Stan Ridgway "Down The Coast Highway"

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He took a drive down the coast highway Blowin' where the air was fresh and clean He had a plan that said, "I'll do it my way" Rollin' from the desert to the sea

Hit twenty-one years old, up in prison Just a little night job with a stolen key Two years liftin' weights and pumpin' iron there in his cell

He came out lookin' just like Mohamed Ali

He drove around tailgating trucks and buses Whistling some new Michael Jackson tune He thought back on his momma and what she told him long ago Do it right son, please, don't do it wrong

He's goin' home Gonna buy some stuff down at the pier He's all alone He's got a radio, a gun and some Japanese beer

And on the highway he saw
Big cars in line
And he thought, behind every fortune
There's got to be a crime

He took a drive down the coast highway Blowin' where the air was fresh and clean He had a plan that said, "I'll do it my way" But he could not plan for what he couldn't see

He's goin' home All alone

And he stopped at a couple of markets And drug stores along the way He'd just walk up and down the aisle and smile Funny that way

The last place he drove into had to be my place They said he'd run out of gas anyway And as he walked up to the counter
With a blue steel gun in his hand
I took out my long rifle and I blew him away
I blew him away

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