

K.T. Oslin

"Hey Bobby"

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Hey Bobby.
Would you like to go for a ride in the country with me?
I'm celebratin'.
Ya see the four-wheeled beauty you're leanin' on
It finally belongs to me.
I've never owned a car before,
And I've never picked a boy up at his own front door.
It'd be a red letter day
If you'll come out and play in the country with me.
Hey Bobby.
Will you ride a little ways down 299 to a lovely little spot
I found?
It's on a hilltop.
We can park in the shade and dance on the ground to a
radio
Station where the hits don't ever stop.
Watch the sun go down.
See the moon rise up.
Drink a champagne toast in a plastic cup.
Rock the night away, lookin' at stars, talkin 'bout cars
Bobby, with me.
Hey Bobby.
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh? Huh?
Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
Watch the sun go down.
See the moon rise up.
Drink a champagne toast in a plastic cup.
In future times that be,
When ya need a good memory, Bobby, think about me.
Hey, Bobby.
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
Do ya wanna huh?Do ya wanna huh?Huh?
How 'bout it Bobby?Ya wanna go for a ride in the
country?
I'll get ya back real early, trust me.

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