## 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...