

HOLD ON – SLOW DOWN

Words & Music: Inga Rumpf

Hold on – slow down
Go to the countryside, out of town
Hold on - slow down
Go to the countryside, out of town
Come on, baby, take off your shoes
Walk around in a garden and get off the city blues

I know what I'm talking about, I've been a city bitch
Never thought that I could ever switch
From town to town I was raving fast
Dressed in style but burned out at last
And when my world turned upside down
I said: "Hey – no more fooling around!"

Hold on – slow down
There's the countryside out of town
Hold on - slow down
There's the countryside out of town
I took off my high heel shoes
Walked around in a garden and got off the city blues

Now all my friends come to visit me
They wonder how easy country life can be
Picking up apples, plums and pears
They lay in my chair and yell in my ears
After two days I'm sick and tired -
Ready for the country side



Hold on – slow down
You're in the countryside - not in town
Hold on - slow down
You're in the countryside - not in town
Come on, baby, take off your shoes
Walk around in a garden and get off the city blues

In these days everybody wants a horse
Not for farmwork, for fun of course
People are coming every day
Picking up apples in another way
They don't have time for a horseback ride
Those nags are getting fat, stubborn and tired

Hold on – slow down
You're in the countryside - not in town
Hold on - slow down
You're in the countryside - not in town
Come on, baby, take off your shoes
Walk around in a garden and get off the city blues
Oh Yeah! Ooh! All right!