

Houston

Bobby Bare

Well, it's lonesome in this ol' town,
Everybody puts me down
I'm a face without a name just a walking in the rain
A going back to Houston, Houston, Houston.

I got holes in both of my shoes,
Well, I'm a walking case of the blues
Saw a dollar yesterday but the wind blew it away
A going back to Houston, Houston, Houston.

I haven't eaten in about a week
I'm so hungry when I walk I squeak
Nobody calls me friend it's sad the shape I'm in
A going back to Houston, Houston, Houston.

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I got a girl waitin' there for me
Where at least she said she'd be
I got a home and big warm bed
And the feather pillow for my head.

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