## **Suitcase Blues**

It's four in the morning, There's not a soul around This dirty hotel room Has really got me down A modern day minstrel, They got my name in lights I wish these days of glamour Didn't have these lonely nights I'm on the road to fortune And I got the suitcase blues real bad

I guess I'm makin' payments For the dues that must be paid I cash another song Into this endless masquerade Halfway through the circuit And headed for the coast Been gone so long I can't remember What I miss the most, ah, but, Me and Johnny Walker, And the comfort that he brings, Waitin' on the telephone That never, ever rings On the lonely road to fortune, And I got the suitcase blues real bad

I got the blues And I got them really bad The suitcase blues Are the worst I ever had All by my lonesome And I'm halfway 'round the bend I don't mind drinkin' solo But I sure could use a friend

Me and Johnny Walker, And the comfort that he brings, Waitin' on the telephone That never, ever rings On the lonely road to fortune, And I got the suitcase blues real bad

## Triumph