

Rollin's All Gone Out Of This Rollin' Stone

Dave Dudley

There's a baby in Minneapolis that I ain't never seen
And I guess he'd never guess that I'm his dad
And there's a woman up in east St Louis she'll make one hell of
a wife
For a man with the strength and the courage I never had
Cause every used car lot and hock shop from LA to New Orleans
Is a restin' place for everything I own
But travelin's got me weary and the road took all my dreams
Now the rollin's all gone outta this rollin' stone

There's a little white framed cottage got boards on the windows
and doors
At the Rue de San Michelle in Montreal
And if you're ever in San Quentin cell Block B Cell 24
Well you just might see my name carved on the wall
Cause every used car lot...

Got a motel key three cigarettes seven bottle tops
And last week's TV guide and a half a comb
Hey and some men grow families some men grow crops
But older is the only thing I grow
Cause every used car lot...
The rollin's all gone outta this rollin' stone
Oh the rollin's all gone outta this rollin' stone