

Buck Owens

"Streets of Bakersfield -- with Dwight Yoakam"

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I came here looking for something I couldn't find
anywhere else
Well I don't wanna be nobody just want a chance to be
myself
I've done a thousand miles of thumbn' yes I've worn
blisters on my heels
Tryin' to find me something better on the streets of
Bakersfield
You don't know me but you don't like me you say you
careless how I feel
How many of you that sit and judge me ever walked the
streets of Bakerfield
[guitar]
Spent some time in San Francisco spent a night there in
the can
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell I took fifteen
dollars from that man
I left him my watch and my old house key I don't want
folks thinkin' that I'd steal
Then I thanked him as he was sleeping and I headed
out for Bakersfield
You don't know me...
How many of you that sit and judge me ever walked the
streets of Bakerfield

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