

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 olâ€™ days
He was the last banjo-picker, to ramble in the woods
But when the country is all city, country musicâ€™ll be no good

You can sing a dime-store cowboys, who ride the broncinâ€™ machine
You can sing about the night life, that breaks a coupleâ€™s dreams
You can sing about the city-life, in designer jeans
But youâ€™ll be singinâ€™ city-music, about city things

Oh, Americans donâ€™t ever let that country music die
Oh, that country twang says everythinâ€™, donâ€™t kiss it all good-bye
It donâ€™t matter if weâ€™re livinâ€™ in, the countryside or town
Just bring it back to Eden donâ€™t, let the country down, No oh oh oh

Times they are a changinâ€™, we still must pay the rent
We try to make a living, thatâ€™s just common sense
I donâ€™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 musicâ€™s simple friends, it sings oâ€™ simple things
Of clean and crystal rivers, and lovers in the spring
It tells a tale oâ€™ tryinâ€™ â€˜gainst odds of ten to one
Just mount your horse and tip your hat, and ride into the sun

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It donâ€™t matter if weâ€™re livinâ€™ in, the countryside or town
Just bring it back to Eden donâ€™t, let the country down, No oh oh oh
Donâ€™t let the country down

Lyrics Submitted by Marie Harel