

## Strawberry Flats

Little Feat

Ripped off and run out of town  
Had my guitar burned when I was clownin'  
Haven't slept in a bed for a week  
And my shoes feel like they're part of my feet  
Let me come down where I won't be a bother to no one  
Let me unwind please give me a hole to recline in

Knocked on my friend's door in moody texas  
And asked if he had a place for me  
His hair was cut off and he was wearing a suit  
And he said not in my house, not in my house  
You look like you're part of a conspiracy

Now I'm six hours out on strawberry flats  
Trying to get to Waco 'fore it freezes over  
They're stopping every one who looks too wierd  
At the ghoul bust Texas road block  
Oh let me come down where I won't be a bother to no one  
Let me unwind please give me a hole to recline in

Got a ride on a highway king  
Made the cross road by nine fifteen  
If I don't find a place to crash  
Well I might as well cash it all in

If I was a no 'count gambler or a Texas fool  
Or a millionaire with a suit and real short hair  
Or do you even care