

GONE COUNTRY

Intro:

She's been playing that room on the strip for ten years in Vegas
Every night she looks in the mirror and she only ages
She's been reading 'bout Nashville and all the records that everybody's buying
Says I'm a simple girl myself grew up on Long Island
So she packs her bags to try her hand
Says this might be my last chance

She's gone country, look at them boots; she's gone country, back to her roots
She's gone country, a new kind of suit, She's gone country, stop here she comes

Interlude:

Well the folk scene's dead, but he's holding out in the village
He's been writing songs, speaking out against wealth and privilege
He says I don't believe in money, but a man could make him a killin'
Cause some of that stuff don't sound much different than Dylan
I hear down there it's changed you see, they're not as backward as they used to be

He's gone country, look at them boots; He's gone country, back to his roots
He's gone country, a new kind of suit, He's gone country, stop here he comes

Guitar Solo: STOP

He commutes to L.A., but he's got a house in the valley
But the bills are piling up and the pop scene just ain't on a rally
He says honey I'm a serious composer schooled in voice and composition
But with the crime and the smog these days this ain't no place for children
Lord it sounds so easy, this shouldn't take long, Be back in the money in no time at all

He's gone country, look at them boots; He's gone country, back to his roots
He's gone country, a new kind of suit, He's gone country, here he comes

Interlude:

Yeah he's gone country, a new kind of walk; He's gone country, a new kind of talk
He's gone country, look at them boots; He's gone country, oh back to his roots

He's gone country, He's gone country,
Everybody's gone country, yeah we've gone country
The whole world's gone country, we gone