

The Ghosts of Highway 20

Lucinda Williams

I know this road like the back of my hand
Same with the stations, only FM band
Farms and truck stops, firework stands
I know this road like the back of my hand

Southern secrets still buried deep
Rooting and restless 'neath the cracked concrete
If you where from here, you would fear me
To the death along with the ghost of highway 20

I went through hell when I was younger
Deep in the well you'll see the hunger
To find the strength I got within me
To wrestle with the ghost of highway 20

Been sixty years, I don't want for nothing
But my tears, they keep on coming
And my fears continue to haunt me
Along with the ghost of highway 20

I know this road like the back of my hand
Same with the stations, only FM band
Farms and truck stops and firework stands
I know this road like the back of my hand

No doubt about it a Mexican
To... the ghost of highway 20

Run down motels, faded billboards
Used cars for sale, the rusty junkyards
This two lane blacktop will never let me
Let go of the ghost along highway 20

And I have seen the signs that say
We're closing in on the final days
But I got nothing to repent
The saving grace is worth the ghost of highway 20

I know this road like the back of my hand
Same with the stations, only FM band
Farms and truck stops and firework stands
Yeah I know this road like the back of my hand

Every question and every breath
Every exit leaves a little death
In this way a memory
That will wander with the ghost of highway 20

Yeah I know this road like the back of my hand
Same with the stations, only FM band
Farms and truck stops and firework stands
I know this road like the back of my hand

And I have seen the signs that say
We're closing in the final days
But I got nothing left to report
A saving grace is with the ghost of highway 20

That my saving grace is with the ghost of highway 20
Yeah my saving grace is with the ghost of highway 20