

Chris Edwards

"Boy From West Texas"

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He came from Monahans
That's in West Texas lands
Where the wind blows mournfully.
With a guitar a' strummin'
And a banjo that was frailin'.
He came around with a story or two to tell.

He hit the red brick streets
Down in a storied town,
Just the kind of place you'd want to hang around.

Sure as the sun does set,
And everything finds it's rest,
He had the songs to sing
Of life and of everything
That comes and goes along with it.

And with his stories to tell,
He hit those red brick streets
Down in a storied East Texas town,

So if you're passing through,
Just let the stories catch you.
And maybe tap your feet
On them red brick streets,
As the boy from West Texas plays his tune.
Yes, the boy from West Texas will pick his tune.

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