

Back Side Of Dallas

Jeannie C. Riley

On the back side of Dallas, in the dingy bar
On a wornout stool she sits
And her trembling hand thumbles for another
Kingsize filter cigarette

She blows a puff of smoke then settles back
And look across that light blue haze
And from the back side of Dallas her mind goes
Driftin' back to other days

Meet me in Dallas on June, the 23rd, his letter read
On the greyhound of this big town she
Came to be with him just like he said
Then suddenly he left her for reasons
That she still don't understand

And on the back side of Dallas
A girl must turn her way as best as she can
It's a long way to Dallas for a small town girl
From the middle of Tennessee

A tenth grade education won't get you
No kinda job here in big D hunger pains
And prides are things that just don't go hand in hand
For long

And on the back side of Dallas
A hungry small town girl can't find a home
On the back side of Dallas nervously she takes another pill
On the back side of Dallas tonight like other nights
She drinks her fill

She pays the man behind the bar
And leave the change for twenty dollar
Bill If you're ever feelin' lonesome, man
You want to find someone who feels the same

She's on the back side of Dallas
Where every taxi driver knows her name
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Every taxi driver knows her name