Streets of Bakersfield



Written by Buck Owens

F Bb
I came here looking for something
C7 F
I couldn't find anywhere else
Bb
Hey, I'm not trying to be nobody,
C7 F
Just want a chance to be myself

I've done a thousand miles of thumbin', Yes, I've worn blisters on my heels Trying to find me something better On the streets of Bakersfield

[CHORUS]

You don't know me but you don't like me, You say you care less how I feel How many of you that sit and judge me Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield

Spent some time in San Francisco, Spent a night there in the can They threw this drunk man in my jail cell, I took fifteen dollars from that man

I left him my watch and my old house key, Don't like folks thinking that I'd steal Then I thanked him as I was leaving, And I headed out for Bakersfield

[REPEAT CHORUS TWICE]

[TAG]

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