Plain Jane Country

Roy Orbison

I read your letter just this morning
The first you've wrote since you've been gone
You've finally found yourself a homeYou've bought a new car, a great big red one
With a top that rolls right down
You must be something in San Fransisco
A dressed up, painted country clownYou're fakin' it well, but it's easy to tell
You're plain Jane country come to town
The pace is too fast and you're out of your class
You're plain Jane country come to townYou know I love you, at least you ought to
I've loved you all of my livin' days
You got no business makin' changes
Yeah girl, I love your country waysGo sell that red car, catch an airplane
And I'll be waiting when you land
Yeah, get a white dress, find a preacher
We'll get some rings to fit your handYou're fakin' it well, but it's easy to tell
You're plain Jane country come to town
The pace is too fast and you're out of your class
You're plain Jane country come to town
You're plain Jane country come to town
You're plain Jane country come to town

Songwriters
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