

# Kenny Price, Me And You And A Dog Named Boo

I remember to this day the bright red Georgia clay  
How it stuck to the tires after the summer rain  
Will power made that old car go my rovin' mind told me that's so  
Oh how I wish we were back on the road again  
Me and you and a dog named Boo travelin' and a livin' off the land  
Me and you and a dog named Boo how I love being a free man

I can still recall the wheatfields of St Paul  
And the mornin' we got caught robbin' from an old hen  
Old MacDonald he made us work but then he paid us for what it was worth  
Another tank of gas and back on the road again  
Me and you and a dog named Boo...

I'll never forget that day we motored stately into big LA  
The lights of the city put settlin' down in my brain  
Though it's only been a month or so that old car's buggin' us to go  
We gotta get away and get back on the road again  
Me and you and a dog named Boo...  
Me and you and a dog named Boo...