

Bill Anderson, Sweet Texas

How did a cowboy in rough outs and wranglers end up in New York alone
When does the next plane take off for Dallas sweet Texas I'm coming home
For the love of my homeland is deeper than even the cold snow that lies at my feet
There's a big rodeo out in San Angelo somebody save me a seat
So poor me a cool one play Ernest Tubb on the jukebox sweet Texas
Bathe me with sunshine sing San Antonio Rose sweet Texas
Talk to me gently for you are a lady sweet Texas
You're a woman and a lover and home to my wandering soul sweet Texas

My baby's in Houston and she's waitin' for me and I'm telegraphin' the fare
Tonight we'll have tacos and hot angelottas and a tall glass of cold Texas beer
And I'm gonna hold her and waltz across Texas till the moon and the stars disappear
And the next time the man says go north for your fortune
I'll tell him my fortune's right here
So poor me a cool one...