

Goin' Back to the Country

The Magnetic Fields

I'm going back to the country
City life's too slow
I'm sick of that 120 BPM punk and disco
I'm doing a one-eighty
Break out the fiddle tunes
I'm still that fair folk lady howling up at the moons

And I'm gonna fly back to Wyoming
And never more my friends I'll go a-roaming
I'm gonna fly back to Laramie
Let Laramie take care of me till they bury me

I'm going back to the country
The big city's too small
I don't need more than one tree house but there's none at all
I'm hanging up the tire swing
A hammock in the yard
I'll hear an angel choir sing as I wing countryward

And I'm gonna find me a country boy
And have a couple country kids, Leanne and Leroy
And we're gonna wind down those country roads
And sing and play the dulcimer till this world explodes