Goin' Back To The Country

The Magnetic Fields

I'm going back to the country
City life's too slow
I'm sick of that 120 BPM funk and disco
I'm going eight-one-eighty
Break out the fiddle tunes
I'm still that barefoot lady howling up at full moons
And I'm gonna fly back to Wyoming
And never more my friends I'll go a-roaming
I'm gonna fly back to Laramie
Let Laramie take care of me till they bury me

I'm going back to the country
The big city's too small
I don't need more than one tree house but there's none at all
I'm hanging up the tire swing
A hammock in the yard
I'll hear an angel choir sing as I wing countryward
And I'm gonna find me a country boy
And have a couple country kids, Leanne and Leroy
And we're gonna wind down those country roads
And sing and play the dulcimer till this world explodes

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