

Jeannie C. Riley, Back Side Of Dallas

On the back side of Dallas in the dingy bar on a wornout stool she sits
And her trembling hand thumbeles for another kingside filter cigarette
She blows a puff of smoke then settles back and look across that light blue haze
And from the back side of Dallas her mind goes driftin' back to other days
Meet me in Dallas on June the 23rd his letter read
On the greyhound of this big town she came to be with him just like he said
Then suddenly he left her for reasons that she still don't understand
And on the back side of Dallas a girl must turn her way as best as she can
It's a long way to Dallas for a small twon girl from the middle of Tennessee
A tenth grade education won't get you no kinda job here in big D
Hunger pains and prides are things that just don't go hand in hand for long
And on the back side of Dallas a hungry small town girl can't find a home
On the back side of Dallas nervously she takes another pill
On the back side of Dallas tonight like other nights she drinks her fill
She pays the man behind the bar and leave the change for twenty dollar bill
If you're ever feelin' lonesome man you want to find someone who feels the same
She's on the back side of Dallas where every taxi driver knows her name
She's on the back side of Dallas where every taxi driver knows her name