

David Bromberg "The New Lee Highway"

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All through Northern Oregon
Always at my side
Sleeping in those narrow beds
And then weâ€™d ride
Drinking in those dirty bars
Keeping out of sight
Sleeping in that cold back seat
And then weâ€™d ride
You know that God damned road seemed like it went
forever
Exhausted fumes made our eyes turn red and swell
With our clothes stuck to the seats and to our bodies
It was a stinking summer trip through southern hell
Eating carbonated crap
Churning up inside
Gas oil service station jocs

And then weâ€™d ride
(fiddles solo)
Silence in the front seat
Trying not to start to fight
Quiet in the back seat
And then weâ€™d ride
You know you can to hate these little one horse towns
With the movie houses all closed down
No where to go from here but up and down the road
And nothing over there but the same god damned town
Another sour coffee cup
One more piece of cardboard pie
Buy a tooth brush and change clothes
And then weâ€™d ride

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