

So-so

Brooke Waggoner

I bought an old home in Del Rio
The status-quo stucco looked like the Alamo
Neighbor Jethro brought by his fresco
Lo and behold he showed where good neighbors abode

He offered tobacco to which I vetoed
I said I only smoke alone separate and solo
He wanted to know how I liked Del Rio
And if the lack of snow had made it all perfecto

And I replied...

Chorus:

Oh, why here it's so-so
but it is no, no Colorado
I miss my home and the cocoa
I wanna go home...

He helped me unload my piano
And then I played him oh a favorite concerto
He yelled profundo while I played allegro
And then he tip-tap-toed through my accelerandos

Gave him a banjo and said "strum what you know"
Then I pretended I was Dinos my old maestro
He kept in tempo and I said bravo
He picked the dearest notes that gave me thoughts of sweet hope

Oh....

Chorus

After the song show I offered jam & toast
He said he'd forego and he left to tend his young goats
So I unpacked soap, found my bathrobe
And decided it'd be nice to sit and soak

On the backbone of the commode
I placed a family photo then let out a sad moan
Then a new groan of hunger followed,
And I bought two tacos and an H2O to go

Yeh there is no place no, no place quite like your home
Yeh there's no place no, no place quite like your home

Chorus.