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