

Fair to Midland "Amarillo Sleeps On My Pillow"

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stay close if you wanna keep up
but don't dare turn around
go ahead, find a bull's-eye my friend
but know you're gonna get the horn

a yellow belly's never havin' the guts
but god how he gets the glory
the west was won from a cheater with a gun
and i hope he never lives it down

minced words from anonymous cowards
fell down from kingdom come
the threatened source of this obstacle course
had us cornered in a guessing game

every attempt turned a kettle of fish
and loves making its waves
if i had to guess, he's still makin' a mess
worse than any thunderstorm

no one turned over leaves
no one's branching out
no one went on a limb when he belted out

get gone
someone looked for a clue, someone got the ax
someone yelled in the wake of the great collapse
get gone

let's stall like a neanderthal
that can't make up his mind
and not sore if we've heard it before
broken records wanna make a case

the croppers came
and were spinnin' a yarn
our ears still opened up
if failed attempts were a lottery ticket
you can bet i'd be rakin' it in

no one turned over leaves
no one's branching out

no one went on a limb when he belted out
get gone
someone looked for a clue, someone got the ax

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