

Oh Susanna "Crooked Down The Road"

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Well, I've got a carved arm and a black tooth
Crippled boot and a broken heart
Stuck here in Smiley

Oh, God, I'm so alone
I will roam hobo
Come crooked down the road

I got an idiot eye and Indian hips
Conhouse lips and a wino's smile
Stuck out here in Youngstown

Killing myself slow
So I'll hitch a rattletrap boat
Come crooked down the road

I got a jacket of smoke and a charcoal lung
Dumb tongue and I'm down at the heels, Joe
Stuck in Stony Mountain

Don't know which way I'll go
So I'll take the first morning coach
Come crooked down the road

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