

## Amarillo

Emmylou Harris

My baby never was the cheatin' kind  
But it wasn't 'cause the ladies didn't try  
Now everywhere we go  
They're walkin' 'round him slow  
Givin' him a flutter and a sigh  
Now I got him past that redhead in atlanta  
Lord I walked all over that black-eyed cajun queen  
But outside of amarillo, he found his thrill, I'll tell you  
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

Oh amarillo what'd you want my baby for  
Oh amarillo now he won't come home no more  
You done played a trick on me  
Hooked him in the first degree  
While he put another quarter  
Push dolly and then porter  
While he racks up fifty thousand on the pinball machine

If we only hadn't stopped in there for coffee  
If someone hadn't played the window up above  
He'd still be mine today  
But he heard those fiddles play  
One look and then I knew this must be love  
Oh that pinball machine was in the corner  
Well he saw the lights and he had to hear 'em ring  
And he never was the same after he won his first free game  
Oh I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

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