B.B. King, The Road I Travel

Well, the rocks is my pillow The cold ground is my bed The highway is my home so I might as well be dead

I'm walkin' and walkin', seems I have no place to go Yes, mama's dead and gone And papa throw me from his door

I have one pair of shoes Don't even have a change of clothes And this road I've got to travel, yes, it's so chilly and cold

Yes, I'm going to have religion and learn how to pray I need help, now people, seem that's the only way

I'm travellin' and travelin' Seem like this road has got no end I ain't got nobody, people In this whole world to call my friend

I've got so much trouble, people, sometimes I could cry I've got so much trouble, so much trouble Sometimes I could cry Yes, sometimes I could just break down Seem like I could just break down and die