

New Lee Highway Blues

David Bromberg

All [F] through northern [C] Oregon
Al[F]ways at my [C] side
Sleep[F]ing in those [C]narrow beds
And then weâ€™d [G] ride

Drink[F]ing in those [C] dirty bars
Keep[F]ing out of [C] sight
Sleep[F]ing in that [C] cold back seat
And then weâ€™d [G] ride

You know that [F] God damn road seemed like it went for[C]ever
Ex[F]haust fumes made our eyes turn red and [C] swell
With our [F] clothes stuck to the seat and to our [C] bodies
It was the [G] stinking summer trip thorough southern hell

Eat[F]ing carbonated [C] crap
Churn[F]ing up in[C] side
[Gasup Service Station Jobs]
And then weâ€™d [G] ride

Sil[F]ence in the [C] front seat
Trying not [F] to start a [C] fight
Qui[F]et
And then weâ€™d [G] ride

You know you can [F] grow to hate these crummy little one-horse [C] towns
With the [F] seamy movie houses long [C] closed down
No[F]where to go from here but up or [C] down that road
Noth[G]ing over there but the same G-d damned town

Ano[F]ther sour cof[C]fee cup
One more [F] piece of cardboard [C] pie
Buy a tooth[F]brush and a [C]change of clothes
And then weâ€™d [G] ride.