

# Buck Owens, Streets Of Bakersfield

I came here in looking for somethin'  
I couldn't find anywhere else  
Well, I don't want to be nobosy,  
Just want a chance to be myself.

I've done a thousand miles of thumbin',  
Yes, I've worn blisters on my heels  
Trying to find me something better  
On the streets of Bakersfield.

Chorus:

You don't know me but you don't like me,  
You say you care less how I feel  
How many of you that sit and judge me  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

--- Instrumental ---

Spent some time in San Francisco,  
Spent a night there in the can  
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell,  
I took fifteen dollars from that man.

I left him my watch and my old house keys,  
I don't like folks thinking that I'd steal  
Then I thanked him as he was sleeping,  
And I headed out for Bakersfield.

Chorus:

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