

## Pocket Full Of Rocks

### "Dallas"

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I lived in no holy house but the Grand Hotel  
The back streets of this old town I know so well.  
And I drunk of no holy wine save muscatel;  
Now my friend , I've got to go,  
You tell everyone I know

I'm sayin' goodbye, bye, bye, Dallas;  
I can't stay.  
Should have been at the palace  
Yesterday  
Bye, bye, Dallas; got to go  
And I remember when they told me so.

Right now I'm wonderin' where  
The good times have gone;  
All the things I never loved when they wwas mine.  
Hot city and an empty pocket make a man think on;  
I've been living low so long,  
Gotta get back where I belong.

I'm sayin' goodbye, bye, bye, Dallas;  
I can't stay.  
Should have been at the palace  
Yesterday  
Bye, bye, Dallas; got to go  
And I remember when they told me so.

Bye, bye, Dallas;  
I can't stay.  
Should have been at the palace  
Yesterday.  
Ain't no bother; it's understood  
Livin' under cover don't do no good.  
Bye, bye, Dallas.

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