Me And You And A Dog Named Boo

Lobo

I remember to this day, the bright red Georgia clay
How it stuck to the tires after the summer rain
Will power made that old car go, a woman's mind told me that it's so
Oh, how I wish we were back on the road againMe and you and a dog named Boo
Travellin' and livin' off the land
Me and you and a dog named Boo
How I love bein' a free manI can still recall the wheat fields of St. Paul
And the mornin' we got caught robbin' from an old hen
Old Mac Donald made us work, but then he paid us for what it was worth
Another tank of gas and back on the road againMe and you and a dog named Boo
Travellin' and livin' off the land
Me and you and a dog named Boo
How I love bein' a free manI'll never forget that day we motored stately into big L.A.
The lights of the city put settlin' down in my brain
Though it's only been a month or so, that old car's buggin' us to go
You gotta get away and get back on the road againMe and you and a dog named Boo
Travellin' and livin' off the land
Me and you and a dog named Boo
How I love bein' a free man
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