

Gotmoor

"I'm Your Travellin' Man"

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In a shabby bar
Of a nowhere town
Her hair was black as tar
She was really lookin' down

I sat beside her, and she needed a light
I wanted to give her more
To make her feel alright and first she hesitated
Then she wanted to be paid
And last she told me
She ain't got it made

In a lonely park
She was really lookin' sad
Her hair was black as tar
And then she told me
Things are lookin' bad

Come on baby, shove your troubles away
I give you a chance to be happy
Why don't you take it today

I'm your travellin' man
And I take what I need when I can
I'm your travellin' man
And I take what I need, I need you, I need you, I need
you
Oh, you know I do, yeah

In other bars, and other shabby towns
The kids are lookin' up
The kids are lookin' down
They got the will, they're out to get their share
And leads you doin' what others don't dare

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