

Viva Luckenbach

Jerry Jeff Walker

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There's a place I know where we all go,
A little way down the road,
It ain't far from here, we like to sit and drink beer,
Play dominoes and tell jokes.
We've been stopping by since 49,
Ain't nothing fancy, just kids and ranches and
Clean white shirts and jeans!
Lots of smiling faces, little children running around,
Everybody's somebody in an old hill country town!
Dirt daubers humming, see the stickle burrs on your sock,
Sure signs you spent some time in beautiful Luckenbach!
Well, let me tell you now all about the town. . .
How it came to be. . .
In the 1800's they came in buggies
To meet and trade and buy feed.
They built the blacksmith's shop, then later on
They added the cotton gin. . .
But the old dance hall and general store's
Where it all begins and ends!
Lots of smiling faces, little children running around
Everybody's somebody in an old hill country town
Dirt daubers humming, see the stickle burrs on your sock
Sure signs you spent some time in beautiful Luckenbach!
Yehaw!
In the 50's people moved to cities,
Leaving it all behind
Luckenbach closed down for good,
It just fell on a harder time
One day Hondo, driving by,
Wished he had a beer
So he bought the place and he opened it up
That's reason we're all here!
Lots of smiling faces, little children running around,
Everybody's somebody in an old hill country town!
Dirt daubers humming, see the stickle burrs on your sock,
Sure signs you spent some time in beautiful Luckenbach!
Here we go!
Lots of smiling faces, little children running around,
Everybody's somebody in an old hill country town!
Dirt daubers humming, see the stickle burrs on your sock,
Sure signs you spent some time in beautiful Luckenbach!
In beautiful Luckenbach!

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