

Leavin' Amarillo

Billy Joe Shaver

Sometimes I want to hug her, sometimes I want to wring her neck
She wants to be a big star but she can't even sing a lick
She's got an ass about thirteen axe handles wide
And to stay here with her would be suicide
So I'm leavin' Amariller, I ain't coming back again

Screw you
You ain't worth passing through
Hey, hey, you don't route anyway
What more can I say?

I'm down at the station just trying to buy some gasoline
I'm leaving Amariller and I ain't coming back again
You can't buy beer here at the grocery store
But I won't have to worry about that no more
'Cause I'm leavin' Amariller, I ain't coming back again
Screw you
You ain't worth passing through
Hey, hey, you don't route anyway
What more can I say?

There's a whole bunch of cookie-cutters waiting up in Tennessee
They make stars everyday and one of them could be me
I may buy me a hat and learn to sing through my nose
I may even buy some sequined clothes
But I'm leavin' Amariller, I ain't coming back again
Screw you
You ain't worth passing through
Hey, hey, you don't route anyway
What more can I say?

I'm gonna say somethin' else...
Every doggone check I got from a club in Amariller bounced like
a doggone basketball
If you think I'm going back there to get them checks straighten
ed out you got another think coming
I ain't ever going through Amariller again 'cause I just don't
particularly like it
Worse than that is Lubbock
Lubbock's got some good folks in it, but they all dead
That's it, I'm through with Amariller

Aw, I might come back if I have to
Probably get lynched
They ain't got no trees out there, though!