

# Blur, Country House

And so the the story begins

City dweller, successful fella  
Thought to himself oops I've got a lot of money  
I'm caught in a rat race terminally  
I'm a professional cynic but my heart's not in it  
I'm paying the price of living life at the limit  
Caught up in the centuries anxiety  
It preys on him, he's getting thin

He lives in a house, a very big house in the country  
Watching afternoon repeats and the food he eats in the country  
He takes all manner of pills and piles up analyst bills in the country  
It's like an animal farm lot's of rural charm in the country

He's got morning glory, life's a different story  
Everything going jackanory, in touch with his own mortality  
He's reading balzac, knocking back prozac  
It's a helping hand that makes you feel wonderfully bland  
Oh it's the centuries remedy  
For the faint at heart, a new start

He lives in a house, a very big house in the country  
He's got a fog in his chest so he needs a lot of rest in the country  
He doesn't drink smoke laugh, takes herbal baths in the country  
Says she's come to no harm on an animal farm in the country

In the country, in the country

Blow, blow me out I am so sad, I don't know why  
Blow, blow me out I am so sad, I don't know why

He lives in a house, a very big house in the country  
Watching afternoon repeats and the food he eats in the country  
He takes all manner of pills and piles up analyst bills in the country  
Oh, it's like an animal farm lot's of rural charm in the country

He lives in a house, a very big house in the country  
He's got a fog in his chest so he needs a lot of rest in the country  
He doesn't drink smoke laugh, takes herbal baths in the country  
And she's come to no harm on an animal farm in the country