

## **B-52s**

# **"Dry County"**

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It's one of those lazy days  
I've got nothing to do  
Let the wind blow around my head  
Let a cloud be my bed

When the blues whomp you up  
By 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  
The heat of the day's got me in a haze  
Those lazy days of summer are here

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

It's so hot, it's so hot  
It's so hot, it's so hot  
It's so hot

Here come the girls  
Here come the girls  
Here come the girls

Here come the girls  
Here come the girls  
Here come the girls

Just let the breezes flow

Through your mind, I feel so fine

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

Here come the girls up the road  
What they wannna do? They can't do  
'Cause it's a, dry county

Kicking stones and laughing low  
Nowhere to go, it's a dry, dry county  
Such a dry, dry county

It's devils blowing in your hair  
But what do you care  
When there's nowhere to go

Dry, dry, county  
It's a dry, dry, county  
Kicking stones and laughing low

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