

A Day In The Country

Dean Martin

Oh there's nothing as gay as a day in the country
Under the wonderful skies
For a city bred feller a field of yeller
Is quite a delightful surprise

Oh you don't have to pay for a day in the country
It's old mother nature who buys
And while we keep going the breezes are blowing
The cigarette smoke from our eyes

You'll hear beautiful melodies played by an old water mill
And a little red barn is spinning a yarn to the daffodils up on
the hill

Oh there's nothing as gay as a day in the country
Far from the maddening throng
A hobo hobnobbing with bluebird and robin
We warble a merry old song
And go roly oh roly oh roly oh roly oh rolling along

(Oh there's nothing as gay as a day in the country)
(Under the wonderful skies)
(For a city bred feller a field of yeller)
(Is quite a delightful surprise)

(Oh you don't have to pay for a day in the country)
(It's old mother nature who buys)
(And while we keep going the breezes keep blowing)
(The cigarette smoke from our eyes)

How I envy the fellas that live by a shady old nook
And cute little guy who's casting a fly at a trout leaping out
of a brook

Oh there's nothing as gay as a day in the country
Far from the maddening throng
Just grab a valise full and go where it's peaceful
And try vocalizing a song
(Both) While you're roly oh roly oh roly oh roly oh roly o
h roly oh rolling along