

Waylon Jennings, Big D

(Jerry Crutchfield)

Stranded here in Dallas cold and hungry
I ain't got a dime
Sleepin' in the filthy trainyard
At the warmest driest place that I can find.

What have I done that would justify
the way you treatin' me Big D
Stranded here in Dallas cold and hungry
I don't know a soul.

I could feel a little warmer
But I find that there's no coat in my wardrobe
My clothes're paper thin still you
Let your chill of winter fall on me Big D.

--- Instrumental ---

Why I wanna go where the winds don't blow till summer
Somewhere the sun will warm this chill in me
Stranded here in Dallas cold and hungry
I don't even know my name.

Oh, my temperature keeps risin'
And I feel that it's done damage to my brain
Could this dirty trainyard be
The last and final restin' place for me, Big D, Big D...