



## Texas Longhorn

Say hello to the longhorn of Texas lore,  
A tough old hide not sold in the store,  
This bovine critter is no easy meal,  
The horns on this one are the real deal.

At UT I was chosen to be a Silver Spur,  
No undergrad student could wish for more,  
Wear an orange shirt and gray cowboy hat,  
And boots with spurs – now how about that?

During UT games we handled old Bevo,  
Parading him around when we got a score,  
Carryin' our flasks, having big fun,  
Ole Bevo was a big son of a gun.

When the Aggie game was next on the schedule,  
We'd take dates out to a place confidential,  
To protect ole Bevo from the Aggie hordes,  
By midnight the theft would not have been that hard.

But these days the times and I are different,  
A&M v. Texas is no longer an event,  
And quite a few Bevos have come and gone,  
And I have moved my interests along.

As I drive out through the country landscape,  
And seek to find peace as I try to escape,  
Into the cathedral of the Church of the Earth,  
I gaze on the grazing longhorn with mirth.

It's nice to have been there and done those things,

I love the confidence that experience brings,  
But life occurs beyond institutions,  
And for spiritual health there are no substitutions.

The longhorn today is a spectacular bovine,  
I see its horns as an Earth Church shrine  
That moves in and out of the prairie grass,  
And I sit and enjoy my natural mass.

So welcome to Earth church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Say a prayer that the longhorn  
Will conduct mass for you.