

Down In Texas

Calvin Russell

It's the land of soul
Rock and Roll
The home of the blues
Pure country too
It's the hallowed ground
All around

It's full of black hippies
Rednecks and Mexes
Most of my friends stay

Way way down in Texas

In the land of musical delight
Funky days and starry nights
Way down in the central south
That's still the land of Hush Yo Mouth
Brothers and the sisters too
They get down and boogaloo
The place is still way back to see
like the end of the nineteenth century

Rock and Roll
The home of the blues
Pure country too
It's the hallowed ground
All around

It's full of black hippies
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Down in Texas

We cannot afford no more
Of America's so-called
drug-war
Don't you think it's mighty queer
How they push cigarettes and beer
Afraid of herbs afraid of cid
His ego loves to hate his Id
It's too complex to catalog

I saw Onward Thru The Fog

Way way down
Down in Texas