

## Texas Forever

Kevin Fowler

It's a single star wavin', so proud and tall.  
It's the smell of gun powder on the Alamo walls.  
A red Corpus sunset, hill country bluebonnets,  
brisket at Cooper's, Joe T's enchiladas.  
It's floatin' the Frío, cold beer in hand.  
It's a couple two steppin to a twin fiddle band.  
It's a Saturday rodeo, Friday night lights,  
the prettiest girls you ever seen in your life.

For those who,  
the mud on the Brazos and Red Rivers run through our blood,  
let the world know  
we'll fight to the death, for the land and the people we love.  
Gather around friends,  
it's time for a toast, let us raise up a cold one together  
to Texas forever.

From the pines to the mountains,  
the coast to the Plains,  
there's a pride down inside us, that's hard to explain.  
If ever you were one, then always you'll be.  
You may wander this world, but your heart never leaves.  
All these cowboys still saddle their horses to ride.  
Out here there's just some things that won't ever die.  
Like a ghost in the alley of some 6th St bar,  
you can still hear the ringin' of Stevie's guitar.

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