

Brooke Waggoner

"So-So"

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I bought an old home in Del Rio
The status quo stucco looked like the Alamo
Neighbor Jethro brought by his fresco
Lo and behold he showed where good neighbors
abode

He offered to tobacco to which I vetoed
I said I only smoke alone separate and solo
He wanted to know how I liked Del Rio
And if the lack of snow had made it all perfecto

And I replied

Oh, why here it's so-so
But it is no, no Colorado
I miss my home and the cocoa
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home

He helped me unload my piano
And then I played him oh a favorite concerto
He yelled profundo while I played allegro
And then he tip-tap-toed through my accelerandos

Gave him a banjo and said strum what you know
Then I pretended I was Dinos my old maestro
He kept in tempo and I said bravo
He picked the dearest notes that gave me thoughts of
sweet hope

Oh, why here it's so-so
But it is no, no Colorado
I miss my home and the cocoa
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
I wanna go home

After the song show I offered jam and toast
He said he'd forgo and he left to tend his young goats
So I unpacked soap, found my bathrobe

And decided it'd be nice to sit and soak

On the backbone of the commode
I placed a family photo then let out a sad moan
Then a new groan of hunger followed
And I bought two tacos and an H2O to go

Yeah there is no place, no, no place quite like your
home
Yeah there's no place, no, no place quite like your
home

Oh, why here it's so-so
But it is no, no Colorado
I miss my home and the cocoa
I wanna go home

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