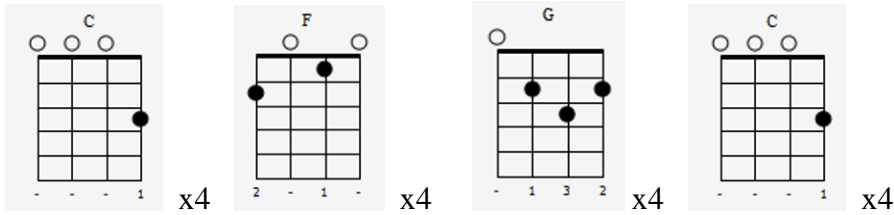
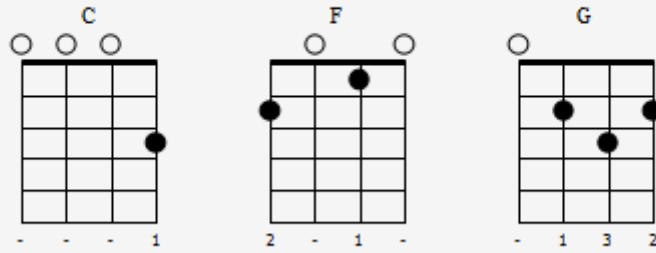
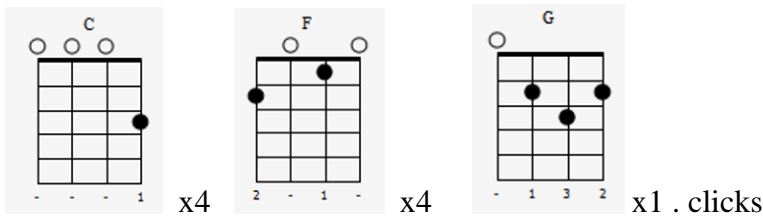


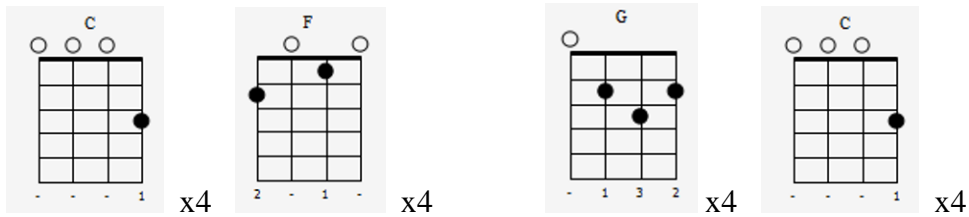
King Of The Road



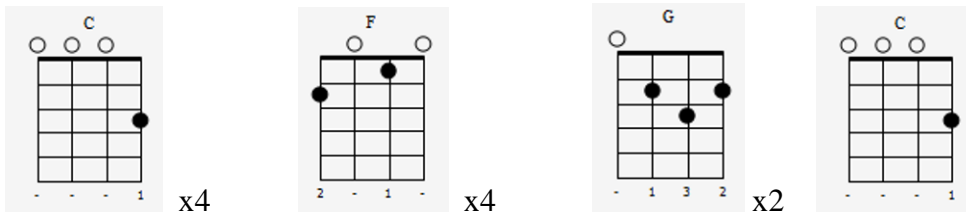
Trailer for sale or rent, rooms to let, fifty cents.



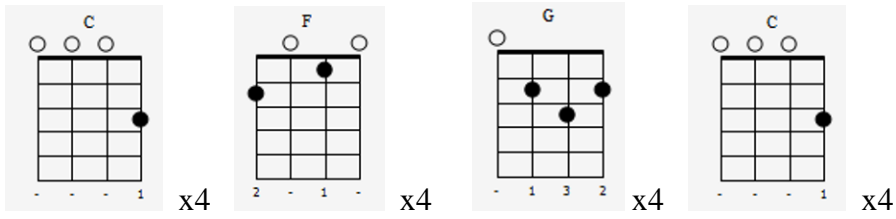
No phone, no pool, no pets, I ain't got no cigarettes



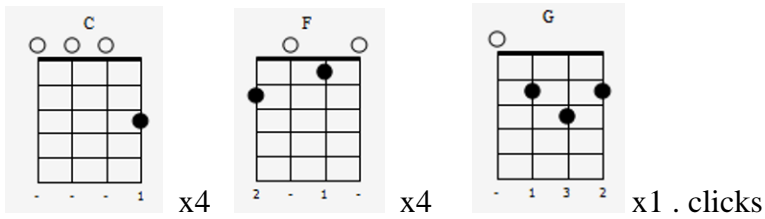
Ah, but, two hours of pushin' broom Buys an eight by twelve four-bit room



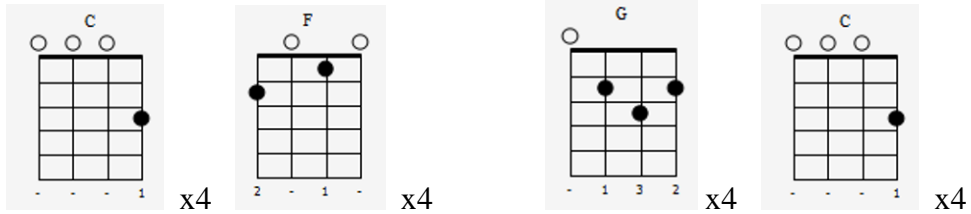
I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road.



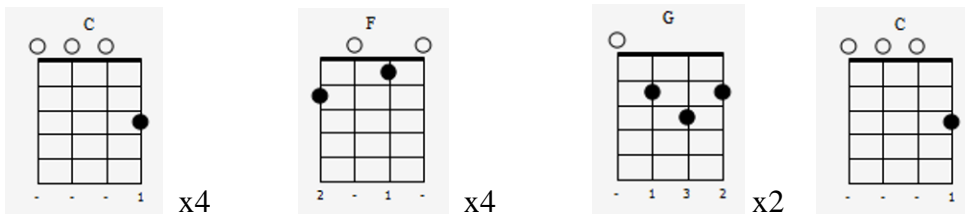
Third boxcar, midnight train, destination, Bangor, Maine.



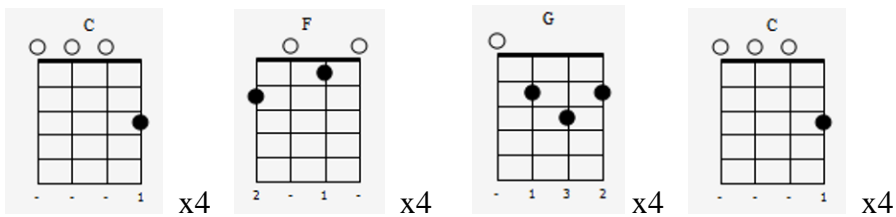
Old worn out clothes and shoes, I don't pay no union dues,



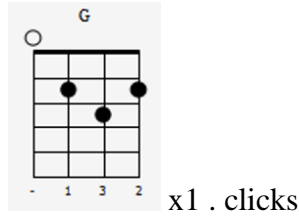
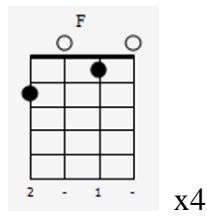
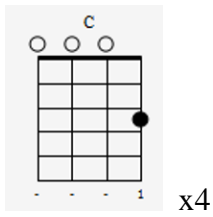
I smoke old stogies I have found short, but not too big around



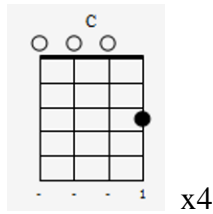
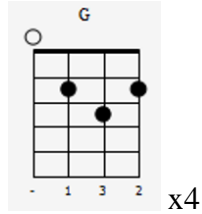
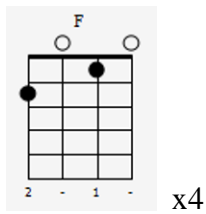
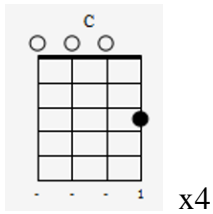
I'm a man of means by no means, King of the road.



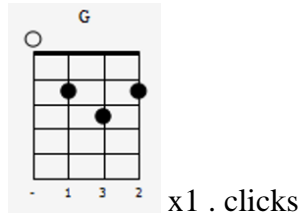
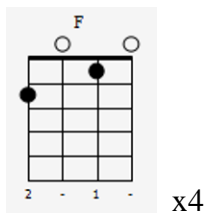
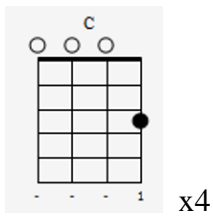
I know every engineer on every train All of their children, and all of their names



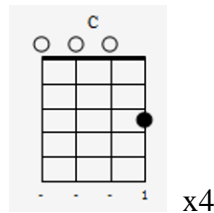
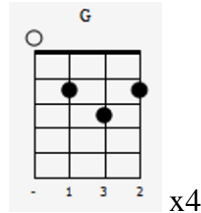
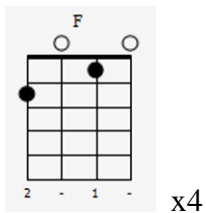
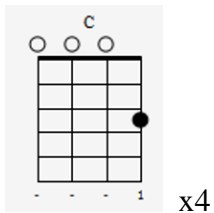
And every handout in every town And every lock that ain't locked, when no one's around.



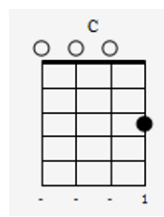
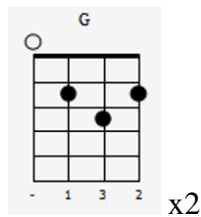
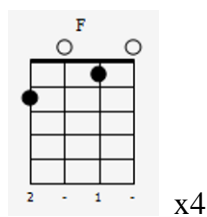
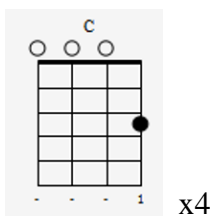
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