

Charley Pride, Special

The only thing I really own is what you see me wearing on my back
The only friends I've ever known are the kind you meet along a railroad track
The kind you bum tobacco from and view the world through a boxcar door
A friend who talks and makes you laugh has nothing much but gives you half
And maybe you don't see him anymore
Special I hear your lonesome whistle whine
It's calling me Special keep moving me on down the line

My mackinaw is full of holes and ain't too good at keepin' out the cold
My shoes are worn as paper thin my feet can feel the cinders through the soles
Sometimes I see a pretty girl and wonder what I've missed along the way
Once someone special wore my ring and loved me more than anything
I gave her up and caught a train one day
Special I had a special girl one time
Now she's not mine Special keep moving me on down the line