

Amarillo

Kathy Mattea

My baby never was a cheating kind
But it wasn't 'cause the ladies didn't try
Now everywhere we go, we're walking 'round and slow
Giving him a flutter and a sigh

Now I got him pass that redhead in Atlanta
Lord, I walked all over that black eyed Cajun Queen
But outside Amarillo, he found his thrill I tell you
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

Oh, Amarillo, what you want my baby for?
Oh, Amarillo, now I won't come home no more
You don't play the trick on me, hooked him in the first degree
While I could not recall which Dalian imported
By the wrecks of 50, 000 on the pinball machine

If we only hadn't stopped in there for coffee
If someone hadn't played the window of the bug
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 big game
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

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