

Dean Martin

"A Day In The Country"

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Oh, there's nothin' as gay
As a day in the country
Under the wonderful skies

For a city bred feller
Field full of yeller
Is quite a delightful surprise

For a couple of travelin' guys

Oh, you don't have to pay
For a day in the country
It's old mother nature who buys

And while we keep goin'
The breezes are blowin'
The cigarette smoke from our eyes

I hear beautiful melodies played by an old water mill
And a little red barn is spinning a yarn to the daffodils
Up on the hill

Oh, there's nothin' as gay
As a day in the country
Here's where I really belong

A Hobo hob-no-bin'
With bluebirds and robin
We warble a merry old song

And go rollio, rollio
Rollio, rollio
Rollio, rolli, along

How I envy the fellers who live by a shady nook
And the cute little guy who's casting a fly
At a trout leaping out of a brook

Oh there's nothin' as gay
As a day in the country
Far from the maddening throng

Just grab a valise full
And go where it's peaceful
And try vocalizing a song

While you're rollio, rollio
Rollio, rollio
Rollio, rolli, along

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