

Blue Highways

Graham Parker

The kid's left home, the kid's got a kid of her own
Don't knock that door, don't knock it, nobody's home
The mystery sign, turn off and follow it blind
The interstate is jammed and crammed with exhaust mist
It only leads to somewhere you'll never miss
You'll never miss

Get on the blue highways, follow the blue highways
You know that they're there,
you know that they're there
Where the real America lies

The rusty chrome, the shutters swing open and closed
Don't knock that door, don't knock it, nobody's home
The blood runs cold, the blood runs cold
There must be gold where fools are
That's what we are, that's what we are

Get on the blue highways, follow the blue highways
You know that they're there,
you know that they're there
Where the real America lies
Blue highways, blue highways, blue highways