

# Point Me in the Direction of Albuquerque

## The Partridge Family

Ab, Db, Ab, Db, Ab, Db

Window walkin' downtown, feelin' mighty good  
and I noticed from the corner how all alone she stood  
Underneath the lamplight, an angel in disguise  
Lonely little runaway with teardrops in her eyes

Crazy little ragdoll, her hair was wild and tossed  
and I put my arm around her, 'cause I knew that she was lost  
She didn't seem to notice that anyone was near  
'Till suddenly she turned to me and whispered in my ear

Point me in the direction of Albuquerque  
I want to go home, and help me get home  
Point me in the direction of Albuquerque  
I need to get home, need to get home

Showed me a ticket for a Greyhound bus, her head was lost in time  
She didn't know who or where she was  
"And anyone that helps me is a real good friend of mine"  
Real good friend of mine

Point me in the direction of Albuquerque  
And help me get home, help me get home

Walked her to the station and kissed away the tears  
Knowing I'd remember through all the coming years  
Ragdoll on that Greyhound who waved with all her might  
Weeped against the window as the bus rolled out of sight

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