

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