

Hey! Hey!

Ray Charles

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Down on the farm we used to work all day,
But since the radio, we shirk all day.
All the hicks, down in the sticks, are gay.
Church organ music used to fill the air;
Now hosty-tosty rhythms thrill the air.
We reap and sow while saxes blow-away.
Out in the field we let the radio stand.
Plowing is grand in time to the band.
Now that the radio is ruling the land
We hear the groans of saxophones.
It isn't toil to till the soil.
All of the country girls in drab away
Do all the dances of the cabaret
And so the rube is not a boob today.