

Parker Graham**"Local Girls"**

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Sit by my window and look outside, wonder why the sun
don't shine on me

What's wrong with you, you stupid child, don't you think
that I'm the one

you're waiting to see?

Don't talk too much 'cause she falls for the suckers,
makes her feel

everything is secure

Don't ever leave a footprint on the floor

Chorus: Don't bother with the local girls, don't bother
with the local girls

They don't bother me

She's probably half-wit, she must be straight,

or bound to have a mother who knows nothing but hate

Don't want to love her, I'd rather knock her down

Standing at the busstop where she waits each morning

So isolated that she thinks that the army is the place
where a man ought to be

Don't bother with them, they don't bother me

Chorus

They got the walk, they got the talk, right down without
a flaw

At 6:00 I got to stop my dreaming at the counter of the
store

Chorus

Without a doubt I got to intercept, must be time
someone ran and shouted in

their head

You look all right in the cheap print dress,

but everytime you swish it 'round you make me
disappear

I'm aware of exactly what I'm doing, making everything
a mystery

Don't bother with it, it don't bother me

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