

I'd Like To Be In Texas

Don Edwards

G G7 C G
In the lobby of a big hotel - in New York Town one day
A7 D7
Sat a bunch of fellows telling yarns - just to pass the time away
G G7 C G
They told of places where they'd been - and different things they'd seen
C G D7 G D7
Some preferred Chicago Town - while others New Orleans

G G7 C G
In a corner in an old armchair sat a man whose hair was gray
A7 D7
He sat and listened eagerly - to what they had to say
G G7 C G
They asked him where he'd like to be - his clear old voice did ring
C G D7 G
Id like to be in Texas when - they round up in the spring

C G
I can see the cattle grazing - o'er the hills - at early morn
C G D D7
I can see the campfires smoking - at the breaking of the dawn
G G7 C G
I can hear the bronco's neighing - I can hear the cowboy sing
C G D7 G D7
Id like to be in Texas when - they round up in the spring

G G7 C G
They sat and listened carefully - to what he had to say
A7 D7
They knew the old man sitting there - had been a top hand - in his day
G G7 C G
So they asked him - for a story - of his life out on the plains
C G D7 G D7
Slowly he removed his hat - and quietly began

G G7 C G
I've seen 'em stampede o'er the hills till you'd think they'd never stop

A7 D7
I've seen 'em run for miles and miles - until their leaders dropped

G G7 C G
I was a foreman of a cow ranch, ohh the calling of a king

C G D7 G
I'd like to be in Texas when - they round up in the spring

Break - C-G-D-G---D7

G G7 C G
Now there's a place - in sunny Texas - where Molly Demming sleeps

A7 D7
Beneath a grove of mossy liboks - a constant vigil keeps

G G7 C G
And in my heart - a recollection of a long long bygone day

C G D7 G D7
When we rode the range together - like true en kids astray

G G7 C G
Now her gentle spirit calls me - in the watches of the night

A7 D7
And I hear her laughter freshening, the dew of early light

G C G
Cuz I was foreman of a cow ranch oh the calling of a king

C G D7 G
I'd like to be in Texas when - they round up in the spring

C G
I'd like to sleep - my last long sleep - with mother earth for bed

C G D7
And my saddle for a pillow - and the bright stars overhead

G G7 C G
Then I could hear - the last stampedes the songs of rivers sing

C G D7 G C G D7 G
Way back down in Texas when - they roundup in the spring