Gatsby's Restaurant

June Carter Cash

I got tired of New York City, of its sidewalks and its heat
So I got myself a great big horse and I rode him down the street
And then I hollered, "Hi, ho, Silver" and, "Get 'em up, Scout"
But I suffered aggravation and a great humiliation
So I finally said I'd let the story outYou can't ride a big white horse into the front of Gatsby's door
You can't call out, "Hi, ho, Silver" as you scoot across the floor
Twenty big Italians had me bent down on my knees
And I cried, "Oh, ouch, help Lord" and, "Mama Mia, please"Well, he broke into a cantor down around ol' Times Square
And my cowboy boots and hat, I left them somewhere way back there
Then he stomped and reared and turned and bucked
And took off to the South
And I slid through Gatsby's Restaurant with his tail stuck in my mouthBut you can't ride a big white horse into the front of Gatsby's door
You don't call out, "Hi, ho, Silver" as you scoot across the floor
Twenty big Italians had me bent down on my knees
And I cried, "Oh, ouch, help Lord" and, "Mama Mia, please"Now, down at Gatsby's Restaurant, there's a picture hanging there
Of a petrified Italian with escargot in his hair
And there's a big, white horse rug lying by the door
And I'm washing dishes in the back and sweepin' up the floorBut you don't ride a big, white horse into the front of Gatsby's door
You don't call out, "Hi, ho, Silver" as you scoot across the floor
Twenty big Italians had me bent down on my knees
And I cried, "Oh, ouch, help Lord" and, "Mama Mia, please"

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