

## **John D. Loudermilk**

### **"Interstate 40"**

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Walkin' down the shoulder of Interstate 40 just a  
cussin' every rock that I kick  
Since I lost everything in the last depression I just give  
up and I quit  
But I'm happy though I ain't had nothing since morning  
but a cold drink and a pie  
And it rained up the road bout an hour ago but I've  
walked these brogans dry  
But that's just my life out on Interstate 40 but I'm a  
happy son of a gun  
The governments givin' me Interstate 40 and the good  
Lord's give me a thumb

Now you gotta be carefull out on Interstate 40 cause  
the highway men ain't dumb  
There's a law against hikin' out on Interstate 40 so you  
gotta know who to thumb  
But if you're like me you wouldn't mind at all cause  
what the law calls punishment  
Is ninety wonderful days of patchin' up old Interstate  
40 cement  
Yeah that's just my life...

Now the world's my castle and the grass my carpet and  
my heart is all my own  
The rains my bath and Interstate 40 is my home sweet  
home sweet home  
Now when I die just plant me close to where the big  
trucks whine and moan  
Just anywhere along ole Interstate 40 will rest my weary  
bones  
Ha ha ha that's just my life...  
And the good Lord's give me a thumb

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