

Lucy, the Junk Dealer's Daughter

Tom Paxton

Close to the noise of the highway
Under the light from the stars
Lucy and Howard were lovers
Amid hundreds of rusted out cars
The moon on the Chevrolet graveyard
Turned the piles of junk into gold
For Lucy the junk dealer's daughter
And Howard from the Highway Patrol
Surrounded by mountains of metal
Twenty-four cars to a stack
Lucy and Howard were lovers
In the wreck of a gold Cadillac
Oh never a rendezvous sweeter
A tale of more purity told
Than of Lucy the junk dealer's daughter
And Howard from the Highway Patrol
Lucy and Howard got married
Moved to the good side of town
They felt as the weeks drifted by them
The pace of their love slowing down
They seemed to be growing indifferent
Their passionate love had grown cold
For Lucy the junk dealer's daughter
For Howard from the Highway Patrol
Then Howard got off work one midnight
His mood was decidedly black
But when he pulled into his driveway
There was a wrecked Cadillac
And every sweet evening thereafter
Out to the driveway they stole
Lucy the junk dealer's daughter
And Howard from the Highway Patrol