

Lonesome, On'ry and Mean

Waylon Jennings

On a greyhound bus
Lord, I'm travelin' this morning
I'm goin' to Shreveport
And down to New Orleans
Been travelin' these highways
Been doin' things my way
It's been making me lonesome
On'ry and mean
Now her hair was jet black
And her name was Bodine
Thought she was the cream
Of the basin street queens
She got tired
Of that smoky-wine dream
She began to feel lonesome
On'ry and mean
We got together
And we cashed in our sweeps
Gave onto a beggar
Who was mumblin' through the streets
There's no escaping
From his snowy white dream
On'ry and lonesome
On'ry and mean
I'm down in this valley
Where the wheels turn so low
At dawn I pray
To the Lord of my soul
I say do Lord
Do right by me
You know I'm tired of being lonesome
On'ry and mean

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