

# **Gotta Travel On**

*Written by Paul Clayton*

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*chorus:* **I've laid around and played around this old town too long,  
Summer's almost gone, winter's coming on,  
I've laid around and played around this old town too long,  
And I feel like I've gotta travel on.**

- 1. Poppa writes to Johnny but Johnny can't come home,  
Johnny can't come home, no, Johnny can't come home,  
Poppa writes to Johnny but Johnny can't come home,  
'cause he's been on the chain gang too long.**

*chorus:*

- 2. High sheriff and police riding after me,  
Riding after me, yes, coming after me,  
High sheriff and police riding after me,  
And I feel like I've gotta travel on.**

*chorus:*

- 3. Want to see my honey, want to see her bad,  
Want to see her bad, oh, want to see her bad,  
Want to see my honey, want to see her bad,  
She's the best gal this poor boy ever had.**

*chorus:*

*coda:* **And I feel like I've gotta travel on. x2**