

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