Time by lady Rolex Body by Bowflex Hair by Hollywood salon Bag by Louis Vuitton High heels, Manolo Blahniks Tanqueray gin and tonics Sunglass by Gucci Never been to Chatter, hoochie She may look like New York, Miami, L.A. But when it comes to lovin' me, she ain't that way She got a little country, got a little country Got a little country in her Friday, Soho That's where all the cool, cool people go Shake your pelvis That's how you get behind the velvet Disco at the Air Bar But what I really miss is a quitar With a whammy bar Going wah, wah, wah, wah She may look like New York, Miami, L.A. But when it comes to lovin' me, she ain't that way She got a little country, got a little country, got a little country Got a little country, got a little country, got a little country She got a little country, got a little country, got a little country She got a little country, got a little country, got a little country in her Ah, hang on! She's got a little country, got a little country I said, she's got a little country, got a little country in her Got a little country, got a little country Got a little country, got a little country Giddy up! She's runnin' with the big dogs, she's livin' on the high hog We're rolling in the hay every night She's even saying yeehaw ridin' that hillbilly seesaw We're having us a ball and holding on tight She may look like New York, Miami, L.A. But when it comes to lovin' me, she ain't that way She got a little country, got a little country, got a little country Got a little country, got a little country, got a little country

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