

George Strait, Home In San Antone

Haven't got a worry
Haven't got a care
I haven't got a thing to call my own
Though I'm out of money
I'm a millionaire
I still have my home in San Antone
When I greet my neighbor with a "hi y'all"
I'm wealthy as a king upon a throne
You can have your mansion or your cottage small
I'll just take my home in San Antone

Traveling around the country
On my merry way
I've been to crowds and felt I was alone
But when I feel like braggin'
I just up and say
I'm a native son of San Antone

There's a sweet somebody by the Alamo
Someday she's going to be my very own
And we'll buy a high chair in a year or so
For our little home in San Antone