

Snake Boots

Conway Twitty

Well, I was working this joint in Dallas
To make the payment on my car
Just a weekend stand with a local band
They had me playin' rhythm guitar.

Well, I was singin' some old cheatin' song
When this blue-eyed blonde came by
She said, I'm a table over in the corner
Why don't you drop around and say hi
So, I did.

Well, she was dressed like a million dollars
But she was way up outta my class
She whispered into my ear, honey I hear
A honky tonk man moves fast.

All of the sudden my body went numb
I had enough sense to see
That everything I ever wanted in life
Was coming to easy for me.

So I said, "Wait just a minute,
Wait, just a cotton-pickin' minute."

You better not get caught in the desert
Without your snake boots on
You don't lay down on the railroad tracks
'Til after the train is gone.

You don't swim out in deep water
With your pockets full of stone
You don't get caught in the desert, son,
Without your snake boots on.

Well, she was quicker than a boy's good judgment
So, we were headed for the parkin' lot
When a guy in the band said, "Wait a minute, man
Lord, are you crazy or what?"

"Well, ole big bad Tex is her lover
And, he's terribly skilled with a knife
He's real particular 'bout who rides his horse
And, nobody fools with his wife."

So, I said, "Wait just a minute,
Wait just a dang minute."

You better not get caught in the desert
Without your snake boots on
You don't lay down on the railroad tracks
'Til after the train is gone.

You don't swim out in deep water
With your pockets full of stone
You don't get caught in the desert, nah,
Without your snake boots on.

You don't get caught in the desert, son,
Without your snake boots on.

Hey, watch out for that snake