Rolling Stones, Down Home Girl

(Leiber/Butler)

Lord I swear the perfume you wear
Was made out of turnip greens
And everytime 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 step
You been walkin' through the cotton fields
Oh, you're so down home girl
Everytime you monkey child
You take my breath away
And everytime you move like that
I gotta get down and pray
Don't you know that dress of yours
Was made out of fiberglass?
And everytime you move like that
I gotta go to Sunday mass
Oh, you're so down home girl
Oh, you're so down home girl
I'm gonna take you to the muddy river
And push you in
Just to watch the water roll on
Down your velvet skin
I'm gonna take you back to New Orleans
Down in Dixieland
I'm gonna watch you do the second?? line
With an umbrella in your hand
Oh, you're so down home girl
I'm with ya baby
You're so down home
Ow! Yeah, too much
Outta sight
You're so down home girl