

Nazarene Impaled

"Down Home Girl"

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Jerry leiber/l. butler

Lord I swear, the perfume you wear
Is made out of turnip greens
And every time that I kiss you girl
It tastes like pork and beans
Even though youre wearin them
Citified high heels
I can tell by your giant steps
That youve been walkin through cotton fields
Ohhhhhh, youre some down home girl
Your shoes are green, your dress is red
And your wiggy head is powder blue
But underneath all of that mess,
Well youre still the same old messy you
Youre sittin there in that fancy chair
Just drinkin champagne like a movie star
When ya oughta be sittin on a sidewalk
Drinkin white lightnin
Out of a jelly jar
Oh, youre some down home girl
Dimples in your pretty cheeks
And dimples in your knees
You walk by and baby i
Can smell magnolia trees
You tell me youre from new york baby
But I know youre from way down south
I can hear a mississippi mama
Evey time you open up your mouth
Oh, youre some down home girl
Oh, youre some down home girl

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