Emmylou Harris, Amarillo

(Emmylou Harris/Rodney Crowell)

My baby never was the cheatin' kind
But it wasn't 'cause the ladies didn't try
Now everywhere we go
They're walkin' 'round him slow
Givin' him a flutter and a sigh
Now I got him past that redhead in Atlanta
Lord I walked all over that black-eyed cajun queen
But outside of Amarillo, he found his thrill, I'll tell you
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

Oh Amarillo what'd you want my baby for
Oh Amarillo now he won't come home no more
You done played a trick on me
Hooked him in the first degree
While he put another quarter
Push Dolly and then Porter
While he racks up fifty thousand on the pinball machine

If we only hadn't stopped in there for coffee
If someone hadn't played The Window Up Above
He'd still be mine today
But he heard those fiddles play
One look and then I knew this must be love
Oh that pinball machine was in the corner
Well he saw the lights and he had to hear 'em ring
And he never was the same after he won his first free game
Oh I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

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