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## Foster's Girl

Fred Thurston

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# Foster's Girl

— by *Fred Thurston*

Long legs, brown eyes, and golden hair,  
She's Foster's girl.  
She recites "I'se bad I is" in church,  
And a lady says, "I'll bet she is."  
She goes to the cotton gin and hears things  
And tells a man she lives  
Out where the sun goes down.  
She's Foster's girl.  
She brings "poor" kids home  
And worries about the "poor folks"  
And tells someone in town  
She's Sister Thurston's daughter,  
And she's gonna vote for Clark.

She's Foster's girl.  
She plays the piano and studies elocution;  
She looks at things and wonders about nearly everything—  
She's Foster's girl.

She goes to college and makes good grades;  
She becomes a teacher and a good one, too.  
She gets married and moves away.  
She teaches in college and loves her kids.

She's still Foster's girl.