Suitcase Blues

Triumph

It's four in the morning, there's not a soul around
This dirty hotel room has really got me down
A modern day minstrel, they got my name in lights
I wish these days of glamor didn't have these lonely nightsI'm on the road to fortune
And I got the suitcase blues real badI guess I'm makin' payments of the dues that must be paid
I cash another song into this endless masquerade
Halfway through the circuit and headed for the coast
Been gone so long I can't remember what I miss the most, ah, butMe and Johnny Walker and the comfort that he brings
Waitin' on the telephone that never ever rings
On the lonely road of fortune
And I got the suitcase blues real badI got the blues and I got them really bad
The suitcase blues are the worst I ever had
All by my lonesome and I'm halfway 'round the bend
I dont mind drinkin' solo but I sure could use a friendOh, me and Johnny Walker and the comfort that he brings
Waitin' on the telephone that never ever rings
On the lonely road of fortune
And I got the suitcase blues real bad

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