

Chattanooga Lucy

Eric Church

Two miles east of the Chickamauga
Just over the hill and across the holla
End of the path leading from the water
There's a one-room, A-frame house
Hot-pie, potbelly stove
When she workin' the flame, it never get cold
The only place on Earth I know
It gets hotter when the sun goes down Oh my, my Chattanooga Lucy
Woman, what it is you do to me
Forbidden fruit, it sure is juicy
You got me comin' around, comin' around
Oh my, my Chattanooga Lucy
Break me easy or bend me bluesy
Hold on tight or hold on loosely
Keep me comin' around, comin' around
Post my bail and pay my bounty
Anything to get me down to Hamilton County
Up and down and all around me
Every time I hear the sound
Every time I hear the sound Oh my, my Chattanooga Lucy
Woman, what it is you do to me
Forbidden fruit, it sure is juicy
You got me comin' around, comin' around
Oh my, my Chattanooga Lucy
Break me easy or bend me bluesy
Hold on tight or hold on loosely
Keep me comin' around, comin' around Yeah, I come undone
Every time I get some
Kickdrum, guitar strum
No matter where you come from
Oh my, my Chattanooga Lucy
Woman, what it is you do to me
Forbidden fruit, it sure is juicy
You got me comin' around, comin' around
Yeah, oh my, my Chattanooga Lucy
Break me easy or bend me bluesy
Hold on tight or hold on loosely
Keep me comin' around, comin' around
Keep me comin' around, comin' around Yeah, I come undone
Every time I get some
Kickdrum, guitar strum
She's everything but a shy one

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>