

Hank Snow, Texas Plains

Down in my dreams somehow it seems that I'm back where I belong
Just a country hick way back in the stick back where I was born
Cause the city lights and the city ways are drivin' me insane
I wanna be alone I wanna be back home out on the Texas plains
I wanna drink my java from an old tin can while the moon comes shinin' high
I wanna hear the call of a whippoorwill I wanna hear a coyote whine
I wanna feel my saddle horse between my legs just riding him out on the range
Just to kick him in the sides let him show his step and pride out on the Texas plains

I wanna hear the thunder as it goes and rolls I wanna feel the rain in my face
Just a thousand miles from the city lights living a cowboy ways
I wanna sleep at night beneath the stars above with that whole moon shinin' down
I wanna cook my grabbel with catfish skulls fifty miles from town
I wanna drink my java...

Sometime soon I'm goin' back back where the skies are blue
In a little house just built for two back where my dreams come true
Well I'm tired of subways and the forty storey shacks
I'm tradin' the wide open range
I wanna go back please take me back out on the Texas plains
I wanna drink my java...