

Droge Pete, Straylin Street

When I was younger I was torn and frayed and lonely
Knew I had to move... Gotta hit the road
Someday I would move and hide out where no one would ever catch me
'cause those'r bound to move gotta hit the road
Called for the hobo but he was no where to be found
He must be lost down on Straylin Street.
Spent all my time chasing no where getting higher
Found out I was no where and it hit me hard
Thought I'd jump a train and head out for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
But the brakeman passed me by 'cause he was blind
Called for the brakeman but he was no where to be found
He must be lost down on Straylin Street.
So can't you help, help, help a man like me
I said can't you help, help, help a man like me
Or are you lost down on Straylin Street?
I hit the road with my bag full of my laundry
I carried my book in my right hand
Kerouac got his words that reach for the young and the ramble hearted
'cause those'r bound to move gotta hit the road
Called for the writer but he was no where to be found
He must be lost down on Straylin Street...