

# 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