

Kinky Friedman "Highway Caf  "

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(Kinky Friedman)

She was only a waitress in a highway caf  ,
Poured coffee from dusk until dawn
But she was heart broken twenty-four hours a day
For she longed for her trucker who'd gone.
"I'll make you the corned beef on
rye."
She'd sing with a gleam in her eye.
The headlights were burning,
The big wheels were turning,
Her sweetheart would come bye and bye.

When he'd park his great semi off Route 64
She'd blush with a sweet little sigh,
For at half past eleven he'd walk in the door
And he'd order her corned beef on rye.

"I'll make you the corned beef on
rye."
She'd sing with a gleam in her eye.
The jukebox was blarin';
His soft eyes were starin',
The corned beef would come bye and bye.

All the drivers remember that night, so they say,
She'd said her farewells to them all,
But when the hands on the clock reached a quarter
past twelve
Her suitcase still stood in the hall.

And the hours passed by even as the trucks passed by
out on the highway
And then two grim Highway Patrolmen came into the
place,
Shook the rain from their hats and as the poor girl
Brought them their coffee, she overheard the words
that they said.

"Oh Curly, did you see that old diesel
flattened out like your damned nose up by the
predicament tonight?"

~f~c~a, ~A... "Well, d'you know, he jack-knifed that son
of a bitch slicker than owl shit!~f~c~a, ~A,~A

~f~c~a, ~A... "Now gimme a little joe over here,
honey.~f~c~a, ~A,~A

~f~c~a, ~A... "Hey man, you don't suppose that he had a
little ol' hog waitin' on down the line somewhere, do
you ?~f~c~a, ~A,~A

~f~c~a, ~A... "Oh, oh, oh, hell, Curly, don't you know that
them truckers they got to take up a little filly at every,
every caf~f~f~A,~A© from here to Las Cruces!

~f~c~a, ~A... "Eh, eh. Yeah, don't they! Ah ah ah ah ah,
ah ah ah ah ah ..~f~c~a, ~A,~A

~f~c~a, ~A... "Ah ah ah ah ah, he he he he he
...~f~c~a, ~A,~A

Now there is a small truck-stop on Route 64
If you happen to be passin' by,
But there's a trucker who never stops in anymore
And a waitress who wished she knew why.

~f~c~a, ~A... "I'll make you the corned beef on
rye~f~c~a, ~A,~A
She sings with a tear in her eye.
And as her dark eyes are glistening
There's someone who's listening
In that highway caf~f~f~A,~A© in the sky.

~f~c~a, ~A... "I'll make you the corned beef on
rye~f~c~a, ~A,~A
She sings with a tear in her eye.
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