

Take Me To The Tundra

Keller Williams

Summertime in Virginia,
it's sticky as sticky can be.
It's liveable with the climate-control,
of course, that's for a fee.
It was tougher back in the olden days,
back before the air-condition craze,
alls I can say is... better them than me.

Stanky 'ol Ramona,
stanky as stanky can get,
workin' at the roadside vegetable stand
over in the northern neck.
She would beg to differ,
she'd say it's fine in the shade.
But I would rather shiver,
than sweat my ass to the grave.

So, take me to the Tundra
so I can see my breath,
where icicles drip right from my nose
in a desolate frozen valley of death.
I'm tired of bein' soaking wet,
tired of this rash I get.
Take me to the Tundra
so I can see my breath.

Sweat stains on the car-seat,
sweat stains on my shirt,
sweat stains on the seat of my pants
mixed-in with Virginia dirt.
Heat like this brings ya to your knees,
hallucinate to the deep-freeze,
pray to the higher power
for a little breeze.

It was hotter than hell
when Satan himself
come up the other day.
With red-pointed perspiration pourin',
he looked at me as if to say:
"Well, how in the heaven can you deal?
With this heat like this I don't care to feel.
I'm goin' home, back down the road to hell."

Well, I reckon I should build me a swimming-pool
and have it attached to me,
so I can walk around all day long
and be as cool as one man can be.
But, I would probably shrivel,
lemme tell ya, brother, that ain't right.
Maybe we should just sleep all day,
and live our lives at night.