

A Place in the Country

George Jones

For thirty some odd years he faced a grinder in the city,
Hustlin' day in day out just tryin' to survive,
He bought his wife the finer things,
And sent his kids to collage,
That always took what little bit he tried to put aside,

But thru it all he had one thing
That seemed to keep him going,
A dream that someday he could leave this city life behind,
I watched his hair turn thin and gray,
But his dream never faded,
He told me all about it at least a thousand times.

He always wanted, a place out in the country,
Where the birds sing, in the morning,
And the grass is emerald green,
A place where, he could feel the mornin' sunshine,
And sit out in the evenin',
Where the air is, fresh and clean.

It took lots of overtime to keep his wife up with the jonses,
And more to get his son out of his run-ins with the law,
The more it took the more he gave, never once complaining,
I don't know how he ever stood the pressure of it all.

I never thought he'd make it, but he finally left the city,
And now he's got that special little place to call his own,
Today I took a ride out in the country just to see him,
It wasn't hard to find because his name was on the stone.

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