

In San Antone

Dan Seals

Doorman he counts his tips
Jamaican lady paints her lips
And they say they'll both be there
If I need 'im
Taxi driver's a wreckless breed
The down and out express their need
Sometimes I don't know why I stay on Broadway

Radio and a Panama hat
Cop says, Kid, where'd you get that?
And they go off into the night a runnin'
A tiny stage in a neon bar
I pick up my old guitar
And play another country song on Broadway

But in San Antone, I'm a star tonight
To one fan that's waiting
With lovin' arms to hold me tonight
When I get back home, to San Antone
San Antone

Big cigar and limousine
A man of independent means
From the other side of town is listenin'
They say he's a record man
To give this boy a helping hand
I never knew it could be so hard on Broadway

But in San Antone, I'm a star tonight
To one fan that's waiting
With lovin' arms to hold me tonight
When I get back home, to San Antone
San Antone

Hotel room on the seventh floor
Somebody's lying against the door
I don't think I can take much more of Broadway

But in San Antone, I'm a star tonight
To one fan that's waiting
With lovin' arms to hold me tonight
When I get back home, to San Antone
San Antone