

Lobo, Shot Down Honcho

(Lobo)

I went away one day,
Not a word did I say,
Searchin' for a place in the sun
A pretty face in a place
Brought me nothing by disgrace
I'm a put down son - of - a - gun

I'm a shot down honcho half the way home
Standin' here a waitin' for a ride, ride, ride
I'll take a car or truck a motor scooter or a bus
I got to get home to your side, side, side
I got to get home to your side

How did I know when I go
That the feelin' would show
And you really would miss your old man
I got no pay or a way
To get to you today
So hold on as long as you can

I'm just a shot down honcho half the way home
Standin' here a waitin' for a ride, ride, ride
I'll take a car or truck a wheel barrow or a bus
I got to get home to your side, side, side
I got to get home to your side

A burly bear in a chair
Tells me to cut my hair
If I expect to get a ride
Why have no fear I don't hear
Put it in your ear
'Cause I ain't got nothin' to hide