

Down Home Girl

Well I swear your perfume, baby, is made out of turnip greens
Every time I kiss you girl, it tastes like pork and beans

Even though you're wearing those uptown high heels
I can tell from your giant step
 you've been walking through the cotton fields

Ohhhhhh you're so down home girl

Every time you monkey, child,
 it takes my breath away
Well, every time you move like that, girl,
 I got to get down and pray
Girl, you know that dress you're wearin'
 made out of fiber glass
Every time you move like that, girl,
 I got to go to Sunday mass

Ohhhhhh you're so down home girl

I'm going to take you to the muddy river and push you in
So I can watch the water roll on down your velvet skin
I'm gonna take you down to New Orleans, down in Dixie land
So I can watch you do the second line
 with an umbrella in your hand

Ohhhhhh you're so down home girl