

# Centerfold

## Hayseed Dixie

Does she walk, does she talk  
Does she come complete  
My homeroom, homeroom Angel  
Always pulled me from my seatShe was pure like snowflakes  
No one could ever stain  
The memory of my Angel  
Could never cause me painThe years go by, I'm looking through  
A girlie magazine  
And there's my homeroom Angel  
On the pages in between(Refrain)  
My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold  
My Angel is a centerfold, Angel is a centerfold  
My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold  
Angel is a centerfoldSlip me notes under the desk  
While I was thinking about her dress  
I was shy, I turned away  
Before she caught my eyeI was shakin' in my shoes  
Whenever she flashed those baby blues  
Somethin' had a hold on me  
When Angel passed close byThose soft and fuzzy sweaters  
Too magical to touch  
To see her in that negligee  
Is really just too much(Refrain)Na na, na-na na na...It's OK, I understand  
This ain't no Never Never Land  
I hope that when this issue's gone  
I'll see you when your clothes are onTake your car, yes we will  
We'll take your car and drive it  
Take it to a motel room  
And take 'em off in privateA part of me has just been ripped  
The pages from my mind are stripped  
Oh, no, I can't deny it  
Oh yeah, I guess I gotta buy it(Refrain)Na na, na-na na na...

Lyrics provided by

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