

Just about a year ago, I set out on the road  
Seekin' my fame and fortune, I'm lookin' 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 boarded on the Greyhound, and I'm walkin' there, by the road  
I was just passin' through, it must be seven months or more  
I ran out of time and money  
It looks like the two were friends

Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again

Man from a magazine, who said I was on my way  
But somewhere I lost connection, I ran out of songs to play  
I planned many times of one-night stands  
It looks like my plans fell through

Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again

If I had a million dollars for every song I've sung  
Or every time I had to play while people slapped their tongue  
I know I'll 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

There we go, get ready