Out of Luck, Out on Another Highway

Out of Luck, Out on Another Highway
(Tom Paxton --- reworked by Bob Clayton)

1. Pulled into Jackson in the morning light,
Saw the last of Jackson about ten last night,
Had some chili, and caught a show,
Deputy sheriff said time to go,
Out of luck and out on another highway.

Chorus:
Lord, lord, wouldn't I love to throw these shoes away,
They won't let me stay no place for no time,,
Lord, Lord, wouldn't I love to never go away,
Out of luck, out on another highway.

2. Ain't much to look at, but can't help that,
I'm a little short, drink too much and I'm getting fat,
I'd change it all if I had my way,
But you've got to play 'em the way they lay.
Out of luck, and out on another highway.

3. Wrote a picture postcard to a friend of mine,
Heading south to winter in the bright sunshine,
Wasn't no use to mail it, though,
'Cause he's gone where the chilly winds don't blow,
Out of luck, and out on another highway.

recorded by Tom Paxton (though not quite in this version)
DC