

Old 30

C.W. McCall

She was mud and sand and concrete
Mixed with water made a' tears
From the rivers runnin' down the Great Divide
She was three thousand miles
Of rockin', rollin' highway
A million mem'ries long and two lanes wide
Far across the wide Missouri
To the ol' Wyomin' line
From the Jersey shore to San Francisco Bay
She was known to all the truckers
As the mighty Lincoln Highway
But to me, she's still Old 30 all the way
Now the Interstate goes screamin' through the backyard of her l
ife
But it just don't send those shivers down my spine
So before I take that exit
To the Highway In The Sky
I'm gonna take Old 30 one more time
She was radiators boilin'
In the burnin' summer sun
And a blizzard blowin' wild across the plains
She was tumbleweeds a-rollin'
In the gentle winds of Fall
And the lights of old Grand Island in the rain
She was mud and sand and concrete
Mixed with water made a' tears
From the rivers runnin' down the Great Divide
She was three thousand miles
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Now the Interstate goes screamin' through the backyard of her l
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