

Amarillo By Morning

[George Strait](#)

Amarillo by morning
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 bucking at the county fair
Amarillo by morning
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 Well, I'll be looking for eight when they pull that gate
And I'm hope that judge ain't blind
Amarillo by morning
Amarillo's on my mind Amarillo by morning
Up from San Antone
And 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 morning
Amarillo's where I'll be Amarillo by morning
Amarillo's where I'll be

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