

Triumph, Suitcase Blues

It's four in the morning,
There's not a soul around
This dirty hotel room
Has really got me down
A modern day minstrel,
They got my name in lights
I wish these days of glamour
Didn't have these lonely nights
I'm on the road to fortune
And I got the suitcase blues real bad

I guess I'm makin' payments
For the dues that must be paid
I cash another song
Into this endless masquerade
Halfway through the circuit
And headed for the coast
Been gone so long
I can't remember
What I miss the most, ah, but,
Me and Johnny Walker,
And the comfort that he brings,
Waitin' on the telephone
That never, ever rings
On the lonely road to fortune,
And I got the suitcase blues real bad

I got the blues
And I got them really bad
The suitcase blues
Are the worst I ever had
All by my lonesome
And I'm halfway 'round the bend
I don't mind drinkin' solo
But I sure could use a friend

Me and Johnny Walker,
And the comfort that he brings,
Waitin' on the telephone
That never, ever rings
On the lonely road to fortune,
And I got the suitcase blues real bad