

Country House (Live In Hyde Park, London 3/7/09)

Blur

City dweller, successful fella thought to himself
Oops I've got a lot of money
Caught in a rat race terminally
I'm a professional cynic but my heart's not in it
I'm payin' the price of livin' life at the limit
Caught up in the century's anxiety
Yes, it preys on him
He's gettin' thin, try the simple lifeHe lives in a house
A very big house in the country
Watchin' afternoon repeats
And the food he eats in the country
He takes all manner of pills
And piles up analyst bills in the country
Oh, it's like an animal farm
That's the rural charm in the countryHe's got morning glory and life's a different story
Everything's going jackanory
Touched with his own mortality
He's reading Balzac, knocking back Prozac
It's a helping hand that makes you feel wonderfully blind
Oh, it's a century's remedy
For the faint at heart
A new start, try the simple lifeHe lives in a house
A very big house in the country
He's got a fog in his chest
So he needs a lot of rest in the country
He doesn't drink, smoke, laugh
Takes herbal baths in the country
You should come to no harm
On the animal farm in the country
In the country, in the country, in the countryBlow, blow me out, I am so sad, I don't know why?
Blow, blow me out, I am so sad, I don't know why?Oh he lives in a house
A very big house in the country
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You should come to no harm
On the animal farm in the country

Songwriters

JAMES, STEVEN ALEXANDER / ROWNTREE, DAVID / ALBARN, DAMON / COXON,
GRAHAM

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