

Just about a year ago, I set out on the road,  
Seekin' my fame and fortune, lookin' for a pot of gold.  
Things got bad, and things got worse, I guess you will know the  
tune.

Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.  
Rode in on the Greyhound, I'll be walkin' out if I go.  
I was just passin' through, must be seven months or more.  
Ran out of time and money, looks like they took my friends.  
Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.

The man from the magazine said I was on my way.  
But somewhere I lost connections, ran out of songs to play.  
I came into town, a one night stand, looks like my plans fell t  
hrough  
Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.

If I only had a dollar, for every song I've sung.  
And every time I've had to play while people sat there drunk.  
You know, I'd catch the next train right back to where I'm from  
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Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.  
Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again.