

## 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