

Bill Pekar

"Colors Are All The Same"

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She was born in College Station; her daddy had a
farmer's PHD
Her first steps were taken with the Corps on Kyle Field
When she graduated, she bought a maroon pick-up
truck
They celebrated down at the Dixie Chicken when she
opened her vet practice up

Now he was born Austin, his daddy had a store down
on the drag
Ever since the school had opened, relatives were
Longhorn grads
His room was painted orange, he was getting his
degree
In the band playing French horn, first row, second seat

Gig 'em Aggies, Hook 'em Horns
One side's maroon, the other, burnt orange

He saw her at a concert, way before Robert Earl Keen
She was wearin' an Aggie shirt, to him it didn't mean a
thing
He pushed his way on through the crowd like any ol'
hungry bull would do
When he was close enough he shouted, "Hey, mind if I
sit by you?"

She turned around and stared at him, couldn't believe
her eyes
He had a burnt orange jacket, Longhorns from side to
side
Well she looked again and took a chance, said "That's
OK with me"
Something in that second chance went beyond the
rivalry

When your eyes are closed and you're in the dark,
The colors are all the same
Just two beating hearts not playing any games

You can gig 'em, you can hook 'em
One thing'll never change

When your eyes are closed and you're in the dark,
The colors are all the same

When she went to meet his Mother, she was wearing a
cowboy hat
When they left they hugged each other, Mom said,
"You're always welcome back"
When she took him home to Daddy, she worried about
the ring in his ear
He was makin' pretty good money but his tattoo was
pretty clear

Well they decided to get married, bridesmaids wore
maroon
The ring bearer carried a burnt orange package to the
groom
Well the ring that he gave her was diamond mounted
on two thumbs
Sitting on a Longhorn cradle, cause when it's said and
done

When your eyes are closed and you're in the dark,
The colors are all the same
Just two beating hearts not playing any games
You can gig 'em, you can hook 'em

Now all they had to do was figure out where they're
gonna live
Well they flipped a coin and that is how she got her way
over his
Well they vacationed up in Kerrville, they went down to
the coast
Their first born they named Earl, you should have
heard them boast

Every year at Thanksgiving, Earl could take either side
All the birthday gifts he was given were hints they
couldn't hide
There were 12th man T-shirts and Longhorns of every
size
His first two words were, "Gig 'em Bevo", always
playing both sides

Gig 'em Aggies, Hook 'em Horns
One side's maroon, the other, burnt orange

When it came time to go to college, Earl didn't know
what to do
His Dad wanted him in Austin, his Mom in maroon
Well, the moral of this story, is if you listen to this song
Where do y'all think he went to college?, well, you just

might be wrong

Well he tried both universities and you don't have to
wonder how

He says with all sincerity...

"I'm a Southwest Texas Bobcat now!"

When your eyes are closed and you're in the dark,

The colors are all the same

Just two beating hearts not playing any games

You can gig 'em, you can hook 'em

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