

Cliff Richard, In The Country

Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah!
Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah!
When the world in which you live in,
Gets a bit too much to bear,
And you need someone to lean on,
When you look, there's no one there
You're gonna find me, out in the country,
Yeah, you're gonna find me, way out in the country,
Where the air is good, and the day is fine,
And the pretty girl, has a hand in mine,
And the silver stream, is a poor man's wine,
In the country, in the country
When you're walking in the city,
And you're feeling rather small,
And the people on the sidewalk,
Seem to form a solid wall
You're gonna find me, out in the country,
Hey, you're gonna find me, way out in the country,
Where the air is good, and the day is fine,
And the pretty girl, has a hand in mine,
And the silver stream, is a poor man's wine,
In the country, in the country
Hurry, hurry, hurry,
For the time is slipping by,
You don't need a ticket,
It belongs to you and I
Come on an join me, out in the country,
Where the air is good, and the day is fine,
And the pretty girl, has a hand in mine,
And the silver stream, is a poor man's wine,
In the country, in the country
Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah!
Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah! Ba-ba-ba-Bah!