

Monkees, The

"Regional Girl"

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She's a regional girl
Come to the big city
Give it a whirl
She thinks that she can make it
She thinks that she can take it
I think she's gonna end up makin'
Burgers in a basement
She's a regional girl

He's a regional guy
Come to the big city, give it a try
He wants to be a mover
Yeah. he wants to shake it up
I think he's gonna end up pourin'
Pepsi in a cup
'Cause it's a regional lie
It's a regional lie

Mary Mary, Mississippi, Indiana Jones
Did you think that you could really
Make it on your own?
A singin' Whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh oh oh
Eddie, Eddie, now you got your chance
Try to keep the little buggers
Playin' with your pants
A singin' Whoa oh oh oh
Whoa oh oh oh

It's a regional lie
The grass is always greener
And the coke is purified
You wanna hit the big one
Yeah, you wanna strike it rich
I think you're gonna end up bakin'
Burgers for some bitch

Mary Mary, Mississippi, Indiana Jones
Did you think that you could really
Make it on your own?
A singin' Whoa oh oh oh

Whoa oh oh oh
Eddie, Eddie, now you got your chance
Try to keep the little buggers
Playin' with your pants
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