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Kinky Friedman "Highway Cafe"

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(kinky friedman)

She was only a waitress in a highway $\operatorname{caf} A \widehat{A} \widehat{\mathbb{C}}$ 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. \widehat{A} , \widehat{A} i \widehat{A} , \widehat{A} i'll make you the corned beef on rye \widehat{A} , \widehat{A} i \widehat{A} , \widehat{A} \widehat{A} 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.

Ã,ÂiÃ,°i'll make you the corned beef on ryeÃ,ÂiÃ,± 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.

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °oh curly, did you see that old diesel flattened out like your damned nose up by the predicament tonight ? \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} ±

Ã,ÂiÃ,°well, d'you know, he jack-knifed that son of a

bitch slicker than owl shit!Ã,ÂiÃ,±

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °now gimme a little joe over here, honey. \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} ±

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °hey man, you don't suppose that he had a little ol' hog waitin' on down the line somewhere, do you ? \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} ±

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{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 \tilde{A} f \hat{A} © from here to las cruces!

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °eh, eh. yeah, don't they! ah ah ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah ah .. \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} ±

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °ah ah ah ah ah, he he he he he ... \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} \pm

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.

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °i'll make you the corned beef on rye \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} \pm 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 \tilde{A} f \hat{A} © in the sky.

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i'll make you the corned beef on rye \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} \pm 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 \tilde{A} f \hat{A} \otimes in the sky.

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °i'll make you the corned beef on rye \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} \pm 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 \tilde{A} f \hat{A} © in the sky.

 \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} °i'll make you the corned beef on rye \tilde{A} , \hat{A} i \tilde{A} , \hat{A} ± ...

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