

## I Walk the Road Again

I Walk the Road Again

I am a poor unlucky chap, I'm very fond of rum  
I walk the road from morn to night, I ain't ashamed to bum.  
My feet being sore, my clothes being tore  
But still I don't complain;  
I got up and I hoisted my turkey and  
I walked the road again.

cho: I walked the road again, me boys  
I walked the road again;  
If the weather be fair I combed my hair and  
I walked the road again.

From New York into Buffalo  
I tramped it all the way,  
I slept in brickyards and old log barns  
Untill the break of day.  
My feet being sore, my clothes being tore  
But still I didn't complain.  
I got up and I hoisted my turkey  
And I walked the road again.

I worked In the Susquehanna Yard,  
We got one dollar a day,  
Toiling hard to make a living, boys,  
I hardly think she pays.  
They said they would raise our wages,  
If they do, I won't complain;  
If they don't, I'll hoist my turkey  
And walk the road again.

I worked along for about a month,  
Then I got some cash,  
I went upon a spree, me boys,  
Money went to smash.  
A devil of a cent did I have left,  
But yet I didn't complain,  
I got up and hoisted my turkey  
And I walked the road again.

Now I'm on the road, me boys,  
For a place I do not know;

Misfortune, you are cru-el,  
Why did you serve me so?  
A devil that sits upon me back,  
That's what makes me sore;  
If ever I did strike a job again  
I'll walk the road no more.

From the singing of George Edwards