

J. J. Cale "Drifters Wife"

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Had me a woman down in Tennessee
Boy, she used to love me
Free fever got me and I had to go
I never seen that woman no more

New York City is a place I've been
I was there one time with a travelin' band
Young girl there wanted me to stay
I think she wanted me to pay

Roll it out, roll it in
Here we go down the road again
Drifters life is a drifters wife
Don't say I didn't tell you so

Travelin' man, now he don't know
Only what he hears on the radio
Politics and money don't bother him
Only good lookin' women and a bottle of gin

Portland, Oregon, to the Mexican line
Boy, let me tell you the women are fine
If you don't hang around there very long
They'll never ever know you're gone

Roll it out, roll it in
Here we go down the road again
Drifters life is a drifters wife
Don't say I didn't tell you so

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