

Bobbie Gentry, Girl From Cincinnati

Took the Continental Trailways
'Cause I didn't have the fare
To get from Cincinnati to Los Angeles by air

The guy who said he'd meet me
In a shiny limousine
With a contract in his pocket
Turned out to be a queen

He could not see my body
Or appreciate my good looks
Had I fallen for some story
That I read in all of the books

But I ain't
Goin' back
To the bottom side of the tracks
No, No, and I ain't
Goin' back
To the bottom side of the tracks
No I ain't goin' back
To Cincinnati

So I got myself an agent
With a roll of dollar bills
And a Beverly type mansion
In the middle of the hills

I was friendly with producers
And was heading out with the stars
I played the backseat heroine
In a thousand different cars

From Cavalier to Playboy
To the Johnny Carson show
To holding up some dogfood
For a firm in Idaho

I've a screen-test every weekend
And I'm constantly on call
I'll be twenty-five next summer
And thirty-five next fall

But I ain't
Goin' back
To the bottom side of the track
No, No, and I ain't
Goin' back
To the bottom side of the track
You'll never get me to go back
Ain't goin' back
To Cincinnati