

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 pushing 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 suit 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 their children and all of their names,

And every hand-out in every town,

And every lock that ain't locked

When no one's around, I sing..