

Nothing To Lose

William Clark Green

Walking on the rails
The outskirts of town
I got one more cigarette
And I burn it down

The freight no longer runs
The gin shut down
I throw caution to the wind
But there's no one around

Lord the highway is screaming but the truckers never stop
Their bound for Amarillo, California, or Little Rock
I guess I'll keep on moving, but it's a hard thing to choose
Because I got nothing else to gain and I got nothing to lose

I can see the lights of Lubbock
Lord how they shine
Oh the trains down there
Their always on time

If I could catch one headed south
Maybe toward the coast
Then I'd jump off down in Austin town
Walk down the river roads

Lord the highway is screaming but the truckers never stop
Their bound for Amarillo, California, or Little Rock
I guess I'll keep on moving, but it's a hard thing to choose
Because I got nothing else to gain and I got nothing to lose