

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, City Girls

Hollywood ain't calling for me,
and it don't look like she's falling for me.
Well, city girls and me ain't meant to be.
I got caught sippin' moonshine, from a mayonnaise jar,
and now, moonlight hits a squad car.
I got a head full of bootleg, a gut full of butterflies,
A ringing in my ears, and a sting in my eye.
Well the city took away my girl today,
for the lights and the money.
She said "Well that's the showbiz honey."

But now, Hollywood ain't calling for me,
and it don't look like she's falling for me.
Well, city girls and me ain't meant to be.

So now she's leaving for California,
riding them silver wings, all perfumed up.
And saying pretty things.
So live and learn, let me burn, and I'll admit when I'm beat.
If I'm an angry young man, Well lord weren't you sweet.
I was working on my looks, Reading all her books
And doing the best I can, to be her biggest fan

But now, Hollywood ain't calling for me,
and it don't look like she's falling for me
Well, city girls and me...

Red rover, red rover,
Won't you send her on back over
I think I know what drove her away

So come on whiskey sour
Come around and lay me low
She's spending her nights under city lights,
and I'm sure she ain't alone

But now, Hollywood ain't calling for me,
and it don't look like she's falling for me.
Well, city girls and me...(Repeat)