

# The Back Side of Dallas

[Jeannie C. Riley](#)

On the back side of Dallas in the dingy bar on a wornout stool she sits  
And her trembling hand thumbeles for another kingside filter cigarette  
She blows a puff of smoke then settles back and look across that light blue haze  
And from the back side of Dallas her mind goes driftin' back to other days  
Meet me in Dallas on June the 23rd his letter read  
On the greyhound of this big town she came to be with him just like he said  
Then suddenly he left her for reasons that she still don't understand  
And on the back side of Dallas a girl must turn her way as best as she can  
It's a long way to Dallas for a small twon girl from the middle of Tennessee  
A tenth grade education won't get you no kinda job here in big D  
Hunger pains and prides are things that just don't go hand in hand for long  
And on the back side of Dallas a hungry small town girl can't find a home  
On the back side of Dallas nervously she takes another pill  
On the back side of Dallas tonight like other nights she drinks her fill  
She pays the man behind the bar and leave the change for twenty dollar bill  
If you're ever feelin' lonesome man you want to find someone who feels the same  
She's on the back side of Dallas where every taxi driver knows her name  
She's on the back side of Dallas where every taxi driver knows her name

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