

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