

Billy Joel

"Country Boy"

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Written by William M. Joel and Jonathan Small

I can remember I'm feelin' so weak
When the nameless blonde had crossed the street
I look around of all the city lights
But they just can't compare with the summer nights

When I was just a little country boy
Yeah
Come on (come on)
All right, woo hoo

Why am I breathing all this dirty air?
When there's honeysuckle
Growing by the old boy's chair?
I make love from the dark 'till the dawn
Smack dab in the middle of a pile of foam

When I was just a little country boy
Yeah, yeah

I want to know
Where I can go
Where I can be
Even to be free

So many times I've tried to come home
But when there's nobody there
Or they're still all too stoned
When I'm sick and tired of the same old thing
I've been dreaming
Of a hammock and a backyard swing

When I was just a little country boy
Yeah yeah

I want to know
Where I can go
Where I can be
Even to be free
Dig it!

Woo hoo! All right!
Aaaaaaahh ha ha ha! Ooh hoo!
Come on, come on! Aaaahhh!
Come on, come on, come on, come on!
come on, come on, come on, come on!
Yeah yeah yeah!
All right! Come on! Woo hoo! Come on!
Woooooooooooooooooooo.....

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