

Plastic Flowers On The Highway

Drive-By Truckers

e was ready for the big trip, he was moving to the city; he had packed his prize possessions and gave away the rest. He was almost doing ninety, the sky was blue, sun was shining. All the s hit, he left behind for the big world waiting there. He was almost out of Leighton, when that phone truck didn't see him. Hit the brake and slided sideways, he never had a chance.

Plastic flowers on the highway. Bits of glass for the machine to sweep away.

Had to pass it on my way to where I'z going. For the next few minutes, I drove a little slower.

Them, M.A.D.D. mothers couldn't help him. He was sober, it was Sunday. He was full of good home cooking when he crashed the savior's door.

Plastic flowers on the highway. A greasy spot on the asphalt for a while.

Every morning, new babies being born, who'll do the best they can to hang around a little while.

My community service had me working for the county
Cutting grass on the off-ramps and medians and such.
Every quarter mile or so, stands a brand new reminder
Another traffic death in town. Something new to cut around.
Crashed out on the highway. Plastic cross and a plastic bouquet
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Paramedics in the by-stander's gaze.

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