

Dallas

Poco

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.