

## No Place But Texas

Willie Nelson

God painted the bluebonnets in the fields,  
By a tough little scrub oak, on an east Texas hill.  
And he plucked the star from a lone star sky,  
And he put it in the twinkle of a cowboy's eye.

The wide open spaces he made wild and free.  
Texas, as far as any eye can see;  
And he made her sons grow tough and strong.  
They still cry when they hear a sad song.

No place but Texas  
Would I ever roam.  
No place but Texas;  
My home, sweet home.  
No place but Texas;  
My home, sweet home.

When I die I hope they bury me  
By the Pedernales River, 'neath a white oak tree,  
Where I can see the longhorns graze  
And the cactus flowers blooming in the morning haze.

No place but Texas  
Would I ever roam.  
No place but Texas;  
My home, sweet home.  
No place but Texas;  
My home, sweet home.