

C.W. McCall**"Old thirty"**

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She was mud and sand and concrete
Mixed with water made of tears
From the rivers runnin' down the great divide
She was three thousand miles
Of rockin' rollin' highway
A million memories long and two lanes wide

Far across the wide Missouri
To the old Wyoming line
From the Jersey shore to San Francisco Bay
She was know to all the truckers
As the mighty Lincoln Highway
But to me she's still Old Thirty 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 Thirty 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

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One more time...

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