

B.B. King, The Road I Travel

Well, the rocks is my pillow
The cold ground is my bed
The highway is my home so I might as well be dead

I'm walkin' and walkin', seems I have no place to go
Yes, mama's dead and gone
And papa throw me from his door

I have one pair of shoes
Don't even have a change of clothes
And this road I've got to travel, yes, it's so chilly and cold

Yes, I'm going to have religion and learn how to pray
I need help, now people, seem that's the only way

I'm travellin' and travelin'
Seem like this road has got no end
I ain't got nobody, people
In this whole world to call my friend

I've got so much trouble, people, sometimes I could cry
I've got so much trouble, so much trouble
Sometimes I could cry
Yes, sometimes I could just break down
Seem like I could just break down and die