

Bill Anderson

"This Ole Suitcase"

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THIS OLE SUITCASE

(Bill Anderson)

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(I want to respectfully dedicate this next song
To every man that ever drove a truck
Every travelin' salesman whoever rode the highways
And every guitar picker whoever chased a dream
And ended up in a motel room starin' at four walls
talkin' to himself
Feelin' like the only friend he's got in this world is his
ole suitcase)
She's been my pillow when I've needed a place to lay
my weary head
She's been my blanket when the ground beneath my
body was my only bed
She's been the table where I've dined on T-bone steak
and cheep red wine
I've shared the gravy and the grind with this ole
suitcase mhm
She's been my traveling companion
When the road stretched out in front of me for miles
She's had to catch my salty tears
But she's been around to see my happy smiles
I sing her my songs in their unfancy and she listens
patiently
I've carried her and she's carried me this ole suitcase
mhm
And the people who don't know
Say Lord ain't it hard livin' out of a suitcase
And I guess if you ain't been there
You might not understand it but it's my case
She's been my traveling companion
When the road stretched out in front of me for miles
She's had to catch my salty tears
But she's been around to see my happy smiles
From New York City to Kangka Ki in a 707 or in a GMC
I've carried her and she's carried me this ole suitcase
mhm
From New York City to Kangka Ki in a 707 or in a GMC
And when I die just bury me in this ole suitcase mhm

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