

Pat Green - West Texas Holiday

Tom: E
Intro:

VERSE I

E
September comes to Texas just one time every year,
so we get our guns and our pickup trucks,
and a bunch of that Lone Star beer,
well we head out for the open plains,
where the birds they all flow like wine,
we hunt them up then we shoot them down,
man it makes me feel so fine,
The manly sport is what I'm talking about,
so you can grab you a pouch of chew,
If we get bored 'cause the birds won't fly,
we'll shoot the rabbits with my .22.

CHORUS I

A E
I don't wanna go to Paris, I get enough French will my fries,
just send me on down to Abilene, for the huntingman's
paradise,
Honey you can stay at home all day, laugh and dance,
go out shopping and play, 'cause I'll be out with the boys,
on a West Texas Holiday. (go back to the intro E)

BREAK
play verse chords

VERSE II

E Ab
Hunting is a lot like religion or so it is I'm told,
they're both just a simple little way of life,
and they're both good for your soul, from Robert Earl Keen
to Robert E. Lee, perfect strangers or best of friends,
we all have a common little bond between us, we were born to
be huntin men.
If it flies it dies you know they say, and so often times it's
true,
yeah but you take yours and I'll take mine,
and we'll have us a Bar-B-Que.

CHORUS II

A E
I don't wanna go to Paris, I get enough French will my fries,
just send me on down to Abilene, for the huntingman's
paradise,
Honey you can stay at home all day, laugh and dance,
go out shopping and play, 'cause I'll be out with the boys,
on a West Texas Holiday.

REPEAT CHORUS II
END ON INTRO E

Acordes

