

Stan Freberg, Yellow Rose of Texas

Note: Stan Freberg's voice is indicated by F and the chorus by C

F: Nobody else could miss her

Not half as much as me

She cried so when I - pardon me

That's just a shade loud on the snare drum

C: She's the sweetest little rosebud

That Texas ever knew

Her eyes are bright as diamonds

They sparkle like the dew

F: See now you covered up sparkle like the dew

One of the loveliest parts in the whole -

C: Texas is the only girl for me

INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDE

F: He covered up the piccallos there

Where the Rio Grand is - (snare drum drowns out)

Where the Rio (snare drum)

Where (snare drum)

W - (snare drum)

See my feeling is while I love a good snare drum, I feel that volume wise it's just a little too much what you're doing there.

See? See, see what I mean? Now you try and hold it there.

I appreciate it.

Where the Rio Grand (I appreciate it)

Where the Rio Grand is flowing

And starry skies (that's better)

She walks along the river

On the quiet (oh that's so much better)

I know that she remembers

When we parted long ago

(You know that there's just a world of difference, oh mercy)

C: She's the sweetest little rosebud

That Texas ever knew

Her eyes are bright as diamonds

They sparkle like the dew

F: See you're slipping back into your old habits again.

Why do you do that. Why do you -

C: Texas is the only girl for me!

F: I love a good snare drum but - hold it hold it hold it.

People people let's go back there the snare drummer

covered up the tra-la-las. We just do it again, smart aleck.

C: Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

F: You see how lovely that turned out? Now that's a darling part.

OK banjo...yug-dugga-dugga. That's purty. That's purty.

Oh now I'm gonna (that's purty)

For my heart is full of woe

We'll do the things together

We did so long ago

We'll play the banjo gaily

She'll love me like (banjo drowns out)

Excuse me, you ain't any kin to the snare drummer, are you?

C: She's the sweetest little rosebud

That Texas ever knew

F: Why do you do that? Why do you burst out like that? It irritates me.

That irritates me. That irritates me, that's all.

But the yellow rose of Texas -

HOLD ON! HOLD ON! Hold on you smart aleck Yankee drummer you!

You can cover up rose, you can cover up yellow, Buddy,

but don't you cover up TEXAS! Or I'll stick your head through that

cotton-pickin snare drum and secede from the band so help me

Mitch Miller I will!

C: And the yellow rose of Texas will be mine forever more

F: Cut it off there. The record's over, you idiot. Stop it,

stop it I say. Just stop it, stop it. I'm getting out of here
(Door slamming). He ruined the ending, one of the loveliest parts
in the whole (opens door, drummer still pounding away, slams door)
piece!