

Straylin Street

Pete Droge

When I was younger, I was torn, and frayed, and lonely
Knew I had to move; Gotta hit the road
Someday I would move and hide out where no one would
Ever catch me
'Cause those are bound to move; gotta hit the road
Called for the hobo, but he was nowhere to be found
He must be lost down on Straylin Street
Spent all my time chasing nowhere, getting higher
Found out I was nowhere, and it hit me hard
Thought I'd jump a train and head out for Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
But the brakeman passed me by, 'cause he was blind
Called for the brakeman, but he was nowhere to be found
He must be lost down on Straylin Street
So can't you help, help, help a man like me?
I said can't you help, help, help a man like me
Or are you lost down on Straylin Street?
I hit the road with my bag full of my laundry
I carried my book in my right hand
Kerouac got his words that reach
For the young and the ramble-hearted
'Cause those are bound to move; gotta hit the road
Called for the writer, but he was nowhere to be found
He must be lost down on Straylin Street