

Texas Plains

Hank Snow

Down in my dreams somehow it seems that I'm back where I belong
Just a country hick way back in the stick back where I was born
Cause the city lights and the city ways are drivin' me insane
I wanna be alone I wanna be back home out on the Texas plains
I wanna drink my java from an old tin can while the moon comes
shinin' high
I wanna hear the call of a whippoorwill I wanna hear a coyote w
hine
I wanna feel my saddle horse between my legs just riding him ou
t on the range
Just to kick him in the sides let him show his step and pride o
ut on the Texas plains

I wanna hear the thunder as it goes and rolls I wanna feel the
rain in my face
Just a thousand miles from the city lights living a cowboy ways
I wanna sleep at night beneath the stars above with that whole
moon shinin' down
I wanna cook my grabbel with catfish skulls fifty miles from to
wn
I wanna drink my java...

Sometime soon I'm goin' back back where the skies are blue
In a little house just built for two back where my dreams come
true
Well I'm tired of subways and the forty storey shacks
I'm tradin' the wide open range
I wanna go back please take me back out on the Texas plains
I wanna drink my java...