The Country Life

Crash Test Dummies

Darling I've been thinking this one through
We've been fighting like cat and dog, now here's what we've go to do
This life in the city is killing the love that we one knew
We could be happy in the countryWe would spend so many lovely days
We'd have chickens and cows and corn and whatever it is farmers raise
At breakfast each morning we'd fry up our own hand-picked eggs
We could be happy in the countrySo let's pack our bags up together
And we'll be in the clear foreverWe'll just sit right back and watch while our crops grow
While we listen to gals like Kitty Wells on country radio
Weekends we'd two-step at some cowboy bar just down the road
We could be happy in the countryI know that the local folks will make us feel right at home
We'll have homemade whiskey and ramble down country roadsAnd I would learn to ride on the rodeo
I'd have shiny boots and a cowboy hat so that nobody'd ever know
That we'd once been city folks that owned sporty cars and fancy homes
If we could just be in the country

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