

Miss Ol' St Louie

J. J. Cale

Miss ol' St. Louis, wish I was back
Picking my guitar by the railroad track
All them pretty women's, hangin' 'round me
Miss ol' St. Louis, how it used to be
Mississippi River, water so deep
Running down to Memphis on to New Orleans
Trying to hustle quarters, nickels, and dimes
Ol' St. Louie's where I spent my time
Standing on the corner with my old wooden box
Watching them steam boats gather at the dock
Cotton and tobacco and people for sale
Trying to stay clear of the St. Louie jail
Strumming to the rhythm of an old freight train
Ol' St. Louis where I played my game
Ain't no doubt about it, wish I was back
Picking my guitar by the railroad track
All them pretty women's, hangin' 'round me
Miss ol' St. Louis, how it used to be