

## William Clark Green

### "New Orleans"

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I'm going crazy mama, I'm coming home  
Let your voice ring in my ears through the telephone.  
I'm eager like a top ready to come unwound  
This truck has seen the miles, but your smile is where  
I'm bound.

And I'm bound for the border, bound for New Orleans  
But I only got a quarter for gasoline

I got a half a tank of gas, and I'm burning oil  
And I'd rather be from rags because the riches are too  
damn spoiled  
I got a friend in Fort Worth, said he'll loan me some  
bills  
Then I'll fill up with gas, and I'm spinning my wheels

And I'm bound for the border, bound for New Orleans  
But I only got a quarter for gasoline

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