Hoyt Axton
"Country Boy & Bleeker Street"

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Oh, I'm just a country boy
I've got sand all in my shoes
I've got tuck in the big city
Got to sing the big city blues, city blues

I was standing on the corner of Bleeker and McDougall
Wondering which way to go
I've got a woman down in Coconut Grove
And you know she love me so

I wanna go home
I wanna go home
Now don't you tell me your troubles
(Now don't you tell me your troubles)
Oh, I got troubles of my own
I wanna go home

I love all you big city women
I love the big city blues
Oh. I've got a woman down in Coconut Grove
And she knows what to do
I wanna go home
I wanna go home
Now don't you tell me your troubles
(Now don't you tell me your troubles)
Oh, I got troubles of my own
I wanna go home

I wanna go home
I wanna go home
I said, I gotta go home
(I wanna go home)
I wanna go home
(I wanna go home)
I gotta go home
(I wanna go home)
I wanna go home
(I wanna go home)