

Humble Pie, Buttermilk Boy

She pays no mind to methods you employ
She wants a big city man, not a country boy
Go get your long hair cut
Scrape the mud off your boots
Wash the hell behind those eyes
Buy yourself some tailored suits
Buttermilk Boy better gain some pounds
Before she lets her knickers down
She wants a musclely man all gristle and bone
Makes no difference how you strive
She couldn't care if you're dead or alive
A burly, beefy, strong arm man
Is all she cares to meet
Before you ever heard the word guitar
Your mother used to see her as a star
Yes, she spent her teens
In chauffeured limousines
And I heard tell you can't get insured
For a clapped out '45 drop head Ford
Buttermilk Boy better gain some pounds
Before she lets her knickers down
She wants a musclely man all gristle and bone
She'll tear you down like a steer comin' through
Like I said she ain't no use to you
A lumpy hairy mundane brain
Is all she cares to make
So let me put you straight
Marry farm-yard Kate
She weights two hundred pounds it's said
But she'll keep you warm in bed
Buttermilk Boy better gain some pounds
Before she lets her knickers down
She wants a musclely man all gristle and bone
So you think you know where it's about
But she will suck you in and then she'll blow you out
Yes, Kate will keep you satisfied
Until your dying day
In chauffeured limousines