

## Gatsby's Restaurant

June Carter Cash

I got tired of New York City, of its sidewalks and its heat  
So I got myself a great big horse and I rode him down the street  
And then I hollered, hi, ho, Silver and, get 'em up, Scout  
But I suffered aggravation and a great humiliation  
So I finally said I'd let the story out

You can't ride a big white horse into the front of Gatsby's door  
You can't call out, hi, ho, Silver as you scoot across the floor  
Twenty big Italians had me bent down on my knees  
And I cried, oh, ouch, help Lord, and Mama mia, please

Well, he broke into a cantor down around ol' Times Square  
And my cowboy boots and hat, I left them somewhere way back there  
Then he stomped and reared and turned and bucked and took off to the South  
And I slid through Gatsby's Restaurant with his tail stuck in my mouth.

But you can't ride a big white horse into the front of Gatsby's door  
You don't call out, hi, ho, Silver as you scoot across the floor  
Twenty big Italians had me bent down on my knees  
And I cried, oh, ouch, help Lord, and Mama mia, please

Now, down at Gatsby's Restaurant, there's a picture hanging there  
Of a petrified Italian with escargot in his hair  
And there's a big, white horse rug lying by the door  
And I'm washing dishes in the back and sweepin' up the floor

But you don't ride a big, white horse into the front of Gatsby's door  
You don't call out, hi, ho, Silver as you scoot across the floor  
Twenty big Italians had me bent down on my knees  
And I cried, oh, ouch, help Lord, and Mama mia, please