

## 10 Gallon Ascots

Tapes 'n Tapes

Ten gallon ascots and booze on your shirt  
I'll come to dinner and fight off the flirts  
I know I know of wash away weekends  
They leave me cold so cold so cold...

Your hats they long  
Of range they've sung  
File out at night  
Shock steers with fright

Shockers and shooters  
They line up for the hearse  
I wear my best wig and drive off the freelings  
In the cold the cold  
I'm bought by the sender  
And I've been sold for coal for coal...

Your hats they long  
Of range they've sung  
File out at night  
Shock steers with fright

The show the drone  
The talk the call  
The need the snow  
I'll show you home