

A Day In The Country

Tom Paxton

The dogs are singing
The cottonwood cathedral carries their song
The pure deep joy of the hunt bears them along
Up ahead the rabbit prepares to steer them wrong
A fine arrangement
A day in the country
The song is changing
Something in the music appeals to me
A minor note creeps in and changes the key
Now the dogs are sounding lost and all at sea
So much for winning
A day in the country
I stand there listening
Suddenly the rabbit comes into view
He looks as if to say, how do you do
I swear he chuckles as he scurries through
Top of the mornin'
A day in the country
The dogs are sleepin'
There in the back seat curled up in a ball
That wily rabbit left them feeling small
But in their dreams they catch him after all
A fine arrangement
A day in the country
A fine arrangement
A day in the country