

David Arn "Coastal Highway"

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Coastal highway was hazy
Convertible Chrysler handling crazy
As we drove on the edge of what exists
from the dark of the precipice

I was riding hard south on the 101 lost,
with Marie of Saint Marie,
I need a sure way to pay for my paradise cost,
She might be the one for me.

Such a hot ride to Mexico
All these horses on the run
And Marie holding pythons over my head
Like a waitress in the sun

Coastal highway was hazy
Convertible Chrysler handling crazy
Both good and evil hand you an ever growing list
You deserve the one tugging at your wrist

Bass was breaking through the speakers on the radio

She was thinking of her husband,
his son who was not as strict,
how they played guitar at midnight,
the way they loved to pick

You can take it all in a midsize,
When angels dance on thimbles

And I'm a drummer out of work,
never nimble with the symbols

I said, "Some infinite mercy might do me"
She looked away and plainly saw right through me
Conviction drifted but with the wind so stiff
You couldn't coax a gift horse to the cliff

Bass was breaking through the speakers on the radio

There can never be shelter by nightfall
when the eighth day has no sunset

I was practicing forgiveness
for guilt that hadn't shown up yet

We pulled into the border
No happiness could find us
My dollar was short a quarter,
Couldn't buy the law of Thomas Aquinas

They stole from me at gunpoint
All maps of my escape
I made a fist, blew the joint,
Then backed off from the gate

All border lines became visible
The Holy Cow said it was still a Brahma Bull
And I didn't have a prayer to help me exist

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