

A Day In the Country (From "Hollywood or Bust")

Dean Martin

Oh, there's nothin' as gay
As a day in the country
Under the wonderful skies For a city bred feller
Field full of yeller
Is quite a delightful surprise For a couple of travelin' guys Oh, you don't have to pay
For a day in the country
It's old mother nature who buys And while we keep goin'
The breezes are blowin'
The cigarette smoke from our eyes I hear beautiful melodies played by an old water mill
And a little red barn is spinning a yarn to the daffodils
Up on the hill Oh, there's nothin' as gay
As a day in the country
Here's where I really belong A Hobo hob-no-bin'
With bluebirds and robin
We warble a merry old song And go rollio, rollio
Rollio, rollio
Rollio, rolli, along How I envy the fellers who live by a shady nook
And the cute little guy who's casting a fly
At a trout leaping out of a brook Oh there's nothin' as gay
As a day in the country
Far from the maddening throng Just grab a valise full
And go where it's peaceful
And try vocalizing a song While you're rollio, rollio
Rollio, rollio
Rollio, rolli, along

Songwriters

FAIN/WEBSTER Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>