

# House Of Negotiable Affections

Zona Jones

The house stood on the outskirts of an old ghost town  
I brushed aside the cobwebs, walked in and looked around  
I found a dusty diary beside a worn out bed  
Dated 1882 and this is what it said  
This town has seven blacksmiths, twenty-five saloons  
Thirty-seven churches, and two-hundred hotel rooms  
More Longhorn Texas cattle than I have ever seen  
And the finest little cathouse this side of New Orleans  
In the House of Negotiable Affections  
Every cowboy is as special as the next one  
All the ladies are so lovely with their painted on complexions  
At the House of Negotiable Affections  
From Kansas down to Texas is a long and tiresome course  
And a cowboy needs more comfort than sidekick and a horse  
So he'll climb that spiral staircase to a dim lit little room  
Where he'll touch those red silk stockings and smell that sweet perfume  
In the House of Negotiable Affections  
There's Kansans and Nebraskans and there's Texans  
Lookin' up at the ceilin', laughin' at their own reflections  
In the House of Negotiable Affections  
I closed that dusty diary and laid it on the shelf  
Then all at once the bedsprings started squeakin' by themselves  
When I saw her ghostly figure, I nearly died of fright  
She said for half a dollar you can stay with me all night  
At the House of Negotiable Affections  
She was wearin' nothin' but a pale complexion  
I guess you might say I made a spiritual connection  
At the House of Negotiable Affections  
There's a few old cowboy bones, but mostly ghostly apparitions  
In the House of Negotiable Affections

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