

Nazareth, Down Home Girl

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 you're wearin them
Citified high heels
I can tell by your giant steps
That you've been walkin' through cotton fields
Ohhhhhh, you're 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 you're still the same old messy you
You're 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, you're 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 you're from New York baby
But I know you're from way down South
I can hear a Mississippi mama
Evey time you open up your mouth
Oh, you're some down home girl
Oh, you're some down home girl