No Place But Texas

Willie Nelson

God painted the bluebonnets in the fields,
By a tough little scrub oak, on an east Texas hill.
And he plucked the star from a lone star sky,
And he put it in the twinkle of a cowboy's eye.

The wide open spaces he made wild and free.
Texas, as far as any eye can see;
And he made her sons grow tough and strong.
They still cry when they hear a sad song.

[Chorus]
No place but Texas
Would I ever roam.
No place but Texas;
My home, sweet home.
No place but Texas;
My home, sweet home.

When I die I hope they bury me
By the Pedernales River, 'neath a white oak tree,
Where I can see the longhorns graze
And the cactus flowers blooming in the morning haze.

[Chorus]

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