

# Straylin Street

Pete Droge

When I was younger  
I was torn and frayed and lonely  
Knew I had to move  
Gotta hit the road Someday I would move and hide out  
Where no one would ever catch me  
Cuz those're bound to move  
Gotta hit the road Called for the hobo but he was  
No where to be found  
He must be lost down  
On Straylin Street Spent all my time chasing  
No where getting higher  
Found out I was no where  
And it hit me hard Thought I'd jump a train  
And head out for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
But the brakeman passed me by  
Cuz he was blind Called for the brakeman but he was  
No where to be found  
He must be lost down  
On Straylin Street So can't you help, help, help a man like me  
I said, can't you help, help, help a man like me  
Or are you lost down  
On Straylin Street? I hit the road with my bag full of my laundry  
I carried my book in my right hand  
Kerouac got his words that reach for the young  
And the ramble hearted 'Cuz those're bound to move  
Gotta hit the road Called for the writer but he was  
No where to be found  
He must be lost down  
On Straylin Street

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