

The Low Highway

Steve Earle

Travelin' now
On the low highway
Three thousand miles
To the Frisco Bay

Cross the rivers wild
And the lonesome plains
Up the coast and down
And back again

Saw empty houses on a dead end street
People linin up for something to eat
And the ghost of America watching me
Through the broken windows of the factories

Pickin bones of a better day
As I roll on the down the low highway

Travelin' now
On the low highway
By the yellow moon
And the light of day

From the snow white crown
Of the mountain tall
To the valley down
Where the shadows fall

Met a man with a rifle in his hand
Been away to battle in a distant land
Taught him to hate taught him to kill
Now he's out on the road with a hole to fill

Nobody knows the price he paid
So he takes his toll on the low highway

Travelin' now
On the low highway
Windows down
Listenin

Wheels turnin round
On the asphalt sayin
Every sound
Is a prophecy

Heard and old man grumble and a young girl cry
Brick wall crumble and the white dove fly
And a cry for justice and a call for peace
Force of reason in the roar of the beast

And every mile is a prayer I prayed
As I roll down
The low highway