



A7 – Amarillo

Sha la la lala lalala
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When the day is dawning on a Texas Sunday morning
how I long to be there with Marie who's waiting for me there
every lonely city where I hang my hat
ain't as half as pretty as where my baby's at

Is this the way to Amarillo
every night I've been hugging my pillow
dreaming dreams of Amarillo
and sweet Marie who waits for me.
Show me the way to Amarillo
I've been weeping like a willow
crying over Amarillo
and sweet Marie who waits for me

Sha la la lala lalala, Sha la la lala lalala
Sha la la lala lalala, and Marie who waits for me

There's a church bell ringing hear the song of joy that it's singing
for the sweet Maria and the guy who's coming to see her
just beyond the highway, there's an open plain
and it keeps me going through the wind and rain

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