

# Ronnie Milsap, Local Girls

Oh, I was kicked back in a rented cabana,  
Easin' my mind with some old Carlos Santana,  
Nibblin' on banana moon pie,  
When I swore I saw an angel from Heaven floatin' by.  
Then I thought: "No, no way: she must be from around here."  
She got one of those tans you just know she wears all year.  
Swayin', sashayin', flip-floppin' along,  
Like wherever she may be is right where she belongs.

An' I thought: "Oooh, I love the local girls."  
"Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
"I love the local girls.  
"Lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local girls."

I said: "Madam, if you have nowhere to go,  
"Can I interest you in an ice-cold Pacifico?"  
An' she said: "As luck would have it,  
"I got nothin' but time,"  
She reached in her back-pack,  
Said: "Down here you'll find,  
"That a lady don't leave home,  
"Without a couple of limes."

An' I said: "Oooh, I love the local girls."  
"Oh, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
"I love the local girls.  
"Lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local girls."

Later on she took me to this bar built out of cinder blocks,  
One of those joints with a notice to shell park in line.  
While we were dancin', she whispered: "I like you a lot."  
An' I said: "My, my, my, go on: say that one more time."

--- Instrumental ---

Five years later, here I am intermittent  
With a couple a-toaheads as that big ol' orange sun is settin'.  
I can't believe how good it's stuill gettin',  
As I watch my daughters splashin' in the water.

An' I thought: "Oooh, I love the local girls."  
"Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
"I love the local girls.  
(Here she come, now.)  
"Lo, lo, local; (Hey.)  
"Lo, lo, local; (Here she come, now.)  
"Lo, lo, local girls.  
"Lo, lo, local; (Ooh.)  
"Lo, lo, local; (Whoo.)  
I love the local girls.  
"Lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local;  
I love the local girls.  
I love the local girls.  
I love the local girls...