Plain Jane Country (Come To Town)

Roy Orbison

I read your letter just this morning
The first you've wrote since you've been gone
You've finally found yourself a home

You've bought a new car, a great big red one
With a top that rolls right down
You must be something in San Fransisco
A dressed up, painted country clown

You're fakin' it well, but it's easy to tell
You're plain jane country come to town
The pace is too fast and you're out of your class
You're plain jane country come to town

You know I love you, at least you ought to
I've loved you all of my livin' days
You got no business makin' changes
Yeah girl, I love your country ways

Go sell that red car, catch an airplane
And I'll be waiting when you land
Yeah, get a white dress, find a preacher
We'll get some rings to fit your hand

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