

New Orleans

William Clark Green

I'm going crazy mama, I'm coming home
Let your voice ring in my ears through the telephone.
I'm eager like a top ready to come unwound
This truck has seen the miles, but your smile is where I'm bound.

And I'm bound for the border, bound for New Orleans
But I only got a quarter for gasoline

I got a half a tank of gas, and I'm burning oil
And I'd rather be from rags because the riches are too damn spoiled
I got a friend in Fort Worth, said he'll loan me some bills
Then I'll fill up with gas, and I'm spinning my wheels

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