

Buttons And Bows

artist:Dinah Shore , writer:Jay Livingston, Ray Evans

East is east and west is west
And the wrong one I have chose
Let's go where they keep on wearin'
Those frills and flowers and buttons and bows
Rings and things and buttons and bows.

Don't bury me in this prairie
Take me where the cement grows
Let's move down to some big town
Where they love a gal by the cut o' her clothes
And you'll stand out, in buttons and bows.

I'll love you in buckskin
Or skirts that I've home-spun
But I'll love ya' longer, stronger
Where yer friends don't tote a gun

My bones denounce the buckboard bounce
And the cactus hurts my toes
Let's vamoose where gals keep a-usin'
Those silks and satins and linen that shows
And I'm all yours in buttons and bows.

[I'll love you in buckskin](#)
[Or skirts that I've home-spun](#)
[But I'll love ya' longer, stronger](#)
[Where yer friends don't tote a gun](#)

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Gimme eastern trimmin' where women are women
In high silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes
And French perfume that rocks the room
And I'm all yours in buttons and bows.
Bows and flowers and buttins and bows

Rings and things and buttins and bows