

Jerry Jeff Walker

"Banks Of The Ol' Bandera"

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Rodney Crowell

On the banks of the ole Bandera runs a barefoot child
Takin' Sunday-go-to-meetin' shortcuts
He's out across those open fields, down those dusty
drives

The hills that wear blue bonnets, they look like a print
dressing gown
Thru the summer rains, that pur down like honey
They help make the mushrooms grow and that always
make the B-man dance
Once we ran barefoot through those clovers so wet with
dew
Like wild Comanches' crazy horses on the loose

Chorus:
Sometimes it feels like a song
Sometimes it makes me feel like it's gone
Now it all feels like a song

You can hear a screen door slammin', hey let's run a
foot race to the creek
Where you see clear down to the bottom of the deep
end
Dependin' on where you stand, how you look, and what
you want to see

Monkey vines, swimmin' holes - weren't they always
around the bend
And that rope we used to swing on, now it just hangs
tattered by the wind

Chorus

Down on the banks of the ole Bandera

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