

# Tony Christie, Is This The Way To Amarillo

Sha la la lala lalala  
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When the day is dawning on a Texas Sunday morning  
how I long to be there  
with Marie who's waiting for me there  
every lonely city where I hang my hat  
ain't as half as pretty as where my baby's at

Is this the way to Amarillo  
every night I've been hugging my pillow  
dreaming dreams of Amarillo  
and sweet Marie who waits for me  
show me the way to Amarillo  
I've been weeping like a willow  
crying over Amarillo  
and sweet Marie who waits for me

Sha la la lala lalala Sha la la lala lalala  
Sha la la lala lalala and Marie who waits for me

There's a church bell ringing  
hear the song of joy that it's singing  
for the sweet Maria and the guy who's coming to see her  
just beyond the highway, there's an open plain  
and it keeps me going through the wind and rain

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