

Our Lady Of The Highways

John Wesley Harding

I'm here in Philadelphia
She got caught down in DC
It's a wretched night, it's raining
But she's coming up to meet me
There's nothing I can do
By the time she gets halfway
She'll be tired of 95
The spray off those trucks sucks
I hope she gets through alive

Our Lady of the Highways
Keep my baby straight tonight
Guide her safely down the road
Keep her always in the light
Let the sad moon looking down on me
Shine bright as she comes here
'Til Our Lady of the Highways
May appear

Sometimes the weather's worst
When you have some place to be
Like the time we drove to Boston
In the snow from New York City
Frozen to the bone
And we saw the planes fly high above
On metal wings and prayers
And tried to find some radio
Hoping one day we would be there

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And I guess she always gets here
Heaven knows just how she does
And that statue of our Lady
Is crying tears of love

Now I'm in San Francisco
A town too hard for love
She's driving from Seattle
800 miles above me
Why are we apart?
So please don't let the fog roll

Heavy on that Highway 5
I want her here so soon
But I want her here alive

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