

Carl Belew, Big City Girls

Now big city girls drive big fine cars and they wear expensive clothes
And where they get all their money from well you're talkin' to a feller that knows
I came to town about a week ago to put some money and the savings and loan
I met a big city girl in a big fine car and she took every penny I own
Now big city girls are pretty as the Dickens and fickle as they can be
Ah, but a big city girl's got easy pickins with an old country boy like me

Now we got a talkin' bout this and that when she told me that her daddy was sick
She had to take him to the doctor man and she had to have the money right quick
So I let her have it like a good old boy she took it out way she fled
Well I found out later he needed a doctor like he needed a hole in the head
Yeah big city girls are pretty...

(guitar)

Now there's not a car runnin' on the road that automobile wouldn't pass
Ah but everytime we drove a thing round the clock we had to fill it up with gas
We kept on a goin' from place to place till all of my money was gone
And all she left me was a kiss on the cheek when she told me she was movin' on
Yeah big city girls are pretty...