

Lonesome, On'ry And Mean

Travis Tritt

On a greyhound bus, Lord I'm traveling this morning
I'm going to Shreveport and down to New Orleans
Been driving these highways, been doing things my way
It's been making me lonesome, on'ry and mean Now her hair was jet black, and her name was Codene
Thought she was the cream of the Basin Street queens
She got tired of that smokey wine dream
Began to feel lonesome, on'ry and mean And we got together, and we cashed in our sweeps
Gave them to a beggar who was mumbling through the streets
There's no escaping from his snowy white dreams
Born lookin' lonesome, on'ry and mean Now 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
I'm tired of being lonesome, on'ry and mean

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