

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!

Get gone, I said...

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Yeah...