

Bonepony, East Texas Rhythm

Well the White Oak bottom's too hot right now
It's cooler in the morning time
That's when my boots get good and muddy checking out the old trot line
I caught sixteen channel cat
Cooked 'em in a black iron pan
Momma had a bowl of Campbell's soup
Cause she never did understand
She don't understand

You can take the blacktop road just north of here
It'll lead you to the Piney Church
On a Sunday morning everybody comes to take a little time to worship
When the whole church starts to singing
You can here it ringing out across the land
Telling everybody the good news
How the Kingdoms close at hand
Yes it's close

When church gets good and over we're gonna take off our Sunday clothes
Kin folks are gona come over I'm making sure everybody knows
To bring something for the table so we got plenty enough to eat
We'll pause to thank the good Lord for the famine and the feast

East Texas Rhythm flows soft and sweet
Like cane syrup pours from a can
A tempo familiar a cracked weathered beat
Like leather rubbed smooth with your hand
East Texas Rhythm you've colored my heart
As blue as the sky up above
And the melody that's whispered sighs underneath
That country road rhythm that sticky black cadence of home
Take me back