

# Johnny Cash, Strawberry Cake

In New York city just walking the street  
Ran out of money had nothing to eat  
I stopped at the Plaza, that fancy hotel  
Where you can check in if you're well to do well  
The first of July and a hundred and four  
I stopped at the Plaza's front revolving door  
I stepped in the door and went around for a ride  
Treatin' myself to the cool air inside  
Then I found myself in a chandeliered room  
Where people were dining and I hid in the gloom  
My hunger pains hurt til I thought I would break  
When a waiter brought out a big strawberry cake

Oh that strawberry cake  
Oh that strawberry cake  
Out in California them berries were grown  
And into this city them berries were flown  
For making that strawberry cake

Then I thought of Oxnard, just north of LA  
Where I picked strawberries for many a day  
Hard work with no future for the harvest was done  
And I headed eastward a-travelin' by thumb  
And nobody wanted me here in this town  
I felt like a stray dog they all kick around  
Them berries reminded me of my bad breaks  
I'm hungry and I want that strawberry cake

I deserve that strawberry cake  
Deserve that strawberry cake  
I ran and I grabbed it then out the side door  
Into Central Park through the bushes I tore  
Holdin' my strawberry cake

I look back behind me and what do I see  
The chef and headwaiter and the matre d  
I had a nice helpin' of cake as I ran  
I gobble them berries as fast as I can  
They're closin' the gap as I slowed down to eat  
But the cake brought a new surge of power to my feet  
I hid in the bush when the lead I did take  
And I quietly finished my strawberry cake

I ate all that strawberry cake  
That fine fancy strawberry cake  
Someone at the plaza is without dessert  
But for the first time in days now my belly don't hurt  
I'm full of strawberry cake