

## The Straight Life

Bobby Goldsboro

Sometimes I imagine myself as a drifter,  
Seeker of fortunes, connoisseur of great wines.  
Dashing through meadows of yellow and green,  
Trying to catch the impossible dream,  
Leaving the straight life behind.

Sometimes my thoughts may find me in Mexico,  
Drinking tequila going out of my mind.  
Having a ball on a couple 'a bob,  
Treating the ladies to corn on the cob,  
Leaving the straight life behind.

Suddenly all my silly thoughts disappear,  
She comes to me softly with crackers and beer,  
Winking and blinking and blowing in my ear,  
Running away with my mind.

It's great to be in love, I'm not really thinking of  
Leaving the straight life behind  
I'm just playing a game in my mind.  
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Once in a while in my mind I go bumming,  
Going to nowhere, with no worry of time  
Running along chasing after a train,  
Humming a song in the sun and the rain,  
Leaving the straight life behind.

I can just see me on a tropical island,  
Riding the surf and drinking coconut wine.  
Having me fun with golden girls in the sand,  
Chasing the sun through an innocent land,  
Leaving the straight life behind.

Suddenly all my silly thoughts disappear,  
She comes to me softly with crackers and beer,  
Winking and blinking and blowing in my ear,  
Running away with my mind.

It's great to be in love, I'm not really thinking of  
Leaving the straight life behind,  
I'm just playing a game in my mind.

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