

The Eyes Of Texas

Hank Thompson

I once did know a President,
Away down South, in Texas.
And, always, everywhere he went,
He saw the eyes of Texas.
The Eyes of Texas are upon you,
All the live long day.
The Eyes of Texas are upon you,
You can not get away.
Do not think you can escape them
At night or early in the morn
The Eyes of Texas are upon you
'Till Gabriel blows his horn.
Sing me a song of Prexy,
Of days long since gone by.
Again I seem to greet him
And hear his kind reply.
Smiles of gracious welcome
Before my memory rise,
Again I hear him say to me,
"Remember Texas' Eyes."