

Me and You and a Dog Named Boo

Lobo

I remember to this day
The bright red Georgia clay
And how it stuck to the tires
After the summer rain
Will power made that old car go
A woman's mind told me that so
Oh how I wish
We were back on the road again
Me and you and a dog named boo
Travellin' and livin' off the land
Me and you and a dog named boo
How I love being a free man
I can still recall
The wheat fields of St. Paul
And the morning we got caught
Robbing from an old hen
Old McDonald he made us work
But then he paid us for what it was worth
Another tank of gas
And back on the road again
I'll never forget the day
We motored stately into big L.A.
The lights of the city put settlin'
Down in my brain
Though it's only been a month or so
That old car's buggin' us to go
We've gotta get away and get back on
The road again

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