

I Want to Live in the Country

Raised in the gold country
 Sunkissed grass so crunchy
 Surrounded by cows and oaks
 Scenery so perfect
 God painting with brush strokes

Beauty so profound
 People come in from out of town
 To admire our rolling hills
 Dotted with old windmills

They come to boat and camp
 They laugh and they chant
 About how beautiful it is here
 They say, "why not have a beer?"

Cans of beer by the fire
 Discarded without desire
 Left to float downstream
 For local people to clean

They come back again and again
 And when I'm at my wits end
 They bring a trailer full of trash
 And it all falls out with a crash

As they go
 Little did they know
 That towing chains
 Spark flames
 That tower in the sky
 Making the hillside die

We shouldn't live in a society
 Where cans are littered with impropriety
 Or where the livestock have to flee
 Because they walk away with glee
 After setting fire to our lands
 While we walk with firehose in hand

I want to live in the country
 Where the grass is naturally crunchy
 I want to paint the cows and the oaks
 With my small brushstrokes
 People litter so crudely
 But I want to preserve the beauty
 Of our gorgeous land