

## City Boy, Country Born

Bobby Bare

I look out on the grey of New York City  
To see some children playing in the snow  
Central Park in winter should look pretty  
But New York ain't a place for kids to grow

And my memory takes me back again to winters that I've seen  
Fields and wooded hills where snow could fall and keep it's clean  
Where I'd wake unto the wonder of the West Virginia morn  
City boy  
Country born

And I watch the garbage scows plow up the river  
Filled with things New Yorkers throw away  
I watch the skinny dipping children and I shiver  
Lord, that Hudson River ain't no place to play

And my memory takes me back again to rivers that I've seen

Lazy country rivers that just flow and feed the green  
You can fish 'em, you can drink 'em, you can swim 'em when your warm  
City boy  
Country born

And I see the heart of New York City mothers  
As they hurry home across the Brooklyn Bridge  
To feed their children dixie cups of instant coffee  
And frozen TV dinners front the fridge  
And my memory takes me back again to dinners that I've seen  
Home cured crispy bacon, buttered corn and country beans  
And a cup of mama's coffee, cooking stoves that kept me warm  
City boy  
Country born