

Bobby Bare, Air Conditioner Song

Oh the sound of the thing is not a ring it's more like a pleasant purr
And the only sound I hear at night is the sound of my purring air-conditioner
The air is pure and dehumidified thermostatically controlled
Now I have no desire to perspire and that's how progress goes
But the sound of their singing thrilled me as distantly but clearly it rang
Though I never saw their faces and never knew their names
And the gentle breeze brought sweet dreams of sweethearts that I never saw
Who sang You Are My Sunshine in Newport Arkansas