

## C.W. McCall "Old 30"

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(Bill Fries, Chip Davis)

She was mud and sand and concrete  
Mixed with water made a' tears  
From the rivers runnin' down the Great Divide  
She was three thousand miles  
Of rockin', rollin' highway  
A million mem'ries long and two lanes wide

Far across the wide Missouri  
To the ol' Wyomin' line  
From the Jersey shore to San Francisco Bay  
She was known to all the truckers  
As the mighty Lincoln Highway  
But to me, she's still Old 30 all the way

Now the Interstate goes screamin' through the  
backyard of her life  
But it just don't send those shivers down my spine  
So before I take that exit  
To the Highway In The Sky  
I'm gonna take Old 30 one more time

She was radiators boilin'  
In the burnin' summer sun  
And a blizzard blowin' wild across the plains  
She was tumbleweeds a-rollin'  
In the gentle winds of Fall  
And the lights of old Grand Island in the rain

She was mud and sand and concrete  
Mixed with water made a' tears  
From the rivers runnin' down the Great Divide  
She was three thousand miles  
Of rockin', rollin' highway  
A million mem'ries long and two lanes wide

Now the Interstate goes screamin' through the  
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But it just don't send those shivers down my spine  
So before I take that exit  
To the Highway In The Sky

I'm gonna take Old 30 one more time

One more time

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