

Country Roads

I like old country roads, meandering quietly along
Old billboard signs, sagging barns, and rustic fences
Soft, puffy clouds, under an azure sky,
Old general stores with a lone gas pump
And weathered mailboxes atop an old stump.

I like old country roads and single-lane bridges
Where — like as not — the drivers stop to chat
Then, the latest news exchanged, they go their way,
While the cattle in the field munch at the hay.

I like old country roads and their crossroads, too
And quaint country inns where one can stay
For a day or a week or even more
While one can browse at a local antique store.

I like old country roads and shady trees
Overhanging the road and over small streams.
These scenes I store away for the times
I want to call them back from my dreams.

I like old country roads and abandoned old fields
Where the quail hide and the rabbits play
At night under the full of the moon.
Where the hawks seek the unwary mouse
And the thistle and goldenrod bloom.

I like old country roads, far from the city,
An open car with a lady by my side,
A picnic basket, some cheese and some wine
And the soft sweet smell of the honeysuckle vine.

Yes, I like old country roads and the chance
To come upon a lovely scene of which
Those in the city do not see or understand
It's all their loss and all my gain.