

## **John Wesley Harding** **"Dead Centre Of Town"**

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Lord I swear the perfume you wear  
Was made out of turnip greens  
And every time I kiss you girl  
It tastes like pork and beans

Even though you're wearin' them  
Citified high heels  
I can tell by your giant step  
You been walkin' through the cotton fields

Oh, you're so down home girl

Every time you monkey child  
You take my breath away  
And every time you move like that  
I gotta get down and pray

Don't you know that dress of yours  
Was made out of fiberglass  
And every time you move like that  
I gotta go to Sunday mass

Oh, you're so down home girl

Oh, you're so down home girl

I'm gonna take you to the muddy river  
And push you in  
Just to watch the water roll on  
Down your velvet skin

I'm gonna take you back to New Orleans  
Down in Dixieland  
I'm gonna watch you do the second line  
With a umbrella in your hand

Oh, you're so down home girl

I'm with you baby  
You're so down home  
Ow! Yeah, too much  
Outta sight

You're so down home girl

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