

# Swingin'

John Anderson

There's a little girl in our neighborhood,  
her name is Charlotte Johnson and she's really lookin' good.  
I had to go and see her, so I called her on the phone.  
I walked over to her house and this was going on: Her brother was on the sofa, eatin' chocolate  
pie,  
her Mama was in the kitchen cuttin' chicken up to fry.  
Her daddy was in the backyard rollin' up a garden hose,  
I was on the porch with Charlotte, feelin' love down to my toes...  
and we were Swingin', yes we were Swingin'...  
Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they sing,  
I can't believe I'm out here on her front porch in this swing,  
Just-a-swingin,  
Yeah, and we'll be swingin, yes, we'll be swinging.  
Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they sang,  
I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in the swang,  
Just-a-swangin. Now Charlotte she's the darlin', she's the apple of my eye,  
and when I'm on the swang with her it makes me almost high.  
And Charlotte is my lover and she has been since the sprang,  
I just can't believe it started on her front porch in this swang.  
Just a swangin, well just a swangin,  
Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they sang,  
I can't believe I'm out here on the front porch in the swang,  
Just-a-swangin. I said, Little Charlotte she's as pretty as the angels when they sang,  
I can't believe I'm out here on her front porch in the swang,  
Just-a-swangin.

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