

Boiled In Lead, Hide My Track

I got no home I can go back to
I got no one to call a friend
I can't find the place I started
I can only guess how it will end.

CHORUS:

Keep them hounds off my trail
These jailers off my back
Get these bracelets off of me
A little rain to hide my track.

There's no whiskey in the jar
I'm so dry I need a drink.
I need a place to lay my head down
I need to find some time to think.

CHORUS

That old river keeps on rolling
And old Hannah won't go down.
I can't give back what I ain't taken
And I won't give up, if I ain't found.

I have nothing I can offer
I'm like a dog without a bone;
But if there's someone up there listening
There's a poor boy out here alone.

CHORUS