

# Triumph, Suitcase Blues

It's four in the morning,  
There's not a soul around  
This dirty hotel room  
Has really got me down  
A modern day minstrel,  
They got my name in lights  
I wish these days of glamour  
Didn't have these lonely nights  
I'm on the road to fortune  
And I got the suitcase blues real bad

I guess I'm makin' payments  
For the dues that must be paid  
I cash another song  
Into this endless masquerade  
Halfway through the circuit  
And headed for the coast  
Been gone so long  
I can't remember  
What I miss the most, ah, but,  
Me and Johnny Walker,  
And the comfort that he brings,  
Waitin' on the telephone  
That never, ever rings  
On the lonely road to fortune,  
And I got the suitcase blues real bad

I got the blues  
And I got them really bad  
The suitcase blues  
Are the worst I ever had  
All by my lonesome  
And I'm halfway 'round the bend  
I don't mind drinkin' solo  
But I sure could use a friend

Me and Johnny Walker,  
And the comfort that he brings,  
Waitin' on the telephone  
That never, ever rings  
On the lonely road to fortune,  
And I got the suitcase blues real bad