

## Highway 17

Rodney Crowell

I put away fifteen grand doing one-  
night stands mostly liquor stores and fillin' stations  
Me and this peepin' Tom by the name of J.D. Swan and any number  
of his odd blood relations  
This was armed robbery 1957 and mostly our getaways were clean  
Then I'd pay off the boys and bury my bread out on Highway 17

I had five kids and a wife with one dress and a yard full of ca  
rs that wouldn't running  
My two oldest boys they were on to my noise they despised what  
their daddy done  
But I did my thing the best I could maing plans by the light of  
day  
And then night would fall and it was time to call and I was alw  
ays on my way

Now J.D. he was crazy and he was inbred he drank whiskey like i  
t was goin' out of style  
You know I should have seen it coming the writing was on the wa  
ll he was getting just a little too loose and wild  
Annd he made his mistake out on Airline Drive, you know those N  
orth Houston cops are quick  
They blew a hole in J.D. the size of Dallas and put a lump on m  
y head with the brunt of a nightstick

You know 5-10 in Huntsville ain't no good times boys but I walk  
ed that line do you know what I mean  
'Cause my mind was snug on that hole I dug out on Highway 17  
I said my mind was snug on that hole I dug out on Highway 17

So I served my time only way I knew how thinking big and making  
plans  
All about the way I was gonna change the world when I get my ha  
nds on that 15 grand  
You know C.W. and Herschel my two oldest boys they took care of  
their momma and their little sisters the best way that they co  
uld  
Dealing dimes and stealing hubcaps you know pretty soon they we  
re doing good  
So I walked out those prison gates a free man on the first day  
of November 19 and '63  
I kissed my wife and I hugged my babies but they didn't seem th  
e same to me

You know the boys looked on they were already grown it was writ  
ten across their eyes and their faces  
I'm the perfect sample of a bad example gone forever from their  
graces

But baby six long years and a lot can change many miles beyond  
your wildest dreams

But a six-lane wide modern interstate ride out on Highway 17

Lord they sunk my ship 'neath a concrete strip out on Highway 17

Man they broke my back they built a concrete track out on Highway 17

Well, you know it ain't funny but they buried my money out on Highway 17