

Drive-By Truckers

"Plastic Flowers On The Highway"

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He was ready for the big trip
He was moving to the city
He had packed his prize possessions
And gave away the rest

He was almost doing ninety
The sky was blue, sun was shining
All the shit, he left behind
For the big world waiting there

He was almost out of Leighton
When that phone truck didn't see him
Hit the brake, slid sideways
He never had a chance

Plastic flowers on the highway
Bits of glass for the machine to sweep away
Had to pass it on my way to where I was going
For the next few minutes, I drove a little slower

Them M.A.D.D. mothers couldn't help him
He was sober, it was Sunday
He was full of good home cooking
As he crashed the savior's door

Plastic flowers on the highway
Greasy spot on the asphalt for a while
Every morning, new babies being born
Who'll do the best they can to hang around a little while

My community service had me working for the county
Cutting grass on the off-ramps and medians and such
Every quarter mile or so, stands a brand new reminder
Another traffic death in town, something new to cut
around

Crashed out on the highway
Plastic cross and a plastic bouquet
Paramedics in the by-stander's gaze

Plastic flowers on the highway
Bits of glass for the machine to sweep away

Had to pass it on my way to where I was going
The next few minutes I drove a little slower

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