

## I'm a Lonesome Fugitive

Gene Vincent

Down every road there's always one more city  
I'm on the run, the highway is my home  
I raised a lot of cane back in my younger days  
My mama used to pray my crops would fail  
Now I'm a hunted fugitive with just two ways  
I run along or spend my life in jail  
I'd like to settle down, but they won't let me  
A fugitive must be a rollin' stone  
Down every road there's always one more city  
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I'm lonely, but I can't afford the luxury  
Of havin' the one I love to come along  
She'll only slow me down and they'd catch up with me  
For he who travels fastest goes alone  
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