

# Lonesome, On'ry And Mean

[Travis Tritt](#)

On a greyhound bus, Lord I'm traveling this morning  
I'm going to Shreveport and down to New Orleans  
Been driving these highways, been doing things my way  
It's been making me lonesome, on'ry and mean Now her hair was jet black, and her name was Codene  
Thought she was the cream of the Basin Street queens  
She got tired of that smokey wine dream  
Began to feel lonesome, on'ry and mean And we got together, and we cashed in our sweeps  
Gave them to a beggar who was mumbling through the streets  
There's no escaping from his snowy white dreams  
Born lookin' lonesome, on'ry and mean Now I'm down in this valley, where the wheels turn so low  
At dawn I pray, to the Lord of my soul  
I say do Lord, do right by me  
I'm tired of being lonesome, on'ry and mean

Songwriters

Steve Young Published by

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