

George Strait, Amarillo By Morning

Amarillo by morning, up from San Antone.
Everything that I've got is just what I've got on.
When that sun is high in that Texas sky
I'll be bucking it to county fair.
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo I'll be there.

They took my saddle in Houston, broke my leg in Santa Fe.
Lost my wife and a girlfriend somewhere along the way.
Well I'll be looking for eight when they pull that gate,
And I'm hoping that judge ain't blind.
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's on my mind.

Amarillo by morning, up from San Antone.
Everything that I've got is just what I've got on.
I ain't got a dime, but what I got is mine.
I ain't rich, but Lord I'm free.
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's where I'll be.
Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's where I'll be.