

# Georgie on the Freeways

Tom Paxton

The summer sun was beating down,  
Oh pity would it show  
George Chester's office air conditioner  
Would no longer go.  
As pools of sweat rolled off his brow  
He had one reverie.  
He saw himself with his wife and kids  
In his cottage by the sea.

He paid for his car at the parking lot  
Which gave the poor man chills.  
The attendant laughed and walked away  
Thumbing a roll of bills.  
He started his engine with trembling hands  
At the end of a long, hard day.  
And placing himself in the hands of God  
He drove to the long freeway.

The traffic stretched far as the eye can see  
As bumper to bumper they sped.  
They drove at supernatural speeds  
Which filled his heart with dread.  
Sometimes they stopped for an hour or more  
And a thousand horns would blow.  
George Chester's eyes rolled back in his head  
And his poor brain started to go.

He came at last to the turnpike gate  
And he laid his money down.  
He took the first turn to the right  
And he followed the curve around  
He took each bend of the clover leaf,  
He followed every sign,  
And when he came back to the same toll gate  
He gave them another dime.

His hands were tight on the steering wheel,  
His lips and throat were dry.  
He swore by all that he held dear  
He'd make it through or die.  
He took the first turn to the right  
The clover leaf to go through.  
He was quite sure of his success  
Till the toll gate rose in view.

And now they say when the moon is full  
And the clover leaf is still,  
The sound of an engine can be heard  
Laboring up the hill.  
A dime drops in the toll machine  
In the cool of a summer's night.  
And eternally that poor car  
Takes the first turn to the right.