

Freddie Hart, Hungry Row

Walking in my shabby coat and boy it sure is cold
Trying to get a hang-out here on Hungry Row
I'll wash your dishes I'll chop your wood
For bite I'll scrub your clothes
Cause beggars can't be choosers here on Hungry Row

Once I had the chance to see my little children grow
And my woman's love I've thought I had there's heavy on my soul
I've lost my wife to another man it's a story too many times told
Now I try to escape from her memory here on Hungry Row

Riding on an old freight car my future's black as coal
Depression's my companion here on Hungry Row
If you see me passin' by don't turn up your nose
I know someone just like you right here on Hungry Row
We all started out with big ideas love and money was our goal
And if it happens to you then you'll welcome to your place on Hungry Row
If it happens to you then you'll welcome to your place on Hungry Row Hungry Row