

Box #10

Jim Croce

Well, out of Southern Illinois
Come a down home country boy.
He's gonna make it in the city
Playin' guitar in the studio.

Well he hadn't been there an hour,
When he met a Broadway flower,
You know she took him for his money
And she left him in a cheap hotel.

Oh, well, it's easy for you to see
That that country boy is me
Saying "And how am I gonna ever
break the news to the folks back home?"

Well, I was gonna be a great success,
Things sure ended up a mess,
But in the process I got messed up too.

"Hello Mamma and Dad I had to call collect
'Cause I ain't got a cent to my name.
Well I'm sleepin' in the hotel doorway,
And tonight they say it's gonna rain.
And if you'd only send me some money
I'll be back on my feet again,
Send it in care of the Sunday Mission
Box number ten."

Well, back in Southern Illinois
They're still worryin' 'bout their boy.
But this boy's goin' home soon's he get's the fare.

Because as soon as I got my bread
I got a pipe upside my head.
You know they left me in an alley,
Took my money and my guitar, too.

"Hello Mamma and Dad I had to call collect
'Cause I ain't got a cent to my name.
Well I'm sleepin' in the hotel doorway,
And tonight they say it's gonna rain.
And if you'd only send me some money
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