

Yardbirds, Goodnight sweet Josephine

Goodnight sweet Josephine,
She's the queen of Clapham.
Every night,
She goes out with men to trap 'em,
In her net,
Of ecstasy.
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
There's no-one else quite like you.
If Josephine could,
She'd give you her blood.
I know that she would,
Love to.
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
We love you.
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
We love you to distraction.
Whatever she does,
The police will take no action.
They're all in love,
With Josephine.
It's right that Josephine,
Should do just as she pleases.
And whether or not,
You like what she's got,
She's guaranteed not,
To fail you.
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
We love you.
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
We love you.
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
Goodnight sweet Josephine,
... to fade