

Sweet Johanna

Levon Helm

Well I came up to the great big city
When I was only seventeen
Got me a job in a big skyscraper
Helping to keep the place clean
I tried to save all my money
To bring you here someday
The neon lights burned holes in my pockets
And the money just slipped away

Now my sweet Johanna
I'm hitchin' on back down to Louisiana
Back where I started
And I'm poorer than the day I went away
Oh, my sweet Johanna
I'm coming on home to Louisiana
Back where I started
'Cause you might want to live
In New York City anyway

I went on down to the bar on the corner
To have myself a beer
"Sweet young hoss, now what about these"
I heard it in my ear
I had not heard a friendly word
In seven months or more
So I had to defend my lady friend
When somebody called her a whore

Now now my sweet Johanna
I'm hitchin' a ride back to Louisiana
Back where I started
And I'm poorer than the day I went away
Now my sweet Johanna
I'm hitchin' a ride back to Louisiana
Just to tell you that
You might like to live
In New York City anyway

Well we all went out to the alley
But I woke up all alone
An empty wallet, an ache in my head
And no place to call home

Now my sweet Johanna
You know I'm hitchin' a ride back to Louisiana
Just to tell you that
And I'm poorer than the day I went away
Oh, my sweet Johanna
I'm coming on back home to Louisiana
Just to tell you that
You might want to live
In New York City anyway

Hitchin' on back to Louisiana
Back where I started
And I'm poorer than the day I went away
Oh, my sweet Johanna

I'm coming on back home to Louisiana
Just to tell you that
You might like to live
In New York City anyway