

Down Home Girl
The Rolling Stones

A7

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

D7

Even though you re wearin them
Citified high heels

A7

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

E7 **D7** **A7**

Oh, you re so down home girl

A7

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

D7

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

A7

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

E7 **D7** **A7**

Oh, you re so down home girl

A7

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

D7

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

A7

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

E7 **D7** **A7**

Oh, you re so down home girl

A7

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

You re so down home girl