

Me and You and a Dog Named Boo

Perry Como

I remember to this day,
the bright red Georgia clay,
how it stuck to the tires after the summer rain . . .
Will-power made that ol' car go,
a woman's mind told me that it's so,
Oh! how I wish we were back on the road again . . .

Me an' you an' a dog named Boo,
travelin' and livin' off the land . . .
Me an' you an' a dog named Boo,
How I loved bein' a free man . . .

I can still recall,
the wheat fields of St. Paul,
and the mornin' we got caught robbin' from an old hen . . .
Old MacDonald, he made us work,
but then he paid us for what it was worth,
another tank of gas an' back on the road again . . .

Well, I'll never forget that day,
we motored stately into Big L.A.
the lights of the city put settling-down in my brain . . .
Though it's only a month or so,
that ol' car is a buggin' us to go,
you gotta get away,
get back on the road again . . .