

# Boogie Till the Cows Come Home

Clay Walker

I'm gonna polish my best boots  
I'm gonna put on my best hat  
I'm gonna drive on down to the dance hall  
That sits by the railroad tracks  
Well the band there mixes fiddles  
With a wailing saxophone  
And when they play that swing it only means one thing  
You're gonna boogie till the cows come home There's a wood stove in the corner  
There's saw dust on the floor  
They've got a flashing neon Lone Star sign  
Hangin' by the door  
All they sell is beer and setups  
So you'll have to bring your own  
But when they play that swing it only means one thing  
You're gonna boogie till the cows come home "Faded love" and "Milk Cow Blues"  
"The Oklahoma Stomp" and "Born To Lose"  
Tip your hat to "The Rose of San Antone"  
Here we go with the "Cotton Eyed Joe"  
We're gonna boogie till the cows come home It's an old southwest tradition  
And a guaranteed good time  
There's people of all ages here  
From one to ninety-nine  
Even if you show up by yourself  
You don't have to be alone  
'Cause when they play that swing it only means one thing  
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"The Oklahoma Stomp" and "Born To Lose"  
Tip your hat to "The Rose of San Antone"  
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We're gonna boogie till the cows come home

Songwriters

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