

Roy Drusky **"Country's Gone"**

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There's no more common people with no more fields to
sow
City ways have swallowed country days and if I'd reep
seeds won't grow
The bubbling brook that used to yield it's treasure just
for me
As long since dry but will stay alive on my page of
memories
City lights change the nights country's gone
The trees that children climb today are made of iron
and steel
Golden grain knows no summer rain when it falls or
asks for fields
Girl next door went to Baltimore and waits with empty
arms
While big machines cut through hills of green run by
boys who've left the farm
Traffic signs store bought rhymes country's gone
Fishing poles and mixing post hang dusty by the door
And that long train from the by gone day doesn't pass
near anymore
Trees for sale through the mail country's gone

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