

Walkin' Down The Road

The Ozark Mountain Daredevils

Well, I'm walkin' down the road with my hat on my head
Had to leave my mama in my big brass bed
Sun is shinin' on me and you know it sure feels fine

Lord, I made it to the station with my suitcase in my hand
Walked up to the window like a natural born man
Said, I sure do hope that choo-choo train runs on time
(Choo-choo, choo-choo)
Lord, I sure do hope that choo-choo train runs on time

Well, these two dollar shoes, Lord, they hurt my feet
But that fifty-cent liquor, well, it could not be beat
And I see no reason, reason to be sad, no

'Cause I'm goin' where them cold, cold winds don't blow
Where the streams and rivers, Lord, they all run slow
Ain't no use in cryin', cryin' over what you had, Lord, ain't
Lord, ain't no use in cryin', cryin' over what you had

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