

Hank Snow "Texas Plains"

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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 whine

I wanna feel my saddle horse between my legs just
riding him out on the range

Just to kick him in the sides let him show his step and
pride out 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 town

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...

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