

# Butterbean

Kevin Fowler

Many times I've been told  
That old gal ain't got no soul  
She'll chew you up, spit you out  
Leave you boy, there ain't no doubt  
All the men say she's mean  
That side of her I ain't ever seen  
A little sugar, a lot of spice  
A little naughty, a little nice  
She's my little butterbean  
The cutest thing you've ever seen  
Oh my little Texas queen  
She's my little butterbean  
Well I met her down around San Antone  
Those local boys left her alone  
They all said she was the devil's one and only child  
I don't believe it  
Not one word  
There ain't one thing I've ever heard  
That'll never change the way I feel  
That girl's got me head over heels  
She's my little butterbean  
The cutest thing you've ever seen  
Oh my little Texas queen  
She's my little butterbean  
  
She's my little butterbean  
The cutest thing you've ever seen  
Oh my little Texas queen  
She's my little butterbean  
My little Lonestar hootchie-coo  
Well I've chased her to Timbuktu  
She's gone from Fort Worth to Abilene  
And every roadhouse in-between  
She's as hot as cakes on a griddle  
That girl goes wild when the bow hits the fiddle  
She loves to swing and do-se-do  
That's why I love her so  
She's my little butterbean  
The cutest thing you've ever seen

Oh my little Texas queen  
She's my little butterbean  
She's my little butterbean  
The cutest thing you've ever seen  
Oh my little Texas queen  
She's my little butterbean

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