# houston

## Trike

Well it's lonesome in this ol' town everybody puts me down
I'm a face without a name just a walking in the rain
A going back to Houston Houston Houston
I got holes in both of my shoes well I'm a walking case of the blues
Saw a dollar yesterday but the wind blew it away
A going back to Houston Houston Houston
I haven't eaten in about a week I'm so hungry when I walk I squeak
Nobody calls me friend it's sad the shape I'm in
A going back to Houston Houston Houston

[ harmonica ]A going back to Houston Houston Houston
I got a girl waitin' there for me well at least she said she'd be
I got a home and big warm bed and a feather pillow for my head
A going back to Houston Houston Houston
Well it's lonesome in this ol' town...
A going back to Houston Houston Houston

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