

Just about a year ago, I set out on the road,
Seekin' my fame and fortune, lookin' for a pot of gold.
Things got bad, and things got worse, I guess you will
know the tune.
Oh ! Lord, stuck in Lodi again.
Rode in on the Greyhound, I'll be walkin' out if I go.
I was just passin' through, must be seven months or more.
Ran out of time and money, looks like they took my
friends.
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.

The man from the magazine said I was on my way.
Somewhere I lost connections, ran out of songs to play.
I came into town, a one night stand, looks like my plans
fell through
Oh ! Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

Mmmm...
If I only had a dollar, for ev'ry song I've sung.
And ev'ry time I've had to play while people sat there
drunk.
You know, I'd catch the next train back to where I live.
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.