

## Way Out West (On West End Avenue)

Ray Charles

I'd travel the plains.  
In mountain streams I'd paddle.  
Over the Rockies I would trail.  
I'd hark to the strains  
Of cowboys in the saddle-  
Not very musical but male.  
I've roamed o'er the range with the herd,  
Where seldom is heard an intelligent word.

Git along, little taxi, you can keep the change.  
I'm riding home to my kitchen range  
Way out west on West End Avenue.  
Oh, I love to listen to the wagon wheels  
That bring the milk that your neighbor steals  
Way out west on West End Avenue.  
Keep all your mountains  
And your lone prairie so pretty,  
Give me the fountains  
That go wring at Rodeo City.  
I would trade your famous deer and antelope  
For one tall beer and a cantaloupe  
Way out west on West End Avenue.  
Yippee-aye-ay!