

## **Browns**

### **"Buttons And Bows"**

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East is east and west is west  
And the wrong one I have chose  
Let's go where they keep on wearin'  
Those frills and flowers and buttons and bows  
Rings and things and buttons and bows.

Don't bury me in this prairie  
Take me where the cement grows  
Let's move down to some big town  
Where they love a gal by the cut o' your clothes  
And you'll stand out, In buttons and bows.

I'll love you in buckskin  
Or skirts that you've homespun  
But I'll love ya' longer, stronger where  
Yer friends don't tote a gun

My bones denounce the buckboard bounce  
And the cactus hurts my toes  
Let's vamoose where gals keep a-usin'  
Those silks and satins and linen that shows  
And I'm all yours in buttons and bows.

--- Instrumental ---

Gimme eastern trimmin' where women are women  
In high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes  
And French perfume that rocks the room  
And I'm all yours in buttons and bows.

Buttons and bows, buttons and bows...

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