

Bobby Bare

"Air Conditioner Song"

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Oh, the sound of the thing is not a ring
It's more like a pleasant purr
And the only sound I hear at night
Is the sound of my purring air-conditioner

The air is pure and dehumidified
Thermostatically controlled
Now I have no desire to perspire
And that's how progress goes
But the sound of their singing thrilled me
As distantly but clearly it rang
Though I never saw their faces
And never knew their names

And the gentle breeze brought sweet dreams
Of sweethearts that I never saw
Who sang, 'You Are My Sunshine'
In Newport, Arkansas

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