

Dinah Shore, Buttons And Bows

(Spoken:) A western ranch is just a branch of Nowhere Junction to me.

Give me the city where living's pretty and the gals wear finery.

East is east and west is west

And the wrong one I have chose

Let's go where I'll keep on wearin'

Those frills and flowers and buttons and bows

Rings and things and buttons and bows

Don't bury me in this prairie

Take me where the cement grows

Let's move down to some big town

Where they love a gal by the cut o' her clothes

And I'll stand out

In buttons and bows

I'll love you in buckskin

Or skirts that I've homespun

But I'll love ya' longer, stronger where

Yer friends don't tote a gun

My bones denounce the buckboard bounce

And the cactus hurts my toes

Let's vamoose where gals keep usin'

Those silks and satins and linen that shows

And I'm all yours in buttons and bows

Gimme eastern trimmin' where women are women

In high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes

And French perfume that rocks the room

And I'm all yours in buttons and bows