

## Down Home Girl

Old Crow Medicine Show

Well, I swear your perfume, baby  
Is made out of turnip greens  
Every time I kiss you girl  
Tastes like pork and beans

Even though you're wearin'  
Those up-town high heels  
I can tell from your giant step  
You've been walkin' through the cotton fields

Oh, you're so down home girl

Every time your monkey jive  
Takes my breath away  
Well, every time you move like that, girl  
I got to get down and pray

Girl, you know that dress you're wearin'  
Made out of fiberglass  
Every time you move like that, girl  
I got to go to Sunday Mass

Oh, you're so down home girl

I'm gonna take you to the muddy river  
And push you in  
So I can watch the water roll on  
Down your velvet skin

I'm gonna take you down to New Orleans  
Down in Dixie Land  
So I can watch you do the second line  
With an umbrella in your hand

Oh, you're so down home girl