Streets Of Bakersfield

Buck Owens

I came here looking for something
I couldn't find anywhere else
Hey, I'm not trying to be nobody
I just want a chance to be myselfI've spent a thousand miles of thumbin'
Yes I've worn blisters on my heels
Trying to find me something better
Here on the streets of BakersfieldHey you don't know me, but you don't like me
You say you care less how I feel
But how many of you that sit and judge me
Have ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?Spent sometime in San Francisco
I spent a night there in the can
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell
I took fifteen dollars from that manLeft him my watch and my old house key
Don't want folks thinkin' that I'd steal
Then I thanked him as I was leaving
And I headed out for BakersfieldHey you don't know me, but you don't like me
You say you care less how I feel
But how many of you that sit and judge me
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?Hey you don't know me, but you don't like me
You say you care less how I feel
But how many of you that sit and judge me
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?How many of you that sit and judge me
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

Songwriters
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