

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 tobacco 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 cinders 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...