

Bob Welch

"Come Softly to Me"

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You can have your buildings
And your arithmetic
I don't need no crowded streets
Or city slicker tricks

I just need to be some place
Where I can move around
Look down at my toes
And I can still see the ground

Give me that country side of life
Where I can stretch out right
Give me the country side
(Give me the country side)

Give me that country side of life
Where I don't get uptight
Give me the country side

Goin' down to the fishing pond
Where I can throw the line
It don't matter what fish I catch
I only came to rest my mind

The only fish you'll get down town
Ain't caught with a hook and sinker
Put on your brakes, beep beep, honk your horn
Look out now turn on your blinker

Give me that country side of life
Where I can stretch out right
Give me the country side
(Give me the country side)

Give me that country side of life
Where I don't get uptight
Give me the country side

Give me that country side of life
Where I don't get uptight
Give me the country side

I was born in Georgia Town
With a lack-a-daisy street
A laid back lover just a-playin' games
And a-stayin' off of them feet

But nobody trying to get on your nerves
Nobody tryin' to get what you've got
And just live and let live by the golden rule
Now don't it just hit the spot

Give me that country side of life
Where I can stretch out right
Give me the country side
(Give me the country side)

Give me that country side of life
Where I don't get uptight
Give me the country side

Give me that country side of life
A place where I can stretch out right
Give me the country side

Give me that country side of life
Where I don't get uptight
Give me the country side

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