

Hey Country Girl

Terry Jacks

Hey country girl, sweet and young. Out in the clover 'neath the country sun.
Don't get flooded by an old city bum. And write home lots to mom.

You came into the city. Your hair was soft and pretty. The smell of clover in your clothes.
And he'd been watching you, standing in his city shoes, thinking of a line to you.

Hey country girl, sweet and young. Out in the clover 'neath the country sun.
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His words were warm and tender. He knew they'd melt within her. He used them time and... ..time again.
And you fell like a lamp, brought down by a city man. Caught up in a clan man.

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[Instrumental part]

He took you in the fast lane. What you lost was his gain. It all went spinning through your head.
And when it all was over. We'd to kill the clover. You understood what papa said!

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