

Streets of Baltimore

written by Tompall Glaser and Harlan Howard (1966)

Well I sold the farm to take my woman where she longed to be
 We left our kin and all our friends back there in Tennessee
 And I bought those one way tickets she had often begged me for
 And they took us to the streets of Baltimore

Well her heart was filled with gladness when she saw those city lights
 She said the prettiest place on earth was Baltimore at night
 Well a man feels proud to give his woman what she's longing for
 And I kind of like the Streets of Baltimore

Then I got myself a factory job, I ran an old machine
 And I bought a little cottage in a neighborhood serene
 And every night when I'd come home with every muscle sore
 She'd drag me through the Streets of Baltimore

Well I did my best to bring her back to what she used to be
 Then I soon learned she loved those bright lights more than she loved me
 Now I'm-a-going back on that same train that brought me here before
 While my baby walks the streets of Baltimore
 Yes my baby walks the streets of Baltimore

