

Lodi

Buck Owens

Just about a year ago I sat out on the road
Seeking my fame and fortune looking for a pot of gold
Things got bad and things got worse I guess you know the tune
Oh Lord I'm stuck in Lodi again
I rode in on the Greyhound I'll be walking out if I go
I was just passin' through must been seven months ago
I ran out of time and money it looks like they took my friend
Oh Lord I'm stuck in Lodi again
The man from the magazine he said I was on my way
Somewhere I lost connection I ran out of songs to play
I came into town a one night stand it looks like my plans fell
through
Oh Lord I'm stuck in Lodi again
If I only had a dollar for every song I've sung
Every time I pass the place while people sat there drunk
You know I'd catch the next train back to where I lived
Oh Lord I'm stuck in Lodi again oh Lord I'm stuck in Lodi again
Oh Lord I'm stuck in Lodi again