

## Highplains Jamboree

Terry Allen

Ahh, she was a honky tonker  
An' he was a family man  
An' she showed him her gold teeth  
When he'd hold her little hand

An' they met out on the highway  
At the Paradise Motel Lounge  
On Saturday nights when things weren't right  
Between him an his wife in town

An' they're just another couple  
On a Highplains Jamboree  
Playing out them sad songs they understand  
Yeah, just another couple  
Makin' jukebox memories  
An' walking into trouble hand in hand

Well she weren't no maid of cotton  
An' he weren't no hell-of-a-man  
But they must have loved each other  
Like only the lonely can

'Cause they slow-danced through the neons  
Like sorrow through a song  
Then they carried the tune to the motel room  
An' they played it all night long

An' they're just another couple  
On a Highplains Jamboree  
Playing out them sad songs they understand  
Yeah, just another couple  
Makin' jukebox memories  
An' walking into trouble hand in hand  
I said walking into trouble hand in hand