

# Snake Boots

Conway Twitty

Well, I was working this joint in Dallas  
To make the payment on my car  
Just a weekend stand with a local band  
They had me playin' rhythm guitar.

Well, I was singin' some old cheatin' song  
When this blue-eyed blonde came by  
She said, I'm a table over in the corner  
Why don't you drop around and say hi  
So, I did.

Well, she was dressed like a million dollars  
But she was way up outta my class  
She whispered into my ear, honey I hear  
A honky tonk man moves fast.

All of the sudden my body went numb  
I had enough sense to see  
That everything I ever wanted in life  
Was coming to easy for me.

So I said, "Wait just a minute,  
Wait, just a cotton-pickin' minute."

You better not get caught in the desert  
Without your snake boots on  
You don't lay down on the railroad tracks  
'Til after the train is gone.

You don't swim out in deep water  
With your pockets full of stone  
You don't get caught in the desert, son,  
Without your snake boots on.

Well, she was quicker than a boy's good judgment  
So, we were headed for the parkin' lot  
When a guy in the band said, "Wait a minute, man  
Lord, are you crazy or what?"

"Well, ole big bad Tex is her lover  
And, he's terribly skilled with a knife  
He's real particular 'bout who rides his horse  
And, nobody fools with his wife."

So, I said, "Wait just a minute,  
Wait just a dang minute."

You better not get caught in the desert  
Without your snake boots on  
You don't lay down on the railroad tracks  
'Til after the train is gone.

You don't swim out in deep water  
With your pockets full of stone  
You don't get caught in the desert, nah,  
Without your snake boots on.

You don't get caught in the desert, son,  
Without your snake boots on.

Hey, watch out for that snake