

Elvis Presley, Britches

(Words & music by Wayne - Edwards)

Beware of a gal in britches

Yo-di-o-di-o

Never trust no gal in britches

No-di-o-di-o

If you had a sense of this here horse

You would have known it by now of course

Who wears the britches is the boss

That's a gal, that's a gal in britches

Don't mess with a gal in britches

Yo-di-o-di-o

No feminine gal wears britches

No-di-o-di-o

She'll beg you to come to the country dance

You ride twenty miles for the big romance

She shows up in her brother's pants

What'd you expect from a girl in britches

Yo-di-o-di-o-i-ay, It's none of my misfortune

Yo-di-o-di-o-di-ay, Just thought you'd like to know

Don't marry no gal in britches

Yo-di-o-di-o

You'll never know which is which's

No-di-o-di-o

She'll put a halter through your nose

Have you cooking and washing clothes

While she goes chasing them buffaloes

Bet your boots, that's a gal in britches.