

Old Crow Medicine Show, 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 wearin' those
Up-town high heels
I can tell from your giant step
You been walkin' through the cotton fields

Oh! You're so down home girl.

Every time you monkey child
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'
Is made out of fiberglass
Every time you shake it, baby
I got to go to Sunday Mass

Oh! You're so down home girl

I'm gonna 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

Oh! You're so down home girl