

## Out On The Highway

the everybodyfields

Out on the highway son be careful  
Your mother sure loves you  
Smell of liquor and gasoline  
You knew then what you were born to do  
They put Roosevelt in office  
They took the farm the family had to go  
We don't have to do much farming  
For the corn mash, or the copper, or the oak trees

Two years ago this april  
'Bout the time when he made that first run  
It was just to Carolina  
But I was thinking this awful thing I'd done  
Back home in Kentucky it was sundown  
When he slipped right through the door  
And he was wide eyed and sweaty  
And he said he would be ready by the mornin'

We made whiskey in the morning  
We made whiskey morning, noon, and night  
When you were at home it was the only sleep  
Your mother got at night  
She'd just sit there by the window  
Crying boy oh when you comin' home  
At night I see her there on her knees and in her prayers  
She says oh Jesus don't leave us here alone

Sixty miles an hour after midnight  
You're o'er that county line  
Were patrol cars in the bushes  
And they were waiting for just the right time  
They turned the lights on in the curve  
And the Plymouth started swerving left to right  
And it sounded like a cannon  
As the shotguns ripped apart the night

Let his soul rest in Kentucky  
Where he won't have to be lucky anymore  
I can still hear him laughing  
Bout the police he outrun the night before  
The bullets in his door  
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