

Wayne Hancock

"87 Southbound"

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I caught you with him

On them damp, slick, sticky, satin sheets

Then I packed my things and then I hit the streets

(Chorus)

87 southbound, to San Anton'

You got your baby, I got no home

The pavements burnin', at a hundred and two

I don't need to hear no more excuses, but I don't need
you

Lord the sun keeps beatin' me down, and it's hotter'n
hell

And if I'm a lucky I'll catch a ride, but you can't never
tell

I'd rather be here with the bugs and flies,
Then back there hearin' your alibis

I heard all that I'm gonna hear you say,
I gonna take my pride and go the other way

87 southbound, to San Anton'

It's getting late out, I'm forty miles from home

The rain keeps a fallin', like the tears of my eyes

Just tryin' to wash away the hurt from all your lies

(Yeah daddy)

And lightnin' streaks across the evenin' sky

And if I'm a lucky (it'll make you?) laid right down and
die

I know when the morning comes, I'll still be a walking
son-of-a-gun

When afternoon comes rolls around,
I'll have ten more miles and one more town

(Repeat Chorus)

No I don't need to hear no more excuses, but I don't
love you

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