

Farmer's Boys, In The Country

Ba ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba-ba-bah
Ba ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba-ba-bah

When the world in which you live in
Gets a bit too much to bear
When you need someone to lean on
When you look there's no-one there
You're going to find me out in the country
Come on and find me out in the country

Where the air is good and the day is fine
And the pretty girl has her 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
When the people on the sidewalk seem to form a solid wall
You're going to find me out in the country
Come on and find me way out in the country

Where the air is good and the day is fine
And the pretty girl has her 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 and join me out in the country

Where the air is good and the day is fine
And the pretty girl has her hand in mine
And the silver stream is a poor man's wine
In the country
In the country

You're going to find me out in the country

Ba ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba-ba-bah ba-ba-ba-bah