

## Louis Bertignac

### "Roamin' Blues"

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Left Chicago in the summer, New York in the fall,  
Detroit in the winter didn't prove a thing at all  
I got those roamin' blues  
Yes I got those roamin' blues  
Can't find no place to settle  
Woo I got those roamin' blues  
Joined a club in old Saint Louis, that G.I. free loot club  
Stood in line so long man, wore my legs down to a nub  
I hit the road again  
Yes I hit the road again  
Can't find no place to settle  
So I hit the road again  
I thought I'd made it Jack in good old Albuquerque'  
I was on the wrong track, you know they tried to make  
me work  
- ain't that a killer?  
I hit the road right quick  
Yes that judge was much too slick  
Can't find no place to settle  
Woo I hit the road right quick  
Then Las Vegas was the next stop, that fast town left  
me weak  
The dice man made twelve passes and I was up the  
well-known creek  
Those gamblers put me down  
Yes I had to walk right out of town  
Mm-mm, that ain't no place to settle  
Mmm, I had to walk right out of town  
Ah but I hit the greatest town of all, Frantic Frisco  
Got me a gal with plenty gold and she just won't let me  
go  
I think I've found a place  
Yes I got my boots all laced  
Found me a home, don't have to roam, it's good news,  
I've lost those roamin' blues

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