

## Tripod

# "In The Countryside"

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I watch a weary old man with his breifcase  
Each year of city life a wrinkle on his tired face  
Is this the man that I will turn into  
Then I think of you  
Somewhere accross the city you are on a train  
Looking at a wrinkled lady  
We should get out of here baby  
We'll take the road out to the countyside my dear  
Where the mountains go forever and the birds are  
always near  
We'll build a better life  
We'll leave the city far behind us  
Living where the outside world will never find us  
Stockpiling weaponry  
Lai lai lai lai lai Bazookas lai lai lai  
Lai lai lai Hand Grenades lai lai lai lai lai lai  
Lai lai lai lai lai Booby Traps lai lai lai lai  
Lai Bunker Network lai lai lai lai lai lai lai  
Lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai Guns  
Lai lai lai lai lai lai lai Fade Out lai lai lai  
Lai lai lai lai Black Helecopters lai lai lai

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