

Choctaw Bingo

James McMurtry

Strap them kids in give 'em a little bit of vodka
In a Cherry Coke, we're going to Oklahoma
To the family reunion for the first time in years

It's up at uncle Slayton's 'cause he's getting on in years You know he no longer travels but he's still pretty spry
He's not much on talking and he's just too mean to die

And they'll be comin' down from Kansas and from west Arkansas

It'll be one great big old party like you never saw Uncle Slayton's got his Texan pride
Back in the thickets with his Asian bride

He's got a Airstream trailer and a Holstein cow

He still makes whiskey 'cause he still knows how He plays that Choctaw Bingo every Friday night
You know he had to leave Texas but he won't say why

He owns a quarter section up by Lake Eufala

Caught a great big ol' blue cat on a driftin' jug line Sells his hardwood timber to the chipping mill
Cooks that crystal meth because the shine don't sell

He cooks that crystal meth because the shine don't sell

You know he likes that money, he don't mind the smell My cousin Roscoe, Slayton's oldest boy
From his second marriage up in Illinois

He's raised in East St. Louis by his momma's people

Where they do things different thought he'd just come down He was going to Dallas, Texas in a semi truck
Called from that big McDonald's, you know the one that's built up

On that great big ol' bridge across the Will Rogers Turnpike

Took the Big Cabin exit, stopped and bought a cartons of cigarettes At that Indian smoke shop with the big neon
smoke rings

In the Cherokee Nation hit Muskogee late that night

Somebody ran a stoplight at the Shawnee Bypass

Roscoe tried to miss 'em but he didn't quite Bob and Mae come up from some little town
Way down by Lake Texoma where he coaches football
They were two a champions now for two years running

But he says they won't be this year, no they won't be this year And he stopped off in Tushka at that Pop's Knife
and Gun place

Bought a SKS rifle and a couple full cases

Of that steel core ammo with the Berdan primers

From some East bloc nation that no longer needs 'em And a Desert Eagle that's one great big ol' pistol
I mean, 50 caliber made by bad ass Hebrews

And some surplus tracers for that old bar of Slayton's

Soon's it gets dark we're gonna have us a time

We're gonna have us a time Ruth Ann and Lynn come down from Baxter Springs
And that's one hell raisin' town way up in Southeastern Kansas
Got a biker bar next to the lingerie store

That's got them Rolling Stones lips up therein bright pink neon

And they ride down town where everyone can see 'em

And they burn all night, you know they burn all night

You know they burn all nightRuth Ann and Lynn, they wear them cut off britches

And those skinny little halters and they're second cousins to me

Man I don't care I want to get between 'em

With a great big ol' hard on like a old Bois D' Arc fence post

You could hang a pipe rail gate from do some

Sisters twisted 'til the cows come home and we'd be havin' us a timeUncle Slayton's got his Texan pride

Back in the thickets with his Asian bride

He's cut that corner pasture into acre lots

He sells 'em owner financed strictly to themThat's got no kind of credit 'cause he knows they're slackers

When they miss that payment, then he takes it back

He plays that Choctaw Bingo every Friday night

He drinks his Johnny Walker at that Club 69We're gonna strap them kids in give 'em a little bit O' Benadryl

And a Cherry Coke we're goin' to Oklahoma

Gonna have us a time, gonna have us a time

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