

Miss Eliza

A

There's a rumor goin' around the town about a girl named Miss Eliza,
Rings on her fingers, rings on her nose and the folks they all despise her.
To avoid complication, she only goes at night,
Those who chance to meet her think that she is outta sight.
She tried to hold me down, but I got up.

Miss Eliza don't like the blues she don't like that funky reggae,
Honky Tonk is what turns her on and that's how it's gonna stay
Men in the slicked back hairdos, men in the funky ties
Drop their liquid attitudes when they look into her eyes.
She tried to hold me down, but I got up!

**Shame on you Miss Eliza, you got holes in your stockings,
holes in your stockings where holes shouldn't be.
Shame on you Miss Eliza, I've seen your thoughts start to wander
Sitting by the pulpit in Sunday School.**

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