

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