

Johnny Cash, Strawberry Cake

In New York city just walking the street
Ran out of money had nothing to eat
I stopped at the Plaza, that fancy hotel
Where you can check in if you're well to do well
The first of July and a hundred and four
I stopped at the Plaza's front revolving door
I stepped in the door and went around for a ride
Treatin' myself to the cool air inside
Then I found myself in a chandeliered room
Where people were dining and I hid in the gloom
My hunger pains hurt til I thought I would break
When a waiter brought out a big strawberry cake

Oh that strawberry cake
Oh that strawberry cake
Out in California them berries were grown
And into this city them berries were flown
For making that strawberry cake

Then I thought of Oxnard, just north of LA
Where I picked strawberries for many a day
Hard work with no future for the harvest was done
And I headed eastward a-travelin' by thumb
And nobody wanted me here in this town
I felt like a stray dog they all kick around
Them berries reminded me of my bad breaks
I'm hungry and I want that strawberry cake

I deserve that strawberry cake
Deserve that strawberry cake
I ran and I grabbed it then out the side door
Into Central Park through the bushes I tore
Holdin' my strawberry cake

I look back behind me and what do I see
The chef and headwaiter and the matre d
I had a nice helpin' of cake as I ran
I gobble them berries as fast as I can
They're closin' the gap as I slowed down to eat
But the cake brought a new surge of power to my feet
I hid in the bush when the lead I did take
And I quietly finished my strawberry cake

I ate all that strawberry cake
That fine fancy strawberry cake
Someone at the plaza is without dessert
But for the first time in days now my belly don't hurt
I'm full of strawberry cake