

Streets of Bakersfield -- with Dwight Yoakam

Buck Owens

I came here looking for something I couldn't find anywhere else
Well I don't wanna be nobody just want a chance to be myself
I've done a thousand miles of thumbin' yes I've worn blisters on my heels
Tryin' to find me something better on the streets of Bakersfield
You don't know me but you don't like me you say you careless how I feel
How many of you that sit and judge me ever walked the streets of Bakerfield
[guitar]

Spent some time in San Francisco spent a night there in the can
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell I took fifteen dollars from that man
I left him my watch and my old house key I don't want folks thinkin' that I'd steal
Then I thanked him as he was sleeping and I headed out for Bakersfield
You don't know me...
How many of you that sit and judge me ever walked the streets of Bakerfield

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>