

Neil Sedaka, Amarillo

When the day is dawning
on a Texas Sunday morning,
how I long to be there
with Marie whos waitin for me there.
Every lonely city
where I hang my hat,
aint as half as pretty
as where my babys at.
Is this the way to Amarillo?
Every night Ive been hugging my pillow
dreaming dreams of Amarillo
and sweet Marie who waits for me.
Show me the way to Amarillo
Ive been weepin like a willow
crying over Amarillo
and sweet Marie who waits for me.
Sha la la la la la la la
and Marie who waits for me.
Theres a church bell ringin,
hear the sound of joy that its singing
for the sweet Maria
and the guy whos comin to see her.
Just beyond the highway
lies an open plain
and it keeps me going
through the wind and rain.
Is this the way to Amarillo?
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dreaming dreams of Amarillo
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