

# John Fogerty, Lodi

(J. Fogerty)

Just about a year ago, I set out on the road,  
Seekin' my fame and fortune, lookin' for a pot of gold.  
Things got bad, and things got worse, I guess you will know the tune.  
Oh ! Lord, stuck in Lodi again.  
Rode in on the Greyhound, I'll be walkin' out if I go.  
I was just passin' through, must be seven months or more.  
Ran out of time and money, looks like they took my friends.  
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.

The man from the magazine said I was on my way.  
Somewhere I lost connections, ran out of songs to play.  
I came into town, a one night stand, looks like my plans fell through  
Oh ! Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

Mmmm...  
If I only had a dollar, for ev'ry song I've sung.  
And ev'ry time I've had to play while people sat there drunk.  
You know, I'd catch the next train back to where I live.  
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.  
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.