

Buck Owens, Streets of Bakersfield (featuring Dwight Yoakam)

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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