

# Dwight Yoakam, Streets Of Bakersfield

I came here looking for something  
I couldn't find anywhere else  
Hey, I'm not trying to be nobody  
I just want a chance to be myself

I've spent a thousand miles a-thumbin'  
Yes, I've worn blisters on my heels  
Trying to find me something better  
Here on the streets of Bakersfield

Hey, you don't know me, but you don't like me  
You say you care less how I feel  
But how many of you that sit and judge me  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield

Spent sometime in San Francisco  
I spent a night there in the can  
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell  
I took fifteen dollars from that man

Left him my watch and my old house key  
Don't want folks thinkin' that I'd steal  
Then I thanked him as I was leaving  
And I headed out for Bakersfield

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