

Streets of Bakersfield

Buck Owens & Dwight Yoakam

I came here in looking for somethin'
I couldn't find anywhere else
Well, I don't want to be nobosy,
Just want a chance to be myself. I've done a thousand miles of thumbin',
Yes, I've worn blisters on my heels
Trying to find me something better
On the streets of Bakersfield. Chorus:
You don't know me but you don't like me,
You say you care less how I feel
How many of you that sit and judge me
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?
--- Instrumental --- Spent some time in San Francisco,
Spent a night there in the can
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell,
I took fifteen dollars from that man. I left him my watch and my old house keys,
I don't like folks thinking that I'd steal
Then I thanked him as he was sleeping,
And I headed out for Bakersfield.
Chorus:
You don't know me but you don't like me,
You say you care less how I feel
How many of you that sit and judge me
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield How many of you that sit and judge me
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>