

## In San Antone

Dan Seals

Doorman he counts his tips  
Jamaican lady paints her lips  
And they say they'll both be there  
If I need 'im  
Taxi driver's a wreckless breed  
The down and out express their need  
Sometimes I don't know why I stay on Broadway

Radio and a Panama hat  
Cop says, Kid, where'd you get that?  
And they go off into the night a runnin'  
A tiny stage in a neon bar  
I pick up my old guitar  
And play another country song on Broadway

But in San Antone, I'm a star tonight  
To one fan that's waiting  
With lovin' arms to hold me tonight  
When I get back home, to San Antone  
San Antone

Big cigar and limousine  
A man of independent means  
From the other side of town is listenin'  
They say he's a record man  
To give this boy a helping hand  
I never knew it could be so hard on Broadway

But in San Antone, I'm a star tonight  
To one fan that's waiting  
With lovin' arms to hold me tonight  
When I get back home, to San Antone  
San Antone

Hotel room on the seventh floor  
Somebody's lying against the door  
I don't think I can take much more of Broadway

But in San Antone, I'm a star tonight  
To one fan that's waiting  
With lovin' arms to hold me tonight  
When I get back home, to San Antone  
San Antone