

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>