

Hank Snow

"The 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 sticks
Back where I was born.

All 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 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.

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 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...

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