



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.