

Centerfold

Hayseed Dixie

Does she walk, does she talk
Does she come complete
My homeroom, homeroom Angel
Always pulled me from my seat

She was pure like snowflakes
No one could ever stain
The memory of my Angel
Could never cause me pain

The years go by, I'm looking through
A girlie magazine
And there's my homeroom Angel
On the pages in between

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold
My Angel is a centerfold, Angel is a centerfold
My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold
Angel is a centerfold

Slip me notes under the desk
While I was thinking about her dress
I was shy, I turned away
Before she caught my eye

I was shakin' in my shoes
Whenever she flashed those baby blues
Somethin' had a hold on me
When Angel passed close by

Those soft and fuzzy sweaters
Too magical to touch
To see her in that negligee
Is really just too much

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold
My Angel is a centerfold, Angel is a centerfold
My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold
Angel is a centerfold

Na na, na-na na na...

It's OK, I understand
This ain't no Never Never Land
I hope that when this issue's gone
I'll see you when your clothes are on

Take your car, yes we will
We'll take your car and drive it
Take it to a motel room
And take 'em off in private

A part of me has just been ripped
The pages from my mind are stripped
Oh, no, I can't deny it
Oh yeah, I guess I gotta buy it

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Na na, na-na na na...