

Jennings Waylon

"Lonesome On'ry And Mean"

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Verse 1:

On a greyhound bus, Lord I'm traveling this morning
I'm going to Shreveport and on down to New Orleans
Been driving these highways, been doing things my
way
It's been making me lonesome, on'ry and mean

Verse 2:

Now her hair was jet black, and her name was Codiene
Thought she was the cream of the Basin Street queens
She got tired of that smokey whine dream
Began to feel lonesome, on'ry and mean

Verse 3:

We got together, and we cashed in our sweeps
Gave them to a beggar who was mumbling through the
streets
There's no escaping from his snowy white dreams
Born lookin' lonesome, on'ry and mean

Verse 4:

Now I'm down in this valley, where the wheels turn so
low
At dawn I pray, to the Lord of my soul
I say do Lord, do right by me
I'm tired of being lonesome, on'ry and mean

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