

Just about a year ago I set out on the road
Seeking my fame and fortune I was looking for a pot of gold
Things got bad and things got worse
And I guess you know the tune

Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again

I rode in on the greyhound I'll be walking down that goodbye road
I was just passing through here about seven months or more
Ran out of time and money, looks like they took my friend

Oh Lord, I'm stuck in Lodi again

The man from the magazine said I was on the way
Somehow I lost connections you know I ran out of songs to play
I came into town on a one night stand
And it looks like my plans fell through

Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again

Now if I only had a dollar for every song I've sung
And every time I had to play the people sat there drunk
You know I would catch the next train and go back to where I live

Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again

Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again