

**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