

A Texas Cafe

Aaron Watson

In every little town from Dalhart to Laredo
There's a corner cafe' with an open sign in the window
As soon as you walk in a waitress greets you with a grin
And says make yourself feel right at home
Old men sit at a booth telling tall tales and stretching the truth
Bragging how bad the good ol' days used to be
They're all too tired to plow besides their tractors are rusted now
So they order hot apple pie with a cup of coffee

Some things will never change
After all these years the menu is still the same
Serving that sweet ice tea with a touch of southern hospitality
So order yourself a taste of yesterday at a Texas Cafe'

There's a Wurlitzer jukebox full of old forty fives
Playing three songs for a quarter or one for a dime
The cook said he was a boy when it was brand new
To him it seemed like yesterday but it was 1962

There was a family owned five and dime next door
That could not compete with a chain discount store
On the outskirts of town the drive in theater is shut down
With a screen without a hero since Audie Murphy

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There are fields with no grain, railroad tracks with no train
And an old courthouse with nobody left to blame
Town square is boarded up and brick roads are worn down
But the chicken fried steak special is still around

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