

Pocket Full Of Rocks

"Ride The Country"

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In she comes a-ridin',
On a mornin' sunrise
I am left to believing
All that is standing before my eyes
And I wonder
Would the sun have shown
Ever so brightly alone

We been livin' all of our lives
On the other side of the hill
Drifting on a golden wing, and I can't wait
To hear the smile
She can sing
Take me through the day
Take my breath away

And we ride the countryside
High and wide, and she brings
Crackers, cheese and wine
Oh, they're gonna bust my side
And she's got strawberries
Comin' by the dozen
Brown sugar and sweet cream
Set my mouth a-buzzin'

Take my hand and run
Take me down to the river blue
Throw a whisper to the wind that
All you're sayin' is true
Ride the countryside
Take me high and wide

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