

A3 "Yellow Rose"

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I know that a lot of you think that D. Wayne spends his time in recreational pursuits in front of the television,
But I've gotta tell you right now.
This man spends a lot of time in the upstairs room,
Are you familiar with God's fore tales of a preacher going into the upstairs room to make the prayer for his congregation?
Now we send D. Wayne up to the upstairs room,
like Moses up Mount Sinai,
he come back with this particular song…

Yellow rose of Texas growing down by the Alden tree Excursion in the morning, sun arising wild and free, in a newer golden whiffer, yes she put a spell on me. She told me she would take me, where the Johnson folk would trade, She carried gold and silver and the finest French brouquet.

I told her I got nothing, just my shoes and my old cap, She said 'Watch out when you're walking tonight, cause I seen them killed for much less'

Her hair was of the grassfeet silk, a medal of the velvet line.

Hung up on that horses mane, 67 bells on nine

We came upon a doctor, tried everything you like. She said 'Do you wanna get high?'
I said 'Well, I guess, alright'
If your having one, I'm getting one, and then I'll wait for three
By the time she left in the morning, there was nothing left for me.

Her hair was of the grassfeet silk, a medal of the velvet line.

Hung up on that horses mane, 67 bells on nine 67 bells on nine, 67 bells on nine 67 bells on nine

Went home got myself a horse, I had to rob to get it I carried myself a gun and I chased that woman across the desert When I came upon her; she fell down on her knees She says 'I know I took your shoes and hat but please don't shoot me, please' Well what do you want? You just left me there in that desperate one horse town. She said 'Can't help it D. W. it's in my nature, just like the frog and scorpion drown' I didn't know what she was talking about and I was just about to say She popped me with a little two-shot barrenger, and that was the end of me

Her hair was of the grassfeet silk, a medal of the velvet line.

Hung up on that horses mane, 67 bells on nine Her hair was of the grassfeet silk, a medal of the velvet line.

Hung up on that horses mane, 67 bells on nine

67 bells on nine [x11]

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