

# Suzy Q

## A humorous love song by Peter Brunette

1. I'm talking 'bout a woman by the name of Suzy Q.  
Her lips are red as burgundy and fresh as mountain dew,  
And once you taste her kisses, she's cast her spell on you.  
Even saints and sages fall in love with Suzy Q.  
But her love is like a grizzly bear you come on by surprise:  
It's wild and free, and you don't want to look it in the eyes.  
It's like a witch's potion, stronger than cocaine.  
For seven years now, Suzy's had me singing this refrain:

CHORUS: Aw, Suzy Q, my Suzy Q,  
I been waiting here for you,  
Looking for you almost every day.  
Aw, Suzy Q, my Suzy Q,  
Tell me what you're gonna do.  
Tell me when you're coming home to stay.

2. When Suzy goes out dancing, she really goes for broke,  
Ratchets up the thermostat till the floorboards start to smoke.  
The fellows swarm around her like bees around the hive—  
The whole dancehall's a-buzzing when Suzy does the jive.  
The man that's got that worried look is the one she came in with.  
He's way down on her dancing card behind Jones and Brown and Smith.  
When you bear a torch for Suzy, you join the *hoi polloi*.  
She's lit as many candles as the bishop's altar boy.

CHORUS

3. Well, they say that one man's poison is another fellow's meat.  
So stay out of the kitchen, boys, if you can't stand the heat.  
'Cause folks can call me crazy—it's the common point of view—  
But I swear the love I'll die for is the love of Suzy Q.  
She gives it much too easy, but she gives it all the same—  
Gives it to so many men, it's an aching, bleeding shame—  
But I'll take the share I'm granted, sound no shrill alarms,  
And savour every hour I can spend in Suzy's arms.

CHORUS