

Clay Walker, Boogie Till The Cows Come Home

I'm gonna polish my best boots
I'm gonna put on my best hat
I'm gonna drive on down to the dancehall
That sits by the railroad tracks
Well the band there mixes fiddles
With a wailing saxophone
And when they play that swing it only means one thing
You're gonna boogie till the cows come home
There's a wood stove in the corner
There's saw dust on the floor
They've got a flashing neon Lone Star sign
Hangin' by the door
All they sell is beer and setups
So you'll have to bring your own
But when they play that swing it only means one thing
You're gonna boogie till the cows come home
"Faded love" and "Milk Cow Blues"
"The Oklahoma Stomp" and "Born To Lose"
Tip your hat to "The Rose of San Antone"
Here we go with the "Cotton Eyed Joe"
We're gonna boogie till the cows come home
It's an old southwest tradition
And a guaranteed good time
There's people of all ages here
From one to ninety-nine
Even if you show up by yourself
You don't have to be alone
'Cause when they play that swing it only means one thing
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