

Highway 87

Hayes Carll

Highway 87 is a dangerous place to be
When you pissed off all the local boys
And your back's against the sea
The cops all know your number
Bars all know your name
After six straight months of drinkin' boy,
You're never gonna be the same
And I ain't seen the sunshine
Since I don't remember when
I may not know where I'm goin'
But I sure know where I've been

The sheriff he just watches every move I make
And one of these days he's gonna arrest me
For all the time I take
The local girls all act
Like I just ain't their kind
Paintin' on their precious nails
And losin' their sweet minds
And I've give half of Texas if I could find a friend
I may not know where I'm goin'
But I sure know where I've been

Ahh the coast is disappearing
As they line up on the beach
Doin' all those little things
That Sunday School don't teach
Jim Beam by the fire, Cocaine in the stash
Baseball bat on the floorboard
Shotgun on the dash
And you might lose your mind
Go walkin' round the bend
You may not know where you're goin'
But you'll sure know where you been.