

B-Movie Boxcar Blues

Delbert McClinton

Caught a ride in South Dakota
With two girls in a light blue Desoto
One's names was Jane
The other was plain
But they both had racing motors
Next I caught a ride with a gamblers wife
She had a brand new laid down Rambler
She parked outside of town
And laid the rambler down
And said she sure could dig it if I rode her
I'm doing my best to get back to you
Ain't nothing' I'd rather do
Look for me someday
I'm gonna be there, honey
With something special just for you
At a truck stop for toothpick and water
Caught a ride with a fruit picker's daughter
We drove into the night
Said 'The fruit's just right'
She said all I could eat for a quarter
Next I caught a ride with a hobo woman
Who said she was from Texas too
The way she did what she did
When she did, what she did to me
Made me think of you
Bet all my money on a race horse baby
One they said can't lose
Now I'm down here in the pouring rain
Trying to get to you, Trying to get to you
And I'm walking and I'm talking to myself
And it's raining and I'm freezing to death
Trying to get to you, trying to get to you

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>