

Suitcase In My Hand

Ry Cooder

When I was still a kitten, Daddy told me, "Son,
There's just one thing that you should know
As through this world you ramble and through this world you roam
Just take this little suitcase when you go

When the evening sun goes down and you're tired of ramblin' round
Just set her on the ground and climb right in
You won't ever have to worry about the cold night wind
When you got your little suitcase in your hand."

Little suitcase in my hand, I'm rolling through this land
A mansion is much too big for me
When the stars come out at night Everything will be alright
'Cause I got this little suitcase my hand

A hard-boiled egg's yellow inside
There's some in every crowd you will find
They're afraid to have to do an honest day's work
So they blame the workingman every time

But the harder they come, the bigger they fall
Just you hold your ground and take your stand
'Cause the free and independent life's still the best of all
When you got your little suitcase in your hand