

Kansas City

Melissa Etheridge

I've got my old man's Delta '88
The windows cracked I'm on the interstate
Just a hundred miles to go on half a tank of gasoline
Lucky charms and Tic-Tacs and mom's amphetamines

A hundred miles to go to Kansas City
February makes me kinda crazy
A hundred miles to go to Kansas City
Will you still be callin' me your baby

I met a man in a diner outside of Hays
He said marriage brought him there
It was divorce that made him stay
I drove straight through to Junction City
I thought I'd call you in Topeka
But I didn't want the pity

A hundred miles to go to Kansas City
February makes me kinda crazy
A hundred miles to go to Kansas City
Will you still be callin' me your baby

Feels like I been thrown into the slammer
With the back end of a hammer
Drawn over my strings
Living became needing
My crying became bleeding
And now I am only dreaming

A hundred miles to go to Kansas City
February makes me kinda crazy
A hundred miles to go to Kansas City
Will you still be callin' me your baby
Oh will you still be callin' me