

## Hayes Carll "Highway 87"

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Highway 87 is a dangerous place to be  
When you pissed off all the local boys  
And your back's against the sea  
The cops all know your number  
Bars all know your name  
After six straight months of drinkin' boy,  
You're never gonna be the same  
And I ain't seen the sunshine  
Since I don't remember when  
I may not know where I'm goin'  
But I sure know where I've been

The sheriff he just watches every move I make  
And one of these days he's gonna arrest me  
For all the time I take  
The local girls all act  
Like I just ain't their kind  
Paintin' on their precious nails  
And losin' their sweet minds  
And I've give half of Texas if I could find a friend  
I may not know where I'm goin'  
But I sure know where I've been

Ahh the coast is disappearing  
As they line up on the beach  
Doin' all those little things  
That Sunday School don't teach  
Jim Beam by the fire, Cocaine in the stash  
Baseball bat on the floorboard  
Shotgun on the dash  
And you might lose your mind  
Go walkin' round the bend  
You may not know where you're goin'  
But you'll sure know where you been.

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