

/ C Em F G / /

Amarillo by **mornin'**, up from San An-tone

Everything that **I** got is **just** what I got **on** ...

When that **sun** is high in that **Texas** sky, I'll be **buckin** in the **county** fair

Amarillo by **mornin'** – Am-a-ril-lo **I'll** be **there**

/ C Em F C / - Em F G - / F G CEm F / C G FG C Em F G /

They took my saddle in **Houston**, broke my **leg** in Sante **Fe**

Lost me a wife and a **girlfriend** somewhere along the **way** ...

But I'll be **looking** for eight when they **pull** that gate and I **hope** that **judge** ain't **blind**

Amarillo by **mornin'** – Am-a-ril-lo's **on** my **mind**

Amarillo by **mornin'**, up from San An-tone

Everything that **I** got is **just** what I got **on** ...

I ain't **got** a dime but what I've **got** is mine, I **ain't** rich but **Lord** I'm **free**

/ D F#m G D / - F#m G A - / G A DF#m G /

... Amarillo by **mornin'** – Am-a-ril-lo's **where** I'll be

... Amarillo by **mornin'** – Am-a-ril-lo's **where** I'll be

/ D A GA D GA / D A GA D F#m G A D /