

The Sundial

"Dry Land Crop"

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My jeans are ripped, my boots are dry and muddy
You can tell that I drink beer and not champagne
I'm the kind of girl who likes to keep things simple
I've never longed for fortune of fame

My best friend is my dog, not a diamond
Diamonds don't snuggle up to you when you cry
And I don't like the thought, of being bought
A girl in love is something you can't buy

Yeah, I'm happy just the way things are, boy
There's not much more that I need
A dry land crop doesn't need a lot of rain
A shower now and then will get it through
And in a way I am like that barren bit of land
All I need is a rain drop from you

So cancel those dinner reservations
Instead let's take the dogs down to the creek
We'll pack a picnic lunch, we'll lie there in the sun
What a perfect way to end a working week

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