

Tramp On Your Street

Billy Joe Shaver

A long time ago
No shoes on my feet
I walked ten miles of train track
To hear Hank Williams sing
His body was worn
But his spirit was free
And he sang every song
Looking right straight at me

Just a tramp on your street
You must understand
You got my soul at your feet
And my heart in your hand

No I don't have to pick
And I don't have to choose
I don't have to win
And I don't have to lose

And if I make any pay
I just throw it away
I don't count on tomorrow
I just live for today

Still you opened yourself
And you held me inside
You made a stray dog like me
Feel welcome tonight
I'm just a tramp on your street