East is east and west is west and the wrong one I have chose,

Let's go where you'll keep on wear-in those frills and flow-ers and
buts-tons and bows

rings and things and but-tons and bows.
don't

bury me in this prairie take me where the ce-ment grows

let's move down to some big town where they love a gal by the
cut of her clothes and

you'll stand out in but-tons and bows.

I'll
love you in buckskin or skirts that you've home spun, but I'll
love ya longer stronger where your friends don't tote a gun My
bones denounce the buck-board bounce and the Cactus hurts my toes

Let's v-moose where gals keep us in those silks and sat-ins and linen that shows and you're all mine in but-tons and bows.

Gimme eastern trim-min where women are women in high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes and French perfume that rocks the room and you're all mine in but-toms and bows.