

## **Kathy Mattea**

### **"Amarillo"**

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My baby never was a cheating kind  
But it wasn't 'cause the ladies didn't try  
Now everywhere we go, we're walking 'round and slow  
Giving him a flutter and a sigh

Now I got him pass that redhead in Atlanta  
Lord, I walked all over that black eyed Cajun Queen  
But outside Amarillo, he found his thrill I tell you  
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

Oh, Amarillo, what you want my baby for?  
Oh, Amarillo, now I won't come home no more  
You don't play the trick on me, hooked him in the first  
degree  
While I could not recall which Dalian imported  
By the wrecks of 50,000 on the pinball machine

If we only hadn't stopped in there for coffee  
If someone hadn't played the window of the bug  
He'd still be mine today but he heard those fiddles play  
One look and then I knew this must be love

Oh, that pinball machine was in the corner  
Well, he saw the lights and he had to hear 'em ring  
And he never was the same after he won his first big  
game  
Oh, I lost him to a jukebox and a pinball machine

Oh, Amarillo, what you want my baby for?  
Oh, Amarillo, no I won't come home no more  
You don't play the trick on me, hooked him in the first  
degree  
While I could not recall which Dalian imported  
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