

Marie-Lynn Hammond

"Country Music"

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well you can play that old-time music
you can sing those country songs
and all the children of the cities
they have learned to play along
from a downtown window
busy corner
skies are hidden
and there aint no trees
but you can hear that music playing
that sweet-tongued fiddle playing
and it floats through the dusty air
like a country breeze

well they leave the farms
and they leave the small towns
cause they heard that the cities pay
but at night they go from the yards
and the factories
to join the crowds down main street way
in smoky barrooms
at crowded tables
they down their beer
and they talk about home
theyve come to hear that music playing
that sweet-sad fiddle playing
things that you never hear
till youre on your own

so play for them some down home music
yeah sing for them those country songs
and all your children
lost in the cities
they cant help but sing along
sing of prairie summers
Ottawa river
and Sunday mornings
in a small Quebec town
just try and leave it all behind you
wherever you go itll find you
that sweet-sad country music
like a lover, friend, or brother

its gonna follow you down

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