

Buttons And Bows

Gene Autry

East is east and west is west
And the wrong one I have chose
Let's go where I'll keep on wearin'
Those frills and flowers and buttons and bows
Rings and things and buttons and bows

Don't bury me in this prairie
Take me where the cement grows
Let's move down to some big town
Where they love a gal by the cut o' her clothes
And I'll stand out in buttons and bows

I'll love you in buckskin
Or skirts that I've homespun
But I'll love ya' longer, stronger where
Yer friends don't tote a gun
My bones denounce the buckboard bounce
And the cactus hurts my toes
Let's vamoose where gals keep usin'
Those silks and satins and linen that shows
And I'm all yours in buttons and bows

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Gimme eastern trimmin' where women are women
With French perfume that rocks the room
High silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes
You're all mine and I'm all yours in buttons
Buttons
Buttons and bows
Buttons and bows
Buttons and bows