## **Shreveport**

## **Turnpike Troubadours**

Well on a greyhound bound for Shreveport I spent too long in my seat

We stopped off in a no name town to grab a bite to eat And the ceiling fans they hung above a screened in patio

Crawfish hotter than a chimney fire, the beer was cheap and  $\operatorname{cold}$ 

And the bar maid smiled that kind of smile that knocked me off my stool

Said hang around I'll show you things they don't teach in school

Across the way an old blues man was playing on the street  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{T}}$ 

Well he moaned just like a black and tan I found myself a seat

He sang lord he lives above us and the devilish sleeps beneath

He growled it mean and low between his three or four gold teeth

Well I dreamed that night of a pretty girl I dreamed of a riverboat

til a man in blue kicked at my shoe said come on boy let's go

I said oh officer oh officer please don't take me to jail

he said you can't sleep outside now my hands are tied I knew that feeling all too well

he said if you play in must town son you'll play it by the rules

that downtown time shed light on sights you won't see in school

Out of jail I found myself a walking down the road so glad to hear that old Jake brake come purring nice and slow  $\frac{1}{2} \left( \frac{1}{2} \right) = \frac{1}{2} \left( \frac{1}{2} \right) \left( \frac{1}$ 

He said I'm gone as far as fayetville I've got some room to spare

could you drop me off in fort Smith sir I've got family there

and he barred the Jack on that big black Mack kicking back I played it cool

from a shotgun seat I learned some things they don't
teach in school

And I wish I was in shreveport just a gambling like a fool

Yea you can learn some things down there they don't teach in school