

Lightfoot Gordon "Biscuit City"

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I'd like to be in Biscuit City
With my banjo in my hand
I don't need no long vacation
In some foreign land
Cause the sound of my own breathing
Has been turning to a sigh
I wish that I could make the time
To be in Biscuit City by and by
Oh the water is of emerald
And the beach is white as snow
And everyone's got money
And no place to go
In a land of milk and honey
It can really make you smile
And if I had a ticket
I would stay in Biscuit City for a while
All the girls are in bikinis
All the boys are in the buff
With the baby in between and
That makes three of us
And the streets are all so quiet
And the walls are squeaky clean
I think you ain't been nowhere 'til
The town of Biscuit City you have seen
I'd rather be in Biscuit City
With my banjo in my hand
Than take a big vacation
In some foreign land
Cause the sound of my own breathing
has been turning to a sigh
If it were not for misfortune
I would be in Biscuit City by and by
If it were not for misfortune
I would stay in Biscuit City 'til I die

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