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The Tex-i-an Boys

The Tex-I-An Boys

Come along girls and listen to my noise
Don't you go and marry those Tex-i-an boys
If you do your fortune it will be
Johnny cake and ven-i-son and sassafrass tea.

When they come a-courting, I'll tell you what they wear:
An old leather coat all patched and bare,
An old straw hat more brim than crown,
And a pair of dirty socks they've wore the winter 'round,
A pair of dirty socks they've wore the winter 'round.

When he comes in, first thing you hear,
"Madam, has your daddy killed a deer?"
And the next thing he says when he sits down,
"Madam, the johnnycake's too damn brown,
Madam, the johnnycake's too damn brown."

They will take you out on a live-oak hill,
And love you there against your will.
Love you on the prairie and forget you on the plains,
For that is the way with the Tex-i-ans,
That is the way with the Tex-i-ans.

Brandy is brandy any way you mix it,
A Tex-i-an's a Tex-i-an any way you fix it.
When other good folks have all gone to bed,
The Devil is a-working in the Tex-i-an's head,
The Devil is a-working in the Tex-i-an's head!

From The Liberated Woman's Songbook, Silverman