

## Dance With Who Brung You

Asleep At The Wheel

Oh those fiddles there, ay Charlie  
You got to dance with who brung you  
Swing with who swung you  
Don't be a fickle fool  
And you came here with a gal, who's always been your pal  
Don't you leave her for the first unattached girl, it just ain't cool  
You got to dance with who brung you  
Swing with who swung you  
Life ain't no forty-yard dash  
Be in it for the long run  
In the long run you'll have more fun  
If you dance with who brung you to the bash  
I had a friend in Texas  
He really had some style  
He sang that good old Western Swing and drove 'em wild, wild, wild  
And when the talent scout from Vegas said  
"Boy, press and sing this way"  
And in one short year he was broke in L.A  
You got to dance with who brung you  
Swing with who swung you  
Life ain't no forty-yard dash  
Be in it for the long run  
In the long run you'll have more fun  
If you dance with who brung you to the bash (everybody)  
Why, it's the South Austin Symphony Orchestra  
You gotta be real careful what you wish for  
'Cause you just might get  
The whole darn thing  
Be sure what you want is really something you can use  
Or you might wind up out there  
Singing the Blues  
You got to dance with who brung you  
Swing with who swung you  
Life ain't no forty-yard dash  
Be in it for the long run  
In the long run you'll have more fun  
If you dance with who brung you  
Swing with who swung you  
Dance with who brung you to the bash  
This song is dedicated to man's best friend  
The chicken  
'Cause there ain't nobody here but us chickens