

Lone Star Hotel

Guy Clark

The Lone Star Hotel Cafe is nothing but a dive,
And Florence Smith showed up there,
Lord every day at five
Florence was a waitress
Have I mentioned that before?
Serving beer to strangers and to some she'd seen before

Florence used to ride a little Apaloosa mare
In the barrel race at the rodeo with all that beehive hair
There's a picture of her on the wall, as you pay your check
Lord, didn't she look good back in nineteen fifty six?

I was lovin' Florence and she was ignorin' me
Florence had experience, it was the first time out for me
Lord, I tried to tell her, but the only words I found
Were "Give me greasy enchiladas and a beer to wash it down"

Florence quit the Lone Star Hotel, and never was seen again
And me, I quit west Texas, and I ain't been back since then
That was years ago, Lord, too many can I recall?
But I remember Florence and them pictures on the wall

So here's to you west Texas, you old rodeo queen
How I miss your beer joints and shuffle board machines
Here's to you west Texas, how I miss the smell
Of greasy enchiladas , at the old Lone Star Hotel