

# Roy Drusky, Country's Gone

There's no more common people with no more fields to sow  
City ways have swallowed country days and if I'd reap seeds won't grow  
The bubbling brook that used to yield it's treasure just for me  
As long since dry but will stay alive on my page of memories  
City lights change the nights country's gone  
The trees that children climb today are made of iron and steel  
Golden grain knows no summer rain when it falls or asks for fields  
Girl next door went to Baltimore and waits with empty arms  
While big machines cut through hills of green run by boys who've left the farm  
Traffic signs store bought rhymes country's gone  
Fishing poles and mixing post hang dusty by the door  
And that long train from the by gone day doesn't pass near anymore  
Trees for sale through the mail country's gone