

## Yellow Dog Song

Shawn Mullins

There is a young man  
Driving an old man's car  
Down the Pennsylvania Turnpike  
Where the treetops meet the stars

There is a warm wind  
Blowin' down the lost highway  
And he don't know where he's goin'  
It don't matter anyway

'Cause the dreams pass through his mind  
Like the years, he'll never find

There is an old man  
Night shift at the Stop-N-Go  
He reads his dirty magazines  
And mops the bathroom floor

He's lived a hard life  
He lost a digit in the war  
He keeps one hand on the shotgun  
And both feet on the floor

And the old dreams fill his head  
When he lays down in his bed  
(Sometimes that's all you got left)

There is a pretty girl  
Walking a yellow dog  
Right down DeKalb Avenue  
Where the Marta meets the fog

There is a wild wind  
Blowin' down the old railway  
And I wonder she's goin'  
She walks by every day

Yeah, I wonder where she's goin'