

Strawberry Flats

Little Feat

Ripped off and run out of town
Had my guitar burned when I was clownin'
Haven't slept in a bed for a week
And my shoes feel like they're part of my feet
Let me come down where I won't be a bother to no one
Let me unwind please give me a hole to recline in

Knocked on my friend's door in moody texas
And asked if he had a place for me
His hair was cut off and he was wearing a suit
And he said not in my house, not in my house
You look like you're part of a conspiracy

Now I'm six hours out on strawberry flats
Trying to get to Waco 'fore it freezes over
They're stopping every one who looks too wierd
At the ghoul bust Texas road block
Oh let me come down where I won't be a bother to no one
Let me unwind please give me a hole to recline in

Got a ride on a highway king
Made the cross road by nine fifteen
If I don't find a place to crash
Well I might as well cash it all in

If I was a no 'count gambler or a Texas fool
Or a millionaire with a suit and real short hair
Or do you even care