

Box # 10

Jim Croce

Well, out of Southern Illinois
Come a down home country boy
He gonna make it in the city
Playin' guitar in the studio Oh well, he hadn't been there an hour
When he met a Broadway flower
You know she took him for his money
And she left him in a cheap hotel Oh well, it's easy for you to see
That that country boy is me
Say and how am I ever gonna break the news
To the folks back home Well, I was gonna be a great success
Things sure ended up a mess
But in the process I got messed up too But hello Mama and Dad I had to call collect
'Cause I ain't got a cent to my name
Well, I'm sleepin' in the hotel doorway
And tonight they say it's gonna rain And if you'd only send me some money
Oh, I'll be back on my feet again
Send it in care of the Sunday Mission
Box number ten Well back in Southern Illinois
They're still worryin' 'bout their boy
But this boy's goin' home
Soon as he gets the fare Because as soon as I got my bread
I got a pipe upside my head
You know they left me in an alley
Took my money and my guitar, too And hello Mama and Dad I had to call collect
'Cause I ain't got a cent to my name
Well, I'm sleepin' in the hotel doorway
And tonight they say it's gonna rain And if you'd only send me some money
Oh, I'll be back on my feet again
Send it in care of the Sunday Mission
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