

Visqueen, Houston

You buy her everything
A bracelet diamond ring
A tennis date with brad and kelly
But she fudged on the card, down cowboy boulevard
The rodeo's in town and selling

Your money's in the trade
A fortune to be made
A dream that you will soon wake up from

Houston feels so low

Her calves against the bar
Housekeeper took the car
And pool house rules can't keep your cloths on
The ranch house rattlesnakes will pray you soul to take
Black cadillac with white-walled wheels on

The saddle sores are real, more cactus fruit to peel
As san antone feels yellow rosy

Houston feels so low

The bulk of his estate
Is sifted through probate
Iced relatives talk over bourbon
The benefactor falls
A hidden mistress calls
As grandmother adjusts her turban

Last will and testament
To leave in the event
I hit the lights on grand old opry

Houston feels so low