

Goin' To The Country

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Well, I'm goin' to the country
That's the place where I can live!
(repeat)

Well, I pack up my things in the city
And I'll go, yes I leave!

Well, I'll build myself a farmhouse
With green grass all around!
(repeat)

And a funny little hare and birds
In the air, so many you can't count!

Well, I'll give up living in the city
Leave the place where I was born
(repeat)

I've stayed twenty-five years
I enjoyed it pretty well, but I'm ruined now!

I'll take all my friends to the country
They will cheer up in the land
(repeat)

'Cause there ain't no more fun
In the city, it's a dead giant

Well, it could be nice to meet you
We will have a lot of fun!
So won't you come around, have a look, come around,
We will cheer up in the land

Well, I'm the singer of a rock 'n' roll band!