**If You’re Gonna Play in Texas**

chorus 1:[A] If you're gonna play in [E]Texas,

You [D]gotta have a fiddle in the [A]band.

That lead guitar is hot,

[E]but not for [D]"Lousiana Man".[E]

So [F#m]rosin up that [E]bow for "Faded Love"[D]

and let's all [A]dance.

If you're gonna play in [E]Texas,

You [D]gotta have a fiddle in the [F#m]band.

F#m E D D A A A A

verse 1:I re-[A]member down in Hou-[E]ston

we were [D]puttin' on a show[A]

When a cowboy in the back[E] stood up and [D]yelled,

"Cotton-Eyed [E]Joe"!

He said, "We love[A] what you're do-[E]in'.

Boys[D] don't get us wrong[A],

There's just somethin' [E]missin' in your [A]song.

(repeat Chorus 1)

verse 2:So we dusted off our boots and put our cowboy hats on straight.

Them Texans raised the roof when Jeff opened up his case.

You say y'all all wanna two-step. You say ya wanna doe-si-doe.

Well, here's a fiddlin' song before we go.

(Chorus 2--same as chorus 1, except last line goes:

...gotta have a fiddle in the [A]band)

repeat and fade