

# Amarillo Sleeps on My Pillow

Fair to Midland

Stay close if you wanna keep up  
But don't get turned around.  
Go ahead for the bullseye my friend  
But oh you're gonna get the horn.  
Yellow-bellies never have any guts  
But God, how he gets the glory.  
The West was won from a cheater with a gun  
And I hope he never lives it down.

Yeah...

Minced words from anonymous cowards  
Fell down from kingdom come.  
The threat and source from this obstacle course  
Had us cornered in a guessing game.  
Every attempt trying to kettle the fish  
Rolls right in it's way  
If I had to guess he's still making a mess  
Worse than any thunderstorm.

Whoa...

No one turned over leaves, no one's branching out  
No one went on a limb when he belted out  
Get gone!  
Someone looked for a clue, someone got the axe  
Someone yelled in the wake of the great collapse  
Get gone!

Let's stall like a Neanderthal  
That can't make up his mind.  
I'm not sorry if you've heard it before  
Broken records wanna make a case.  
The crop was stained, and I'm spinning the yarn,  
Our ears still opened up.  
If failed attempts were a lottery ticket  
You can bet I'd be rakin' it in.

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Get gone, I said...

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