

# Vidalia

## Sammy Kershaw

Ain't nothing so precious as a first born child  
What to call their little angel, they wondered for awhile  
Your dear mama Violet and your proud daddy Dale  
I know when they named ya, they surely meant well, but Vidalia, Vidalia  
Girl, won't you tell me why  
Sweet Vidalia  
You always gotta make me cry I never paid no attention to a girl before  
Till the day I saw you standin' in the Sunday school door  
One boy sorta snickered when the roll was read  
Till you laid the word of God up 'side of his head  
Vidalia, Vidalia  
Girl, won't you tell me why  
Sweet Vidalia  
You always gotta make me cry When I try to get too close  
Seems like we've always been almost  
Just one step or two away from true love Well, I love the way you walk, I love the way you kiss  
I love to get away with you alone like this  
If I could just mention just one little thing  
Vidalia would ya stop livin' up to your name Vidalia, Vidalia  
Girl, won't you tell me why  
Sweet Vidalia  
You always gotta make me cry  
Vidalia  
Girl, won't you tell me why  
Sweet Vidalia  
You always gotta make me cry You always gotta make me cry  
You always gotta make me cry  
You always gotta make me cry

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