

## A Texas Cafe

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In every little town from Dalhart to Laredo  
There's a corner cafe' with an open sign in the window  
As soon as you walk in a waitress greets you with a grin  
And says make yourself feel right at home  
Old men sit at a booth telling tall tales and stretching the truth  
Bragging how bad the good ol' days used to be  
They're all too tired to plow besides their tractors are rusted now  
So they order hot apple pie with a cup of coffee

Some things will never change  
After all these years the menu is still the same  
Serving that sweet ice tea with a touch of southern hospitality  
So order yourself a taste of yesterday at a Texas Cafe'

There's a Wurlitzer jukebox full of old forty fives  
Playing three songs for a quarter or one for a dime  
The cook said he was a boy when it was brand new  
To him it seemed like yesterday but it was 1962

There was a family owned five and dime next door  
That could not compete with a chain discount store  
On the outskirts of town the drive in theater is shut down  
With a screen without a hero since Audie Murphy

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There are fields with no grain, railroad tracks with no train  
And an old courthouse with nobody left to blame  
Town square is boarded up and brick roads are worn down  
But the chicken fried steak special is still around

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