

## 87 Southbound

Hank Williams III

Well, I caught you with him  
On those damp satin sheets  
So I packed my things  
And then I hit the streets

87 southbound  
To San Antone  
It's getting late out  
I ain't got no home

The pavement's burning at 92  
I don't need to hear no more excuses  
That I don't love you

Lord, the sun keeps beating me down  
And it's hotter than hell  
And if I'm lucky I'll catch a ride  
But you can never tell

I'd rather be here with the bugs and flies  
Than back there hearing your alibis  
Heard all that, I'm gonna hear you say  
I'm gonna take my pride and go the other way

87 southbound  
To San Antone  
It's getting late out  
I'm forty miles from home

The rain keeps falling  
Like the tears in my eyes  
I'm just trying to wash away  
The hurt from all your lies

Lightning streaks  
Across the evening sky  
And if I'm lucky I'll make it big  
Or lay right down and die

I know when the morning comes  
I'm gonna be a walking son of a gun  
And afternoon comes rolling around  
I'll have ten more miles and one more town

87 southbound  
To San Antone  
It's getting late out  
I ain't got no home

The pavement's burning  
At a hundred and two  
I don't need to hear no more excuses  
That I don't love you

I don't need to hear no more excuses  
That I don't love you  
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