

Rolling Stones "Down Home Girl"

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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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