

High Plains Jamboree

Robert Earl Keen

She was a honkytonker and he was a family man
And she showed him her gold teeth when he'd hold her little hand
And they met out on the highway at the Paradise Motel lounge
On Saturday nights when things weren't right between him and his wife in town

They're just another couple on a high plains jamboree
Playin' out those sad songs they understand
Just another couple makin' juke box memories
Walkin' into troubles hand in hand

She weren't no maid of cotton and he weren't no hell of a man
So they must have loved each other like only the lonely can
'Cause they slow-
danced through the neon like a sorrow through a song
Then they carried the tune to the motel room and they played it
all night long

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