

## Shreveport

### Turnpike Troubadours

Well on a greyhound bound for Shreveport I spent too  
long in my seat  
We stopped off in a no name town to grab a bite to eat  
And the ceiling fans they hung above a screened in  
patio  
Crawfish hotter than a chimney fire, the beer was cheap  
and cold  
And the bar maid smiled that kind of smile that knocked  
me off my stool  
Said hang around I'll show you things they don't teach  
in school

Across the way an old blues man was playing on the  
street  
Well he moaned just like a black and tan I found myself  
a seat  
He sang lord he lives above us and the devilish sleeps  
beneath  
He growled it mean and low between his three or four  
gold teeth

Well I dreamed that night of a pretty girl I dreamed of  
a riverboat  
til a man in blue kicked at my shoe said come on boy  
let's go  
I said oh officer oh officer please don't take me to  
jail  
he said you can't sleep outside now my hands are tied I  
knew that feeling all too well  
he said if you play in must town son you'll play it by  
the rules  
that downtown time shed light on sights you won't see  
in school

Out of jail I found myself a walking down the road  
so glad to hear that old Jake brake come purring nice  
and slow  
He said I'm gone as far as fayetville I've got some  
room to spare  
could you drop me off in fort Smith sir I've got family  
there  
and he barred the Jack on that big black Mack kicking  
back I played it cool  
from a shotgun seat I learned some things they don't  
teach in school

And I wish I was in shreveport just a gambling like a  
fool

Yea you can learn some things down there they don't  
teach in school