

## Dry County

The B-52's

It's one of those lazy days  
I've got nothing to do  
Let the wind blow round my head  
Let a cloud be my bed  
When the blues whomp you up on the side of the head  
Throw 'em to the floor and kick 'em out the door  
When the blues kick you in the head  
And you roll out of bed in the morning  
Just sit on the porch and swing  
Sit on the porch and swing

The heat of the day's got me in a haze  
Those lazy days of summer are here

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Throw 'em to the floor and kick 'em out the door  
When the blues kick you in the head  
And you roll out of bed in the morning  
Just sit on the porch and swing  
Sit on the porch and swing

Just let the breezes flow,  
Through your mind,  
I feel so fine

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Throw 'em to the floor and kick 'em out the door  
When the blues kick you in the head  
And you roll out of bed in the morning  
Just sit on the porch and swing  
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Here come the girls up the road  
What they want to do they can't do  
Cause it's a... Dry County

Kicking stones and laughing low  
Nowhere to go. It's a dry, dry, such a dry, dry,  
Dust devils blowing in your hair but what do you care  
When there's nowhere to go  
It's a dry, dry, county