

Country Girls

The Black Sorrows

She takes her dress down from the wardrobe door
Same old thing she wore a hundred times before
Looks in the mirror what does she see?
Lonely nights and misery

Nothin' to make 'em stay
Those country girls
Can't wait to get away
Those country girls

Combs her back in the usual style
Lifts up the telephone
Commences to dial
All the boys she knows are just actin' like men
She'll never call again

Pink lace and white pearls
Country girls
Cheap scent and tight curls
Pink lace and white pearls
Country girls
Cheap scent and tight curls

Winds her way to the central cafe
Let the jukebox waste her time away
All her yesterdays are comin' down like rain
On a smoky window pain