

# Choctaw Bingo

James McMurtry

Strap them kids in  
Give 'em a little bit of vodka in a cherry coke  
We're going to Oklahoma to the family reunion for the first time in years  
It's up at uncle Slayton's cause he's getting on in years  
You know he no longer travels but he's still pretty spry  
He's not much on talking and he's just too mean to die  
And they'll be comin' down from Kansas  
And from west Arkansas  
It'll be one great big old party like you never saw

Uncle Slayton's got his Texan pride  
Back in the thickets with his Asian bride  
He's got a Airstream trailer and a Holstein cow  
He still makes whiskey 'cause he still knows how  
He plats that Choctaw bingo every Friday night  
You know he had to leave Texas but he won't say why  
He owns a quarter section up by Lake Eufala  
Caught a great big ol' blue cat on a driftin' jug line  
Sells his hardwood timber to the shipping mill  
Cooks that crystal meth because the shine don't sell  
He cooks that crystal meth because the shine don't sell  
You know he likes his money he don't mind the smell

My cousin Roscoe Slayton's oldest boy from his second marriage up in Illinois  
He was raised in East St. Louis by his momma's people  
Where they do things different  
Thought he'd just come on down  
He was going to Dallas Texas in a semi truck called from that big McDonald's  
You know the one they built up on that great big ol' bridge  
Across the Will Rogers Turnpike  
Took the Big Cabin exit stopped and bought a couple of cartons of cigarettes  
At that Indian Smoke Shop with the big neon smoke rings  
In the Cherokee Nation hit Muskogee late that night  
Somebody ran a stoplight at the Shawnee Bypass  
Roscoe tried to miss 'em but he didn't quite

Bob and Mae come up from little town  
Way down by lake Texoma where he coaches football  
They were two A champions now for two years running  
But he says they won't be this year no they won't be this year  
And he stopped off in Tushka at that "Pop's Knife and Gun" place  
Bought a SKS rifle and a couple a full cases of that steel core ammo  
With the berdan primers from some East bloc nation that no longer needs 'em  
And a Desert Eagle that's one great big ol' pistol  
I mean .50 caliber made by bad ass Hebrews  
And some surplus tracers for that old BAR of Slayton's  
Soon as it gets dark we're gonna have us a time  
We're gonna have us a time

Ruth Ann and Lynn come down from Baxter Springs  
That's one hell raisin' town way up in Southeastern Kansas  
Got a biker bar next to the lingerie store  
That's got them Rolling Stones lips up there where everyone can see 'em  
And they burn all night you know they burn all night you know they burn all night

Ruth Ann and Lynn they wear them cut off britches and those skinny little h  
alters  
And they're second cousins to me  
Man I don't care I want to get between 'em  
With a great big ol' hard on like a old bois d' arc fence post  
You could hang a pipe rail gait from  
Do some twisted sisters 'til the cows come home  
And we'd be havin' us a time

Uncle Slayton's got his Texan pride  
Back in the thickets with his Asian bride  
He's cut that corner pasture into acre lots'  
He sells 'em owner financed  
Strictly to them that's got no kind of credit 'cCause he knows they're slack  
ers  
When they miss that payment  
Then he takes it back  
He plays that Choctaw Bingo every Friday night  
Drinks that Johnny Walker at that Club 69  
We're gonna strap them kids in give 'em a little bit o' Benadryl  
And a cherry coke we're goin' to Oklahoma Gonna have us a time