

## George Strait "West Texas Town"

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I'm on my way to Amarillo  
I can't seem to get my fill of  
That little West Texas town

I've got a sweet thing built right Betty  
Head to toe, she's mighty pretty  
Living in that West Texas town

Friday comes, it's time to roll  
Time for me to hit the road  
I've got my eyes on the horizon

My little dish in that panhandle  
Lights up like a Roman Candle  
When I reach that West Texas town  
Aw, sing it Dean

From Big Spring all the way to Plainview  
I can't wait to get to you know who  
In that West Texas town

I'd drive through hell and half of Texas  
Just to get to her by breakfast  
Waiting in that West Texas town

Friday comes, it's time to roll  
Time for me to hit the road  
I've got my eyes on the horizon

My little dish in that panhandle  
Lights up like a Roman Candle  
When I reach that West Texas town

Baby, turn the porch light on  
Your big Poppa's coming home  
To that West Texas town, oh

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