

Delbert McClinton "B-Movie Boxcar Blues"

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Caught a ride into South Dakota
With two girls in a light blue Desoto
You know one name was Jane
The other was plain
But they both had racing motors

Next I caught a ride with a gamblers wife
She had a brand new laid down Rambler
She stopped outside of town
Laid the Rambler down
Said she sure could dig it if I rode her
Said she sure could dig it if I rode her

Doing my best to get back to you
Ain't nothin' I'd rather do
Look for me Sunday
Gonna be there, honey
With something special just for you
Yeah, a little something special just for you

At a truck stop for toothpick and water
Caught a ride with a fruit picker's daughter
I drove her through the night
While the fruit got ripe
She gave me all I could eat for a quarter

Next I hopped a train with a Hobo woman
Said, she was from Texas too
The way she did, what she did when she did
What she did to me, made me think of you
Yeah, honey, made me think of you

I'm doing my best to get back to you
Ain't nothin' I'd rather do
Look for me Sunday
Hope I'll be there, honey
With something special just for you
Yeah, a little something special just for you

I bet all my money on a race horse, baby
One they said can't lose
Now I'm walking down here in the freezing rain

Trying to get to you, trying to get to you

Doing everythin', I know how to do
We're here in the freezing rain, honey
Trying to get to you
Yeah, I'm just trying to get to you

Doing everythin', everythin' I know, how to do
Walking down here in the freezing rain, honey
Trying to get to you
Yeah, trying to get to you

I'm walking and I'm talking to myself
And it's raining oh, I'm freezing me to death

Thinkin' 'bout you, babe
Thinkin' 'bout you, babe
Thinkin' 'bout you, babe

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