

# Terry Allen, Highplains Jamboree

Ahhh

She was a honky tonker

An he was a family man

An she showed him her gold teeth

When he'd hold her little hand

An

They met out on the highway

At the Paradise Motel Lounge

On Saturday nights

When things weren't right

Between him an his wife in town

An they're just another couple

On a High Plains Jamboree

Playing out them sad songs they understand

Yeah

Just another couple

Makin jukebox memories

An walking into trouble and in hand

Well

She weren't no maid of cotton

An he weren't no hell-of-a-man

But they must have loved each other

Like only the lonely can

'Cause

They slow-danced through the neons

Like sorrow through a song

Then they carried the tune

To the motel room

An they played it all night long

(chorus)