Highplains Jamboree

Terry Allen

Ahh, she was a honky tonker
An' he was a family man
An' she showed him her gold teeth
When he'd hold her little handAn' they met out on the highway
At the Paradise Motel Lounge
On Saturday nights when things weren't right
Between him an his wife in townAn' they're just another couple
On a Highplains Jamboree
Playing out them sad songs they understand
Yeah, just another couple
Makin' jukebox memories
An' walking into trouble hand in handWell she weren't no maid of cotton
An' he weren't no hell-of-a-man
But they must have loved each other
Like only the lonely can'Cause they slow-danced through the neons
Like sorrow through a song
Then they carried the tune to the motel room
An' they played it all night longAn' they're just another couple
On a Highplains Jamboree
Playing out them sad songs they understand
Yeah, just another couple
Makin' jukebox memories
An' walking into trouble hand in hand
I said walking into trouble hand in hand

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