

Ray Charles, Way Out West (On West End Avenue)

I'd travel the plains.
In mountain streams I'd paddle.
Over the Rockies I would trail.
I'd hark to the strains
Of cowboys in the saddle-
Not very musical but male.
I've roamed o'er the range with the herd,
Where seldom is heard an intelligent word.

Git along, little taxi, you can keep the change.
I'm riding home to my kitchen range
Way out west on West End Avenue.
Oh, I love to listen to the wagon wheels
That bring the milk that your neighbor steals
Way out west on West End Avenue.
Keep all your mountains
And your lone prairie so pretty,
Give me the fountains
That go wring at Rodeo City.
I would trade your famous deer and antelope
For one tall beer and a cantaloupe
Way out west on West End Avenue.
Yippee-aye-ay!