

## Straylin Street

Pete Droge

When I was younger, I was torn, and frayed, and lonely  
Knew I had to move; Gotta hit the road  
Someday I would move and hide out where no one would  
Ever catch me  
'Cause those are bound to move; gotta hit the road  
Called for the hobo, but he was nowhere to be found  
He must be lost down on Straylin Street  
Spent all my time chasing nowhere, getting higher  
Found out I was nowhere, and it hit me hard  
Thought I'd jump a train and head out for Pittsburgh  
Pennsylvania  
But the brakeman passed me by, 'cause he was blind  
Called for the brakeman, but he was nowhere to be found  
He must be lost down on Straylin Street  
So can't you help, help, help a man like me?  
I said can't you help, help, help a man like me  
Or are you lost down on Straylin Street?  
I hit the road with my bag full of my laundry  
I carried my book in my right hand  
Kerouac got his words that reach  
For the young and the ramble-hearted  
'Cause those are bound to move; gotta hit the road  
Called for the writer, but he was nowhere to be found  
He must be lost down on Straylin Street