

Losing Streak

Adam Brand

That tin pot town went and spat me out
Onto that Eastern track
My dad he gave me a month or two
Before the city spat me backA flat bed truck picked me up
And I crossed that great divide
I had 3 good days 'til I spent my pay
Now I'm on a downward slideOh I'm on a losing streak
Down a paddle I'm up the creek
Mercy be, I'm on a losing streakThe city don't place any worth
On a small town rouse about
I've never seen so many folks
But so few who'll help you out

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