

# Bring it Back to Eden

[Daniel Antopolsky](#)

He was the last country boy, that lived the country ways  
He was the last country singer, who remembered the good ol' days  
He was the last banjo-picker, to ramble in the woods  
But when the country is all city, country music'll be no good

You can sing a dime-store cowboys, who ride the broncin' machine  
You can sing about the night life, that breaks a couple's dreams  
You can sing about the city-life, in designer jeans  
But you'll be singin' city-music, about city things

Oh, Americans don't ever let that country music die  
Oh, that country twang says everythin', don't kiss it all good-bye  
It don't matter if we're livin' in, the countryside or town  
Just bring it back to Eden don't, let the country down, No oh oh oh

Times they are a changin', we still must pay the rent  
We try to make a living, that's just common sense  
I don't begrudge a guy or gal, that takes a job in town  
Oh, I just begrudge the system, that puts the country down

She was the last country lady, who fed the little birds  
She played the last, lovely auto-harp with a beauty beyond words  
She could sing like a nightingale, and bring the heart to tears  
And her heart was in the country, in those long-forgotten years

Now real country music's simple friends, it sings o' simple things  
Of clean and crystal rivers, and lovers in the spring  
It tells a tale o' tryin' ag'ainst odds of ten to one  
Just mount your horse and tip your hat, and ride into the sun

Oh, Americans don't ever let that country music die  
That country twang says everything, don't kiss it all good-bye  
It don't matter if we're livin' in, the countryside or town  
Just bring it back to Eden don't, let the country down, No oh oh oh  
Don't let the country down

Lyrics Submitted by Marie Harel

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