

# Amarillo

## Emmylou Harris

My baby never was the cheatin' kind  
But it wasn't 'cause the ladies didn't try  
Now everywhere we go they're walkin' 'round him slow  
Givin' him a flutter and a sigh  
Now I got him past that redhead in Atlanta  
Lord, I walked all over that black-eyed Cajun Queen  
But outside of Amarillo, he found his thrill, I'll tell you  
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine Oh, Amarillo what you want my baby for?  
Oh, Amarillo now he won't come home no more  
You don't play a trick on me, hooked him in the first degree  
He put another quarter, push Dolly and then Porter  
While he racks up fifty thousand on the pinball machine If we only hadn't stopped in there for coffee  
If someone hadn't played the window up above  
Oh, he'd still be mine today but he heard those fiddles play  
One look and then I knew this must be love  
Oh, that pinball machine's in the corner  
Well, he saw the lights and he had to hear 'em ring  
And he never was the same after he won his first free game  
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and pinball machine Oh, Amarillo what you want my baby for?  
Oh, Amarillo now he won't come home no more  
You don't play a trick on me now you hooked him in the first degree  
He put another quarter, push Dolly and then Porter  
While he racks up fifty thousand on pinball machine

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