Take off your shoes)
Meanwhile, I was still thinkin'
If it's a slow song, we'll omit it
If it's a rocker, that'll get it
If it's good, she'll admit it
Come on queenie, lets get with it
Go, go, go, Little Queenie
Go, go, go, Little Queenie
Go, go, go, Little Queenie