

# Amarillo by Morning

{D}Amarillo by {F#m}morning, {G}up from {A}san {D}antone.

{D}Everything that {F#m}I've got is {G}just what I've got {A}on.

When that {G}sun is high in that {A}texas sky

I'll be {D}bucking at the {D/Db}county {Bm}fair.

{D}Amarillo by {F#m}morning, {G}amarillo {A}I'll be {D}there.

They took my saddle in houston, broke my leg in santa fe.

Lost my wife and a girlfriend somewhere along the way.

Well I'll be looking for eight when they pull that gate,

And I'm hoping that judge ain't blind.

Amarillo by morning, amarillo's on my mind.

Amarillo by morning, up from san antone.

Everything that I've got is just what I've got on.

I ain't got a dime, but what I got is mine.

I ain't rich, but lord I'm free.

Amarillo by morning, amarillo's where I'll be.

Amarillo by morning, amarillo's where I'll be.