

The Natural Girl for Me

Tom Paxton

All over this great big city,
Can't find a woman who's nice and pretty.
They all look like a page in a magazine.
Legs are long and they eat like a sparrow.
Figures stick to the straight and narrow.
Top and bottom are the same as in between.

Show me a pretty little number,
When she walks, she rolls like thunder,
Eyes as deep and dark as the deep blue sea.
Round right here and round right there,
Pretty red lips and her very own hair,
Wrap her up, she's the natural girl for me.

Went down to a coffeehouse palace,
Met a little lady and her name was Alice.
She had friends and her friends had her it seems.
Face was dirty and her sweater was baggy,
Pants were tight and her hair was shaggy,
I've seen her kind on college football teams.

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Way up in a penthouse pretty,
Thirteen miles above the city,
I met a lady from a wealthy family.
She could cuss like a real longshoreman,
She was making eyes at the doorman.
She made a most unusual offer to me.

Way up at a Broadway party,
Met a little lady who was very arty,
She took me home to see her studio.
She took out her paints and she whispered to me,
She said that she wanted to do me.
Some of that paint will never come off, I know.

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