

## Bagful of Boogie

Canned Heat

I got a bagful of boogie, pocketful of rhythm and blues  
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Been walkin' 'round in this old town so long I got holes in both of my shoes

Just a country boy from the state of Illinois  
I tryin' to find my way  
Just a redneck hick with a guitar and a pick  
Want to try my luck in Hollywood L.A

Livin' in the city lookin' at the movie stars  
While they're drivin' down Sunset Strip in big old shiny cars  
I'm standin' on the corner  
Thinkin' 'bout the folks I left behind

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Woo-ha

Just a good old boy with my bagful of joy  
And not one red cent to my name  
So I keep on livin' just a-takin' and a-givin'  
You know, Henry says it's really all the same

But I keep on tryin' to play these blues I've been cryin'  
Won't give up 'til I have won the game  
I'm out on the street with my little old boogie beat  
To ease the pain

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