

Anderson Bill

"This Ole' Suitcase"

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I want to respectfully dedicate this next song to every
man
That ever drove a truck
Every travelin' salesman whoever rode the highways
And every guitar picker whoever chased a dream
And ended up in a motel room
Starin' at four walls talkin' to himself
Feelin' like the only friend
He's got in this world is his ole suitcase)

She's been my pillow when
I've needed a place to lay my weary head
She's been my blanket when the ground
Beneath my body was my only bed
She's been the table W
Where I've dined on T-bone steak and cheep red wine
I've shared the gravy and the grind
With this ole suitcase hmm

She's been my traveling companion
When the road stretched out in front of me for miles
She's had to catch my salty tears
But she's been around to see my happy smiles
I sing her my songs in their infancy
And she listens patiently
I've carried her and she's carried me
This ole suitcase hmm

And the people who don't know say
Lord ain't it hard livin' out of a suitcase
And I guess if you ain't been there
You might not understand it but it's my case
She's been my traveling companion

When the road stretched out in front of me for miles
She's had to catch my salty tears
But she's been around to see my happy smiles
From New York City to Kangka Ki in a 707 or in a GMC
I've carried her and she's carried me
This ole suitcase hmm
From New York City to Kangka Ki in a 707 or in a GMC

And when I die just bury me in
This ole suitcase hmm

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