

# Merle Haggard, Here In Frisco

It's four a.m. in New York City three a.m. in Dallas  
The night is still early here in Frisco  
Market street's still going the same old shows are showing  
And I'm still all alone here in Frisco  
They say it's raining in Chicago and it's cold and clear in Denver  
Been windy all night long here in Frisco  
Trolley cars are clinging the big Bay Town's swinging  
And I'm still all alone here in Frisco  
The way I feel tonight I won't be staying long  
But when I leave I leave my heart just like in a famous song  
Trolley cars are clinging the big Bay Town's swinging  
And I'm still all alone here in Frisco  
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