

Special

Dickey Lee

The only thing I really own is what you see me wearing on my back

The only friends I've ever known are the kind you meet along a railroad track

The kind you bum tabacco from and see the world through a boxcar door

A friend who talks and makes you laugh has nothing much but gives you half

And maybe you don't see him anymore

Special I hear your lonesome whistle whine

Special keep moving me on down the line

My mackinaw's full of holes and ain't too good at keeping out the cold

My shoes are worn as paper thin my feet can feel the cibders through the soles

Sometimes I see a pretty girl wonder what I've missed along the way

Once someone special wore my ring loved me more than anything I gave her up and caught a train one day

Special I had a special girl on time Special keep moving me on down the line

Special I hear your lonesome...