

## Texas Plains

Hank Snow

Down in my dreams somehow it seems that I'm back where I belong  
Just a country hick way back in the stick back where I was born  
Cause the city lights and the city ways are drivin' me insane  
I wanna be alone I wanna be back home out on the Texas plains  
I wanna drink my java from an old tin can while the moon comes  
shinin' high  
I wanna hear the call of a whippoorwill I wanna hear a coyote w  
hine  
I wanna feel my saddle horse between my legs just riding him ou  
t on the range  
Just to kick him in the sides let him show his step and pride o  
ut on the Texas plains

I wanna hear the thunder as it goes and rolls I wanna feel the  
rain in my face  
Just a thousand miles from the city lights living a cowboy ways  
I wanna sleep at night beneath the stars above with that whole  
moon shinin' down  
I wanna cook my grabbel with catfish skulls fifty miles from to  
wn  
I wanna drink my java...

Sometime soon I'm goin' back back where the skies are blue  
In a little house just built for two back where my dreams come  
true  
Well I'm tired of subways and the forty storey shacks  
I'm tradin' the wide open range  
I wanna go back please take me back out on the Texas plains  
I wanna drink my java...