

Texas Troubadour

Ernest Tubb

The New York City folks
Say I'm too country
The Grinny Village hippies
Call me square
But at the Long Horn barroom
Down in Dallas Texas
They call me
The Texas Troubadour there
My home state of Texas
You've been good to me
Your wide open spaces treat me fair
The girls are so much prettier
Down in Texas
They don't breathe
That New York City polluted air

The New York City sidewalks
Filled with people
Too busy to say hello to you there
With hearts as cold
As the concrete that they walk on
They sure could use
Some clean fresh Texas air
Now Texas folks don't judge you
Till they know you
And they don't judge you then
By what you wear
And you can feel at home
Anyplace in Texas
If you don't own a thing
Or if you're a millionaire
Now my home state of Texas