Zona Jones, House Of Negotiable Affections

The house stood on the outskirts of an old ghost town I brushed aside the cobwebs, walked in and looked around I found a dusty diary beside a worn out bed Dated 1882 and this is what it said

This town has seven blacksmiths, twenty-five saloons Thirty-seven churches, and two-hundred hotel rooms More Longhorn Texas cattle than I have ever seen And the finest little cathouse this side of New Orleans

In the House of Negotiable Affections Every cowboy is as special as the next one All the ladies are so lovely with their painted on complexions At the House of Negotiable Affections

From Kansas down to Texas is a long and tiresome course And a cowboy needs more comfort than sidekick and a horse So he'll climb that spiral staircase to a dim lit little room Where he'll touch those red silk stockings and smell that sweet perfume

In the House of Negotiable Affections There's Kansans and Nebraskans and there's Texans Lookin' up at the ceilin', laughin' at their own reflections In the House of Negotiable Affections

I closed that dusty diary and laid it on the shelf Then all at once the bedsprings started squeakin' by themselves When I saw her ghostly figure, I nearly died of fright She said for half a dollar you can stay with me all night

At the House of Negotiable Affections She was wearin' nothin' but a pale complexion I guess you might say I made a spiritual connection At the House of Negotiable Affections

There's a few old cowboy bones, but mostly ghostly apparitions In the House of Negotiable Affections