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 yearsYou 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 sawUncle 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 howHe 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 lineSells 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 smellMy 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 downHe 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 cigarettesAt 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 quiteBob 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 yearAnd 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 'emAnd 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 timeRuth 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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