

# Why Me

## The Lost Trailers

Sometimes I go walking through the long tall grass  
Wonder how long hard times will last  
For this backward soul on a road that god knows where  
As hard as I try ain't left no track  
It's not enough to find my way back  
I hit the ground like broken glass and just lay there

Singing why me, oh why me  
And I throw another empty bottle up against the wall  
And I say why me, oh why me  
But pitty never ever did me any kinda good at all  
So I walk on

And I wound up on the capital steps  
Watching the lobbyists smoking cigarettes  
And bury their shoes in the country club blues  
And who got who by the short hairs

Standing there in their high dollar suits  
Looking down at my tattered old jeans and boots  
And this weathered guitar that seems to follow me everywhere  
God it follows me everywhere

Playing why me, oh why me  
All I got's another song about how money makes and breaks the law  
And I sing why me, oh why me  
I'm just a broke troubadour with a bark for the underdog  
So I walk on

Now I ain't Jesus, but I can relate  
To a man looking death square in the face  
Even he hit his knees with a plea in the garden of Gethsemane  
To his holy father he raised his eyes  
In his darkest hours he cried  
Please would you take this cup from me

Praying why me, oh why me  
Knowing all the while he had to carry that cross and hang there  
When I say why me, oh me  
I know that somewhere up in heaven there's a big old book with my name there

So I walk on, I rock on  
Even when I'm singing, why me, I rock on  
Even when I'm singing, why me, I rock on  
Even when I'm singing, why me

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