

The Kingston Trio, Texas Across The River

Texas across the river where my wandrin' days I'll bid goodbye.
Just the sound of Texas gets me "boom" in the solar plexus
It's enough to make a grown man cry.

Texas across the river. Don't need signs to tell you where you're at.
Ain't a trace of shade there. Think the only real shade that's made there,
Is the shade that's underneath your hat.

Texas across the river. Texas, I never will roam.
Texas, calling Texas my home!