

Amarillo by Mornin'

**Amarillo by mornin', up from San Antone
Everything that I've got is just what I've got on
When that sun is high in that Texas sky
I'll be buckin' at the county fair
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo I'll be there.**

**They took my saddle in Houston,
broke my leg in Sante Fe
Lost my wife and a girlfriend
somewhere along the way**

**But I'll be looking for eight
when they pull that gate
-- and I hope that judge ain't blind
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo on my mind.**

**Amarillo by mornin', up from San Antone
Everything that I've got is just what I've got on
I ain't got a dime but what I've got is mine,
I ain't rich but Lord, I'm free
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be.**

Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be...