

Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer "Highway 80"

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Down to a dollar in a terrible fix, i was hopin my bookie
would call
Coolin my heels at the motel six, waitin for the axe to
fall
Phone rings, man, i'm white as a ghost
But it's my baby on the line from the jersey coast, she
says
"C'mon home, honey," gonna make it after all, and it's

First stop, salt lake city
Big springs, laramie lookin mighty pretty
Ogallala, north platte, sun settin in it
Newton to chicago in a new york minute
Then it's hobart, elkhart, maumee, cuyanoga
Youngstown, hazletown, dover i'm a flyin over
Fairfax, bloomfield, bless a my soul:
Highway 80, she's a might good road

I saw me a yarn on the tv set about the surfers out in
malibalou
So i bought me some baggies and i hopped me a jet
just to see if them stories was true
Well the water was cold and the beer was hot
Called my baby from the parkin lot, i said
"Baby, do you miss me?" "honey, you know that i do"

And it's first stop, salt lake city...

Now if i was a actor or a high-rollin hippie i would head
out for the califo-line
Cruise my caddie up and down the strip, hollywood and
by-god vine
But i'm an oklahoma boy and i'm east coast bound
Got a redneck woman in a blueblood town
And i'm goin back to see my baby just one more time

And it's first stop, salt lake city...

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