

Robert Earl Keen, Hello New Orleans

Standin' here beside this freeway wishing I was high
Wondering why she said she loved me then she said goodbye
I'm down to my last dollar in these faded old blue jeans
So adios to Amarillo, hello New Orleans

Her hair was made of summer sunlight the moon lit in her eyes
Her voice would ride the wind at midnight across the starry skies
Love is blind that's what they tell me in all those magazines
So adios to Amarillo, hello New Orleans

We talked about our lives together we talked about our plans
We walked through rain and windy weather across the shifting sands
She took the car that's how I know this ain't no crazy dream
So adios to Amarillo, hello New Orleans

I'll eat my fill of jambalaya and crawfish etouffe
I'll drink the Mississippi dry, laissez les bon temps rouler
I'll trade her memory in on one of those Cajun queens
So adios to Amarillo, hello New Orleans
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