

[Intro]: D F#m G A D F#m G A

D F#m G D
 Amarillo by morning'... up from San Antone
 D F#m G [A] [A]
 Everything that I've got, is just what I got on

G A
 When that sun is high in that Texas sky

D F#m G
 I'll be buckin at the county fair

D A G A D
 Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo I'll be there

[D] [F#m] [G] [A]

D F#m G D
 They took my saddle in Houston, broke my leg in Santa Fe
 D F#m G [A] [A]
 Lost my wife and a girlfriend... somewhere along the way

G A
 I'll be looking for eight, when they pull that gate

D F#m G
 And I hope that judge ain't blind

D A G A D
 Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's on my mind

[D] [F#m] [G] [F#m A]

E G#m A E
 Amarillo by mornin' .. up from San Antone
 E G#m A [B] [B]
 Everything that I've got... is just what I got on

A B
 I ain't got a dime but what I've got is mine

E G#m A
 I ain't rich but Lord I'm free

E B A B E
 Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be

E B A B E
 Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be

[E] [G#m] [A] [B] (E) (out)