

Down Home Girl
The Rolling Stones

G7

Lord I swear the perfume you wear
Was made out of turnip greens
And every time I kiss you girl
It tastes like pork and beans

C7

Even though you re wearin them
Citified high heels

G7

I can tell by your giant steps
You been walkin through the cotton fields

D7 **C7** **G7**

Oh, you re so down home girl

G7

Every time you monkey child
You take my breath away
And every time you move like that
I gotta get down and pray

C7

Don t you know that dress of yours
Was made out of fiberglass

G7

And every time you move like that
I gotta go to Sunday mass

D7 **C7** **G7**

Oh, you re so down home girl

G7

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

C7

I m gonna take you back to New Orleans
Down in Dixieland

G7

I m gonna watch you do the second line
With an umbrella in your hand

D7 **C7** **G7**

Oh, you re so down home girl

G7

I m with ya baby
You re so down home
Ow! Yeah, too much
Outta sight
You re so down home girl