

Bob Crosby, Dear hearts and gentle people

I love those dear hearts . . . an' gentle people,
Who live in my home town,
Because those dear hearts . . . an' gentle people,
Will never, ever, let you down!
They read the 'Good-Book' . . . from Fri 'till Monday,
That's how the weekend goes!
I've got a 'dream-house' . . . I'll build there one day,
With a picket-fence . . . an' ramblin' rose!
I feel so welcome . . . each time that I return,
That my happy heart keeps laughin' like a clown
I love those dear hearts . . . an' gentle people,
Who live an' love in my home town!
I love those people!
I love those dear hearts . . . an' gentle people,
Who live in my home town,
Because those dear hearts . . . an' gentle people,
Will never, ever let you down!
They read the 'Good-Book' . . . from Fri 'till Monday,
That's how the weekend goes!
I've got a 'dream-house' . . . I'll build there one day,
With a picket-fence . . . and a ramblin' rose!
I love the dear hearts . . . an' gentle people,
Who shout a friendly 'Hi' . . .
When they go passin' by . . .
Who live an' love in my home town!
Ah! These are my kinda people!