

Never Tire Of The Road

I was just a smalltime country boy when i left that dusty town
Route 66 to the westward when I hopped an old freight down
California, here I come! By the side door pulling and my sunburnt thumb
The called us okees, low down bums and the police on us frowned

*Never Tire of the road, never tire of the rollin wheel
Never tire of the ways of the world, way out yonders'a calling me
And the dark roads leads me onward and the highway thats my code
And that lonesome voice that I heard in my head said, Never tire of the road*

California to the new york islands, me and my guitar
And we played in manys'a hobo jungle, manys'a skid row bar
Standing out in the wind and the rain, that lonesome whistle is a sweet refrain
When you're waiting for some old freight train, that carries an empty car

Don't let them fool you or take you by surprise
The dirty smell of the politician, and the man with the greed in his eyes
One big union thats our plan and the IWW is your only man
The flames of discontent we'll fan for the cause that never dies