

**C.c.r.
"Lodi"**

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Just about a year ago,
I set out on the road,
Seeking my fame and fortune,
Looking for a pot of gold.
Things got bad, and things got worse,
I guess you will know the tune.
Oh ! Lord, Stuck in Lodi again.

Rode in on the Greyhound,
I'll be walking out if I go.
I was just passing through,
Must be seven months or more.
Ran out of time and money,
Looks like they took my friends.
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.

The man from the magazine said I was on my way.
Somewhere I lost connections, ran out of songs to play.
I came into town, a one night stand,
Looks like my plans fell through
Oh ! Lord, Stuck in Lodi again.
Mmmm...

If I only had a dollar, for ev'ry song I've sung.
And ev'ry time I've had to play
While people sat there drunk.
You know, I'd catch the next train back to where I live.
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.
Oh ! Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.

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