

# The Proclaimers, King Of The Road

Trailer for sale or rent  
Rooms to let fifty cents.  
No phone, no pool, no pets,  
I ain't got no cigarettes.  
Ah but two hours of pushin' broom  
Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room.  
I'm a man of means, by no means king of the road.

Third boxcar, midnight train,  
Destination Bangor, Maine.  
Old worn out suits and shoes,  
I don't pay no union dues.  
I smoke old stogies I have found,  
Short but not too big around.  
I'm a man of means, by no means king of the road.

I know every engineer on every train,  
All of the children and all of their names  
And every handout in every town  
And every lock that ain't locked when no one's around  
I sing

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