Country's Calling

City sound slaps me around
Screaming of siren's getting me down
I need to go where the air is clear
Nothing but sweet bird songs in my ear

Eh, years ago i left tupelo
Went to where the wannabees go
City of people swirling by
Saying, "never growing old-
Never gonna die!"

(chorus)
Country's calling quietly
Whispering, "come on home" to me
Offering serenity
Country's calling quietly

Life is rich when you're twenty-five
Find your niche and you feel alive
But city grits don't taste the same
Time to go back from whence i came

City dreams, city schemes
How inviting country life seems
I need to go where the air is clear
Nothing but the sweetest sounds in my ear

(chorus)

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