

Sweet Virginia

Jerry Lee Lewis

Wadin' through this wastin' stormy winter,
And there's not a friend to help you through.
Tryin' to stop the waves behind your eyeballs,
Drop your reds, drop your greens and blues.

Thank you for the wine, California,
Thank you for your sweet and bitter fruits.
Yes I've got the desert in my toenail
And I hid the speed inside my old shoe.

Well come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.
Got to scrape that shine right off you shoes.

So come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, honey child, I beg you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in you
Got to scrape that shine right off you shoes.

Oh, come on, come on down Sweet Virginia,
Come on, honey child, I beg of you.
Come on, come on down, you got it in you.
Got to scrape that shine right off you shoes.