

# Marvelous 3, Big City Woman

(b. walker, j. harte, d. child, h. benson, e. turner)

I'm just a porch stompin ol' son of a gun.  
Thumpin' on my guitar, chuggin' down the rum.  
Got a bullet in my pocket and a big shot gun.  
I'm lookin' for a lover cus' I'm needin' me one.

Well listen up baby,  
You're blue chip beauty with a high price spead.  
Sleepin' in silk in your high rise bed.  
You got diamonds on your fingers,  
And neon in your eyes.  
But all the money in the world don't satisfy.

You don't wanna be lonely, the whole night through.  
I don't wanna be lonely, girl I want you.

I'm all trash and you're all style.  
Country boy and a big city woman.  
You're all flash and I'm all smiles.

Country boy and a big city woman, big city woman.

Now I'm a dirty desperado, you're a clean cadillac.  
You're the buckingham palace, I'm a birmingham shack.  
You want push, I want shove.  
I'm so bad, you're so good.  
I guess that's why they call it love.

You don't want to be lonely, the whole night through.  
I don't want to be lonely, girl I want you.

I'm all trash and you're all style.  
Country boy and a big city woman.  
You're all flash and I'm all smiles.  
Country boy and a big city woman.  
You can sashay on the town.  
Country boy and a big city woman.  
You're cold as cash, but I'll burn you down.  
Country boy and a big city woman,  
Big city woman.