

# Nazareth, Down Home Girl

Jerry Leiber/L. Butler

Lord I swear, the perfume you wear  
Is made out of turnip greens  
And every time that I kiss you girl  
It tastes like pork and beans  
Even though you're wearin them  
Citified high heels  
I can tell by your giant steps  
That you've been walkin' through cotton fields  
Ohhhhhh, you're some down home girl  
Your shoes are green, your dress is red  
And your wiggy head is powder blue  
But underneath all of that mess,  
Well you're still the same old messy you  
You're sittin there in that fancy chair  
Just drinkin' champagne like a movie star  
When ya oughta be sittin' on a sidewalk  
Drinkin white lightnin'  
Out of a jelly jar  
Oh, you're some down home girl  
Dimples in your pretty cheeks  
And dimples in your knees  
You walk by and baby I  
Can smell magnolia trees  
You tell me you're from New York baby  
But I know you're from way down South  
I can hear a Mississippi mama  
Evey time you open up your mouth  
Oh, you're some down home girl  
Oh, you're some down home girl