

The B-52's, Dry County

It's one of those lazy days
I've got nothing to do
Let the wind blow round my head
Let a cloud be my bed
When the blues whomp you up on the side of the head
Throw 'em to the floor and kick 'em out the door
When the blues kick you in the head
And you roll out of bed in the morning
Just sit on the porch and swing
Sit on the porch and swing

The heat of the day's got me in a haze
Those lazy days of summer are here

Chorus

Just let the breezes flow,
Through your mind,
I feel so fine

Chorus

Here come the girls up the road
What they want to do they can't do
Cause it's a... Dry County

Kicking stones and laughing low
Nowhere to go. It's a dry, dry, such a dry, dry,
Dust devils blowing in your hair but what do you care
When there's nowhere to go
It's a dry, dry, county