

Ronnie Milsap, Local Girls

Oh, I was kicked back in a rented cabana,
Easin' my mind with some old Carlos Santana,
Nibblin' on banana moon pie,
When I swore I saw an angel from Heaven floatin' by.
Then I thought: "No, no way: she must be from around here."
She got one of those tans you just know she wears all year.
Swayin', sashayin', flip-floppin' along,
Like wherever she may be is right where she belongs.

An' I thought: "Oooh, I love the local girls."
"Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
"I love the local girls.
"Lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local girls."

I said: "Madam, if you have nowhere to go,
"Can I interest you in an ice-cold Pacifico?""
An' she said: "As luck would have it,
"I got nothin' but time,"
She reached in her back-pack,
Said: "Down here you'll find,
"That a lady don't leave home,
"Without a couple of limes."

An' I said: "Oooh, I love the local girls."
"Oh, la, la, la, la, la, la,
"I love the local girls.
"Lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local girls."

Later on she took me to this bar built out of cinder blocks,
One of those joints with a notice to shell park in line.
While we were dancin', she whispered: "I like you a lot."
An' I said: "My, my, my, go on: say that one more time."

--- Instrumental ---

Five years later, here I am intermittent
With a couple a-toaheads as that big ol' orange sun is settin'.
I can't believe how good it's stuill gettin',
As I watch my daughters splashin' in the water.

An' I thought: "Oooh, I love the local girls."
"Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,
"I love the local girls.
(Here she come, now.)
"Lo, lo, local; (Hey.)
"Lo, lo, local; (Here she come, now.)
"Lo, lo, local girls.
"Lo, lo, local; (Ooh.)
"Lo, lo, local; (Whoo.)
I love the local girls.
"Lo, lo, local; lo, lo, local;
I love the local girls.
I love the local girls.
I love the local girls...