

## **Bromberg David**

# **"The New Lee Highway"**

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All through Northern Oregon  
Always at my side/sight  
Sleeping in those narrow beds  
And then we'd ride  
Drinking in those dirty bars  
Keeping out of sight  
Sleeping in that cold back seat  
And then we'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 tightened the seat and to our bodies  
It was a stinking summer trip to southern hell  
Eating carbonated crap  
Turning up inside  
Gas oil service station jobs  
And then we'd ride  
(fiddles solo)  
silence in the France  
trying not to start to fight  
quiet as  
and then we'd ride  
you know you can little one horse towns  
with the ..movie and houses all closed  
down  
no where to go from here but up and down the road  
and nothing over there but the same goddamned town  
another sour coffe cup  
one more piece of pie  
buy a two brush and change clothes  
and then we'd ride

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