

Miss Ferguson

Cory Branan

In a town where you can sum up every girl with just one sentence
Give or take the subject or the verb
She shows up like the devil said penance
Won't nothin' ever be clear no more
She got hired on down at the Last Chance Diner
She works all the same shifts as me
I've never been one for too much conversation
But now i choose my words so carefully
Because the angle of her cheek is the math of persuasion
First time you saw the ocean she's got tucked behind her knee
She is swallowing lightning she is spittin' thunder
Waftin' California reekin' Tennessee
She is waftin' California and reekin' Tennessee
I wanna tell her how i feel
But each time that i start
My tongue wraps like a tether ball
Six times around my heart (and i say)
Hey Miss Ferguson
It's Cory from work callin' to say
Hey Miss Ferguson
I was wonderin' what you were doing
A little later on today
Now i'm curious to see just where them 8 pounds will end up
I wanna be around to watch the Southern kick in
Ain't got no purple heart, no blue ribbon
Blow out them candles and i'll show you where i've been
Now she comes around at midnight like a Sunday afternoon
With a purpose and a manner like a needle and a spoon
A bad thing waitin' 'round to happen like a lake of gasoline
The way that woman does me is like nothing i've ever seen
Don't think i'll ever wake up on the wrong side of her bed
She brings the sun, she brings the shine
These days every time i try and start to sing some sad song
I open up my mouth and the only word that i can find is just
Sha-la-la-la, sha-la-la-la-la-la-la ...
Hey there Miss Ferguson, it's me