

Streets of Bakersfield  
(Owens)

I came here in looking for something  
I couldn't find anywhere else  
Hey, I'm not trying to be nobody  
Just want to try 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

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

Spent a night in San Francisco  
I spent a night there in the cell  
They put this drunk man in my jail cell  
Took fifteen dollars from this man

Gave him my watch and my old house key  
Don't want folks thinking that I'd steal  
I took his hand when I was leaving  
And for the streets of Bakersfield

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