

# Crash Test Dummies, The Country Life

Darling I've been thinking this one through  
We've been fighting like cat and dog now here's what we've go to do  
This life in the city is killing the love that we one knew  
We could be happy in the country

We would spend so many lovely days  
We'd have chickens and cows and corn and whatever it is farmers raise  
At breakfast each morning we'd fry up our own hand-picked eggs  
We could be happy in the country

So let's pack our bags up together  
And we'll be in the clear forever

We'll just sit right back and watch while our crops grow  
While we listen to gals like Kitty Wells on country radio  
Weekends we's two-step at some cowboy bar just down the road  
We could be happy in the country

I know that the local folks will make us feel right at home  
We'll have homemade whiskey and ramble down country roads

And I would learn to ride on the rodeo  
I'd have shiny boots and a cowboy hat so that nobody'd ever know  
That we'd once been city folks that owned sporty cars and fancy homes  
If we could just be in the country