

Ellie Goulding "The Brown Skin Gal In The Calico Gown"

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She's a camptown tune at a barbecue, An old fashioned curt'sy And a how dee ya' do, A tintype from somebody's locket The wind and the stars and the earth But in practical terms of the pocket, Here's how I measure her worth A penny for the moon, a nickel for a dream, A guarter for a tune like the "Old Mill Stream" But I'd give a dollar and my heart to foller to The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown. A puzzler for a pal A jack-knife for a song, a garter for a gal In a blue sarong: But I'd give a necklace because I'm reckless For a kiss from the miss in the Calico Gown. Haven∏t much use for worldly goods

Robin Hood's for me; if my love's worth a nickel, It's worth a Peso mine for the giving; Hers for the "say so" A penny for a cart to take her out to dine;

A scissor cuts a heart on a valentine; Then a sky-blue bonnet with pink ribbons on it For The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown. A penny for the moon, a nickel for a dream, A quarter for a tune like the "Old Mill Stream" But I'd give a dollar and my heart to foller to The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown.

A puzzler for a pal

A jack-knife for a song, a garter for a gal In a blue sarong:

But I'd give a necklace because I'm reckless For a kiss from the miss in the Calico Gown. Haven∏t much use for worldly goods Robin Hood's for me; if my love's worth a nickel, It's worth a Peso mine for the giving; Hers for the "say so"

A penny for a cart to take her out to dine; A scissor cuts a heart on a valentine; Then a sky-blue bonnet with pink ribbons on it For The Brown-Skin Gal In The Calico Gown.

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