

Pat Green, Songs About Texas

I sing songs about Texas,
I sing them often as if she were some old lover,
I used to know,
I wish I could follow them back to the homeland every time I hear
one on my radio.
Twin fiddles playing in my memory,
my daddy sang the wonders of old cow town,
silver haired and he's still there under a sky so warm and fair, I tell you friends there's a song in every
So sing me one more song about old San Antone, it seems like a dream now it was so long ago, Je
Well it's nothing short of the gospel hymns,
I guess that's why folks keep writing 'em when I die,
I want to go there too,
some day I hope to walk along heaven's street and I'll still be looking for my taco meat and I swear
So sing me one more song about old San Antone, it seems like a dream now it was so long ago, ar
When the night is real real still,
I swear I could hear a whippoorwill,
she knows there's music in the dirt down there,
hill country rain is a cleansing thing and all I have to see one, sitting in a shallow creek got nothing
So sing me one more song about old San Antone, it seems like a dream now it was so long ago, Je
So sing me one more song about those dusty plains, them honky tonk angels, and their lonely beel